The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

NOW OPEN

—A—

Full and Complete Line

—OF—

HOSIERY,
FANCY KNIT WOOLENS,
HOODS, TOBOGGANS,
Cardigan Jackets,
Misses' and Children's
WOOL MITTENS.

GEORGE -:- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY.

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

Capital, $350,000. Surplus, $70,000.

The Old National Bank!

OF FORT WAYNE.

STEPHEN B. BOND, President.
OLIVER P. MORGAN, Vice President.
JARED D. BOND, Cashier.
JAMES C. WOODWORTH, Ass't Cashier.

As an addition to its general banking business, this bank has opened a Dollar Deposit Department for the accommodation of patrons desiring to deposit small sums of money. Books will be provided for this class of depositors, bearing the words, "Dollar Deposit Department Old National Bank." 20-2w

FANCY GOODS

—AT—

MISSES RICH & HOADLEY,

No. 170 CALHOUN ST.,

We keep a full line of Embroidery Silks and Ornaments for Fancy Work.

Also give instructions in all

Kinds of Painting.

Commencing

TO-DAY!

We will inaugurate the Greatest Clearing Sale of

LINENS!

Ever seen in Fort Wayne.

Here will be a great opportunity for you to procure Table Linens, Napkins and Towelings at a Bargain.

A Special Feature of this sale will be our Low Prices on

BED SPREADS!

Don't you miss it. They will all be Bargains and Marvels of Beauty.

Do You Need Any

Muslins or Sheetings!

If you do, here is a chance for you that you cannot afford to miss, as our Entire stock, and it is big, goes in with this sale.

COME EARLY!

COME QUICK!

—AND—

AVOID THE RUSH!

Bargains to be Found in Every Department of Our Store.

Our Entire Line of Cloaks and Furs will be Sold at COST.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

54 Calhoun St.

DEATH AT ANY MOMENT!

Life is Full of Dangers and Death Oftimes Comes Sudden and Unexpected--Read This List.

HALLETTESVILLE, Texas, Jan. 4.—A freight train of twenty-two cars, on the San Antonio and Arkansas Pass railroad, went through the bridge at this place Thursday night. There were a dozen men on the cars. Up to last night seven had been taken out, four of them not seriously injured. Four more bodies have not yet been recovered. It is reported that two or three bodies have been found about seven miles below here in the river.

WICHITA, Kan., Jan. 4.—S. T. Kellogg and wife, near Sedgwick City, twenty miles north, were killed yesterday by a runaway team. Where the roads crossed was a large harrow, turned teeth upward, and the runaway team, reaching the crossing, turned abruptly, throwing Kellogg out, with his head hitting a piece of timber of the harrow. His wife was thrown on top and was pierced by many of the teeth, one entering the head and causing instant death.

CRESTON, Iowa, Jan. 4.—The boiler of a locomotive on the Burlington road exploded Thursday night near Prescott. Fireman David Hines, aged eighteen, jumped and was instantly killed. Engineer McBarnes and Brakeman Wilson were severely scalded.

PADUCAH, Ky., Jan. 4.—Four loggers were burned to death at Beebe's camp, up the Tennessee river seventy-five miles from Paducah, Thursday night by their cabin taking fire. Two of them were brothers named Dyer, and the others named Colton and Somers. It is supposed they were all intoxicated when the cabin ignited from the chimney.

CRAZED BY RELIGION.

A Brother and Sister Become Insane During a Revival.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Jan. 4.—The vicinity of High Prairie, ten miles from this city, has lately been the scene of a religious revival that greatly excited the people of that community. In some instances persons have gone crazy with enthusiam. Word was received here yesterday of two cases of insanity and the insane persons came near losing their lives.

During the revival, about two weeks ago, a brother and sister, Frank and Minnie Boland, became so enthusiastic and excited over religion that they lost their reason. They were living alone and no one noticed their condition.

Thursday evening a couple of persons passing Boland's house, noticed smoke issuing from it. On gaining entrance they found a well kindled fire on the floor of one of the rooms, with brother and sister in an almost nude condition, singing religious songs and dancing around it, seemingly getting ready for cremation. The fire was finally put out and the brother and sister overpowered. When questioned about the fire Minnie replied that the Lord had made the fire and they would not put it out. Late yesterday afternoon they were placed in the jail, where they will remain until a method of treatment for their case has been decided upon.

THE MONTANA SITUATION.

Efforts Being Made to Bring About a Compromise.

HELENA, Mont., Jan. 4.—The interest in the political situation in Montana now centers about the democratic position. The democratic house and three senators met in joint convention yesterday, and after taking one ballot, again adjourned for lack of a quorum.

Marcus Daily, one of the big democratic chiefs, arrived in Helena Thursday night from Philadelphia, making the trip especially to see if he could not aid the party to come to an agreement on the question of the election of senators.

He was in consultation yesterday with the older leaders, and left last night for Anaconda. It is announced that as a result of his visit there will be a quorum in the legislature to-day, and that Clark and Maginnis will get the full vote. The republican senators have not yet applied for their certificates.

THE PAPER TRADE.

An English Syndicate Seeking to Form a Monopoly.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—There have been rumors in the paper trade for months of big sales of manufacturing plants to form a combination representing English capital. It is now stated positively that four companies have agreed in this state to furnish the greater part of the newspaper used in the city, and have signed agreements to sell to an English Investment company.

It was understood in the trade that Warner Miller's Hudson River Paper company, of Palmer Falls; the Glens Falls, of Watertown; Geo. West's mills, of Saratoga, and the Remington Paper company, were the ones alluded to, but Vice-President Faltz, of the Remington, denied yesterday that his company had signed such an agreement.

The Weather.

Wa[illegible] Jan. 4.—For Indiana—Thu[illegible] weather and rain; [illegible]

AMONG THE DEAD.

Lindenwood Cemetery Growing More Beautiful by Nature's Resources.

Active improvements have been going on at Lindenwood cemetery during the past year, and are still in progress. The water in all the lakes was drawn off early in the season, and during the dry summer, all mud and sediment that has been accumulating for some years, was removed, the lakes deepened, and the muddy water supply that flowed into the lakes from the railroad and farm lands during heavy rain storms, has been cut off by means of extensive culverts and sewers, so that now they are filled exclusively with spring water, of which there is an abundant supply.

One hundred large gold fish were put in Glen lake on New Years day, and a similar number of trout will probably be put in the Twin Sister lakes on the west side of the grounds this winter or next spring.

Other expensive improvements have been made, and will be continued as far as the funds will justify, namely, grotto or water fall, the foundation of which has been laid; two large wells and several water closets, and other conveniences for the use of visitors and lot owners who desire to improve their lots by cultivation of plants, and who have heretofore felt the necessity of water for the purpose. A large force is at work removing forest trees that have become cumbersome and dangerous to monuments.

WEEK OF PRAYER.

Order of Services by the Evangelical Alliance.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5.—Subjects of sermons. The Church of Christ.—Eph. *i*, 15-23.

MONDAY, JANUARY 6.—Personal Confession and Supplications. Psalm xxxii; Nehemiah ix, 1-21; Eph. iv, 1-16; Hebrews xiii, 7-21; 1 Timothy iv; 2 Cor. iv; Eph. iii, 14-21; Psalm lxxxv.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7.—Nations and Their Rulers.—1 Peter ii, 13-25; Proverbs xxix; Judge's Epistle; Psalm cxlvii; Isaih xxv.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8.—The Rising Generation.—John xii. 35-50; Col. iii. 1-17; 2 Tim. *i*. 1-13.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9.—For Jews and Mohammedans.—Prayer that God would bless all missions to the Jews, and especially that he would bless the circulation of the New Testament in Hebrew among them. Prayer for Africa and its millions of Mohammedan inhabitants. That slave hunting and slave trading may be utterly suppressed.—Romans xi.; 2 Cor. iii.; Jeremiah xxxi. 1-14, 31-40; Isaiah l.; Joel ii. 15-32.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10.—The Heathen.—Prayer that faithful men may be led to proclaim the gospel everywhere in the power of the Holy Ghost.—John iv. 31-43; Matthew ix. 27-32; 2 Cor. v. 8-21.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11.—Thanksgiving.—Psalm cvii.; Luke xi. 5-13; Phil. iii.; Deut. xxvi.; Isiah lv.; Psalm cxxxv.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12.—Subject of Sermons.—The Future Glory. Prayer that Christians may be more on their watch tower, looking for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Thess. v. 1-10.

IN MORE TROUBLE.

Graham Earle, the Actor, Arrested on the Charge of Bigamy.

Graham Earle, the actor, is in more trouble. Following his disappearance from Steubenville, is the announcement of his arrest in Indiana on the charge of bigamy.

The following from Wabash to the Cincinnati Enquirer, tells of his new trouble: "Graham Earle, the well-known actor, who last week left his wife and company in the lurch at Steubenville, Ohio, was arrested last night at Albion, Noble county, on a charge of bigamy. Earle skipped with all the money of the troupe, leaving the members with unpaid salaries. He also took the manuscript of several plays, the property of Mrs. Earle. Earle came to Albion to organize a new company, but was traced up. Earle's trial for bigamy was to have taken place this afternoon, but Agatha Singleton, late leading lady of Earle's troupe, arrived this morning, and an investigation revealed the fact that she was not the wife of Earle. The charge of bigamy was dismissed and prosecution for fornication instituted. Earle was held for trial at the next term of court."

Earle is a Van Wert boy and is known in this city.

NEWS OF THE TRACK.

A Central Trotting Circuit to Include Fort Wayne Contemplated.

On the 15th inst. an effort will be made to organize the Central Trotting Circuit of Indiana. The meeting will be held at Indianapolis. Delegates will be in attendance from Cambridge City, Indianapolis, Columbus, Edinburg, Rushville, Fort Wayne, Peru, and perhaps Richmond. The circuit will compose the best horses in Indiana, and will pay the same money as is paid at Terre Haute. Indianapolis, however, will not join the circuit unless she is given [illegible]

BURIED UNDER SNOW.

Seven Persons Killed and Buildings Ruined by the Snow Thundering Down the Mountain Side.

SIERRA CITY, Cal., Jan. 4.—An enormous quantity of snow suddenly thundered down the mountain side here yesterday, tearing everything before it and causing the death of at least seven persons.

For a day or two past fears had been entertained that a huge mass of snow, which had accumulated at what is known as Butte's flume, might give way should a further fall take place. The weather had, however, remained clear and the people were slowly becoming reassured.

Just before noon yesterday, however, the citizens suddenly heard a subdued rushing sound, as if of a strong wind among the trees. On looking up toward Butte's flume they saw their danger and everybody took to flight. Those in the immediate track of the land-slide, however, had not sufficient time to make their escape and of these seven were overwhelmed.

The victims are as follows: Mrs. Rich, with her little son and daughter; Miss Ryan, of Downieville; Mrs. J. T. Mooney and daughter, and Miss Ethel Langton.

The force of the snow slide was so great that big trees in its path were snapped like twigs. Four houses were crushed flat and the Catholic church was also reduced to ruins.

Besides those whose names are given, several were caught by the land-slide, and one Chinaman and a little girl are still buried. It is not known whether they are dead. Several others were injured. Two of the victims were alive when dug out of the snow, but died very soon.

It is feared that another tremendous bank of snow near Butte's flume may give way. Should it do so still greater disaster is certain to ensue.

MUCH SNOW AND COLD.

SEATTLE, Wash., Jan. 4.—The overland trains are all delayed in eastern Washington by snow storms. Northern Pacific trains are about eighteen hours late. The weather is the coldest known here for years.

28 DEGREES BELOW ZERO.

DEADWOOD, S. D., Jan. 4.—The thermometer registered 28 degrees below zero here yesterday morning, the coldest of the winter. Business is practically suspended owing to the intensity of the cold.

THIS IS COLDER YET.

HELENA, Mont., Jan. 4.—Thursday night was the coldest so far this season in Montana, the thermometer going as low at some points as thirty-five degrees below. There is but little snow reported in eastern and central Montana, but there is some delay in traffic in the western part of the state. Considerable suffering is already reported on some of the ranges, though confined to limited areas. Last night there was a rise in the temperature and the indications were that before morning a heavy snow storm will be raging.

SIXTEEN FEET OF SNOW.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Jan. 4.—The fall of snow in the Sierra Nevada mountains along the line of the Central Pacific railroad, according to reports received, is unprecedented. There is sixteen feet on the level at Summit and twelve feet at Emigrant Gap. The road has kept comparatively clear by the use of the immense rotary plows of the company. There has been but little interruption to travel thus far this winter. The recent fall of snow has blocked the road in some parts. Eastern trains are overdue two days, but are expected to reach here in a few days.

MISSOURI FLOODS.

Farms Inundated and Travel Delayed by Heavy Rains.

PIEDMONT, Mo., Jan. 4—The heaviest rains have prevailed in this section. Black river is higher than it has been for fifteen years and covers all the bottom lands on either side to a depth of from four to ten feet. Every farm is entirely inundated, fences washed away and much stock destroyed.

The mills of the Wayne Lumber company, located on the river four miles south of this place, were entirely under water. They lost much of their lumber.

A trestle 150 feet long was washed out of the railroad track, five miles south, and no trains have passed either way for forty-eight hours. There are now in Piedmont thirty car loads of passengers, waiting to be carried south. Most of them have been here thirty-six hours.

Every hotel, private boarding house and restaurant has been taxed to its utmost to feed the hundreds of people that have been dumped into this place the last two days. It was rumored on the streets yesterday that the St. Francois was out of its banks and the water three feet deep in the streets of Greenville.

MADE A RAVING MANIAC.

La Grippe Places a New York Educator in an Insane Asylum.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Dr. Paul Hoffman, [illegible] of Columbia, and [illegible] early this morning a raving maniac from the effects of an attack of la grippe with which he has been suffering for several days. He was taken to the insane pavillion at Bellevue, where he is now confined a raving maniac.

Frederick Hall, a brother of Pauline Hall and a member of the "Brigans" company, died at his home this morning from pneumonia, which began in an apparently slight attack of influenza.

THE YEAR'S FIRST SUNDAY.

The City Pastors Announce Their Services for To-morrow.

Read Talmage's sermon.

See that your children attend Sunday school.

Come and welcome to the First Baptist church.

Services to-morrow at the "Christian Chapel" at 10:30 and 7:30. Evening subject, "Ought Christians to Dance."

Services at the Third Presbyterian church at the usual hours, 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Preaching by Rev. R. M. Hays.

The Wayne Street Methodist congregation will observe the "Week of Prayer." Services each evening at 7:30. All invited.

Commence the first Sunday of the new year by attending church, and keep it up during the year. You will be happier and better.

Usual services to-morrow at the Wayne Street M. E. church. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. by the pastor. A cordial welcome.

Madam Silvers, of 190 Montgomery street, is meeting with good success in fortune telling, and will tell you the past and future. Prices, 25c and 50c.

Young man, if you are in the habit of taking an occasional drink of that which destroys the soul and body, commence on the first Sunday of the new year by trying how long you can do without it.

To-morrow morning and evening Dr. Moffat will preach as usual in the First Presbyterian church. Meeting of Society of Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited.

Berry Street M. E. church, preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. M. Van Slyke, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:15 p. m. The "Week of Prayer" will be observed each evening at 7:30 p. m.

Revival meetings at First U. B. church, corner Harmer and Lewis streets. Services this evening, and each evening this week. All kindly invited. Regular services to-morrow at 10:45 a. m., and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:30.

The pastor of Grace church will be glad to see you at all of his services to-morrow, the first Sabbath in the new year. Morning service at 10:30. Topic for the evening service at 7:30: "The Espousal and Marriage." Sabbath school at 9:30.

Young man, this is a personal invitation for you to come to the men's meeting at the City Y. M. C. A. Sunday at 4 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Moffat will conduct the services. You can expect good things, so let there be a large number, and you may carry some of the good things away with you.

Union service of the Congregational and Second Presbyterian churches will be held in the Congregational church on Sunday, 5th inst. Morning service at 10:30; Sunday school at 12 m.; evening service at 7:30; young people's prayer meeting at 6:45. Services to be conducted by Rev. J. P. Lloyd.

The Railroad department of the Y. M. C. A. will hold a prayer and praise service at their rooms in place of the usual gospel meeting, at 2 o'clock, standard time. All men cordially invited to spend an hour in this way on the first Sabbath of the new year. A cordial welcome will be extended to all, and a profitable service assured.

EXIT, HOLZWORTH.

A Man Who Terrorized the Neighborhood and Then Skipped.

John Holzworth, a young man whose mother lives at the corner of South Wayne and Cottage avenue, is missing.

A few days ago Holzworth went home and whipped his mother and step-father unmercifully. He then left and has not been heard from since.

The South Wayne marshal has the case in hand.

Session of the Second Church.

At a meeting of the session of the Second Presbyterian church it was decided to observe the week of prayer by holding service every evening in the Sunday school room of the new church on West Berry street.

An unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to the directors of the Y. M. C. A. and to the deacons and members of the Congregational church for their great kindness in permitting the congregation of the Second Presbyterian church to worship in their building.

It is rumored that Mr. O. J. Willson has resigned as chief clerk in the master mechanic's office of the Wabash. To a SENTINEL reporter Mr. Willson would neither confirm or deny the rumor.

The Ryan brothers purchased a $200 [illegible] to-day.

PIONEER WOMEN GONE!

Death of Mrs. Calvin Anderson and Mrs. Margaret Foellinger, of This City, at a Ripe Old Age.

On Friday, January 3, 1890, at 10:45 o'clock, p. m., Rebecca Anderson, wife of Calvin Anderson, of 123 West Wayne street, passed away without a struggle.

Her death, caused by heart trouble, came suddenly and unexpectedly, she having only yesterday been about the house in usual health and spirits.

Her last day on earth was one of sublime peace and sunshine, her cheerfulness indicating renewed hopes of life for days to come. But the all-wise Providence willed otherwise, and now friends mourn over her body, which lies cold in death.

The deceased was born in West Moreland county, Pa., June 25, 1803. She removed with her parents at an early age to Ohio, finally settling at Mt. Vernon.

On April 13, 1828, she was married to Calvin Anderson, esq., of 123 West Wayne street, and removed to Fort Wayne in the spring of '46. They have lived together happily during the sixty-two years of their married life, she having been a most faithful companion.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were among the first members of the First Presbyterian church in this city.

It had been customary for this old couple of late years to hold family reunions upon each wedding anniversary. Their golden wedding was celebrated April 13, 1878, and the years since have always been marked with the anniversary events to such an extent as to receive prominent notice in some of the metropolitan papers.

Besides the husband, four daughters and two sons survive the deceased, as follows: Mrs. Laura Daily, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Lydia Shanklin, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Edwin Evans and Mrs. George W. Ely, of this city; the sons being Calvin A. Anderson, now in the south, and E. G. Anderson, of the Pittsburg freight office.

The funeral will probably occur Tuesday. Further announcement will be made hereafter.

MRS. J. FOELLINGER.

Mrs. Margaret Foellinger, wife of Mr. J. Foellinger, sr., of Fairfield avenue, South Wayne, died Friday, January 3d, 1890, at 10 p. m.

The deceased was a native of Prussia; born March 17th, 1818, and came to Fort Wayne in the frontier days of 1837, where she since resided. Her father, mother, sisters and brothers came at the same time and located in Adams county, near Decatur.

It was in this city she met and wedded Mr. Foellinger. She was the mother of ten children, six sons and four daughters, six of whom have died: four daughters and two sons. Four sons, Jacob, Martin, Adolph and Louis, and her husband survive her.

She had seventeen grand-children and one great grand-child. She would have reached the age of seventy-three years the 17th next. Mr. and Mrs. Foellinger have indeed led a happy and eventful life.

Having a kind Christian nature she overcame disappointments and difficulties. To her children indeed that peaceful mother's love can never be replaced.

Mr. Foellinger, his family and relations have met with an irreparable loss and they have the sympathy of a large number of friends in their bereavement.

The funeral will occur Monday, at 1:30 o'clock, from the house, on South Fairfield avenue, and at 2 o'clock, from Emanuel Lutheran church, Rev. C. Gross officiating.

TEMPLE TALK.

The Night Owls Monday Night--The Nobles and Charles Verner.

The Night Owls burlesque company, presenting the pretty banetta, "Lord Fauntleroy's Reception," and the burlesque, "The Sculptor's Dream," will be the attraction at the Masonic Temple Monday evening, January 6. The company is composed of talent and is now playing a successful engagement in Chicago, where the best people of the windy city flock nightly to see the performance. Those who admire the female form divine should not miss seeing the Night Owls, for in their performances it is displayed in all its loveliness and candor.

The Nobles engagement at the Masonic Temple Wednesday next will not only be a remarkable one but will be the artistic success of the season. Mr. Nobles' characterization of Alfred Armitage in "From Sire to Son" is one of the most delightful pieces of work now before the public. Robert Laird Collier, the California critic, in a long and complimentary notice of the play, pronounced Mr. Nobles' delineation equal to the best work of Charles Wyndham.

Charles Erin Verner will produce his highly successful Irish drama, "Shamus O'Brien," at the Masonic Temple Friday evening, January 10, with all the details as presented at the Windsor theater, New York. The performance and company are good, and we are confident they will receive the patronage they so well deserve.

A SECRET MARRIAGE.

A Marion School Girl and a Fort Wayne Gentleman the Contracting Parties.

Miss Shehan, an accomplished and pretty pupil in the high school of Marion, Ind., was secretly married September last to Mr. J. T. Langle, who is connected with the extensive music house of D. H. Baldwin & Co., in this city.

The bride is one of Marion's charming daughters and is highly connected. She was eighteen years old upon her last birthday. The marriage is not known even at this time by the young lady's schoolmates or parents.

She has been attending school as usual to avert suspicion from her parents, who were opposed to her marriage until she had graduated at the next commencement. The young man won his bride in this way. They met, they loved and the culmination was the romantic alliance. It is the same plain truth wherein is woven the romance of love at first sight. Their plighted troths were sealed at a modest parsonage while the young couple were attending the Warren fair last September, away from the greedy eyes and ears of a wagging world.

Mr. Langle has furnished an elegant new home in Bloomingdale, where he and his fair young bride will begin housekeeping next week. The parents have not yet been apprised of their daughter's action, and when they are they will in all probability forgive and forget and say "Bless you, children."

THE SENTINEL extends congratulations.

IN OUR MIDST.

Death Continues and Starts the New Year with Seventeen Victims.

The following deaths have been reported at the undertakers for the week ending January 4:

Mrs. Calvin Anderson, 87 years, old age.

Sarah Anderson, 68 years, old age.

Margaret Foellinger, 72 years, old age.

Edwin Reese, 2 years, brain fever.

William James, 2 days, exhaustion.

Mabel Monk, 4 weeks, exhaustion.

Margaret Wenninghoff, 40 years, inflammation of bowels.

George W. Graffe, 50 years, heart trouble.

Samuel A. Warner, 67 years, heart trouble.

John J. Graney, 2 months, whooping cough.

William A. Shears, 28 years, consumption.

M. J. Mangan, 35 years, accident.

Martin Rhenen, 28 years, typhoid pneumonia.

Ernest W. Gellert, 4 months, marasmus.

Child of C. E. Brownsberger, 3 days, exhaustion.

Milton Becker, 11 years, malarial fever.

LOCAL LINES.

The Fort Wayne Medical college will re-open next Tuesday.

The car loads of iron for the new Columbia street bridge arrived to-day.

A man named Pierce was injured in a runaway in Bloomingdale this afternoon.

Henry Rahe was awarded a verdict of $8.15 aguinst Wm. Moellering in the superior court.

Prof. Winters, of the M. E. college, has returned from Fayette, Ohio, accompanied by a bride.

The funeral of the late M. J. Mangan will take place at 3:30 o'clock to-morrow afternoon, from the Cathedral.

The farmers held a meeting in the circuit court room this afternoon to perfect the organization of a farmers' alliance.

T. H. Hodge, the forger, was taken to the prison north to-day, where he will serve two years. Victor Cavilier, of Arcola, had him in custody.

The funeral of Edwin, young son of Capt. and Mrs. Chas. Reese, will take place at 1:30 o'clock to-morrow, from the St. Paul Lutheran church.

Miss Jessie Smith and Miss Rose Griffith, who spent the holidays with friends and relatives at Bruce Lake, returned home yesterday afternoon.

At the regular meeting of Geo. Humphrey post No. 530, G. A. R., held on Thursday evening, the newly elected officers were installed. This post expects to send six delegates to the department encampment in March.

Frederick Smith, who runs a saloon on the Bluffton road near the county asylum, has been arrested on a charge of selling liquor to a minor son of John Strain. Smith is a member of the Liquor Dealers' association and Jake Bittinger, the organization's attorney, will appear for the defendant before 'Squire Scarlett next Tuesday.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 4.—Wheat: January, 78; February, 79; May, 82¼@82⅝. Corn: January, 29½; February, 29½; March, 30⅛; May, 31⅞. Oats: January, 20½; February, 20½; May, 22@22½. Pork: January, $9.22½; February, $9.22½; March, $9.45; May, $9.62½@9.65. Lard: January, $5.77½; February, [illegible] March, $5.90; May, $6.07½. Short ribs: [illegible] $4.62½; [illegible]

INDIANA HAPPENINGS.

EVENTS AND INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crime, Casualties and General News Notes.

Minor State Items.

—Logansport traveling men have formed a branch of the T. P. A., with C. M. Taylor as President.

—Mrs. Jessie Brandyberry, residing near Decatur, fell dead from heart disease at the breakfast table.

—Samuel Lamire, aged 16, was accidentally shot and killed by his brother, while out hunting near Jackson.

—Jesse Miller an aged and well-known citizen of Goshen, was struck and fatally injured by a railway engine.

—Hiram Bermish, aged 16, of Jennings County, fell under a moving train, at North Vernon, and both legs were cut off.

—Seymour business men have formed an association with Charles Leininger as President and F. S. Collins, Secretary.

—Mrs. Mary Guion made an unsuccessful attempt to hang herself at Noblesville. She is a widow with four children.

—J. T. Fethers, of Anderson, was caught between projecting saw-logs, while coupling cars, and his head was fatally crushed.

—Charles Schenck was badly burned about the head by the premature explosion of a charge, while blasting stumps near Seymour.

—Howard Green, of Kokomo, aged 18, was accidentally shot in the leg while out hunting, the wound rendering him a cripple for life.

—Mrs. Ruth Phifer, of Dublin, went out to kill a chicken, and in five minutes was dead herself from the effects of a violent hemorrhage.

—Mrs. David Fitzgibbon, of Franklin, was fatally injured by falling to the floor. A chair was pushed from under her as she was sitting down.

—The Connersville Knights of Labor held their semi-annual election under the Australian system, as a means of teaching their members the new law.

—George Hardemeyer, a prominent man of Warwick County, dropped dead of apoplexy, in the court-room at Boonville, just after having testified in a case on trial.

—Berry Gwin, an old and well-known citizen, dropped dead of heart disease at Vincennes, aged 74 years. Deceased was an uncle by marriage of Gen. W. Q. Gresham.

—Martin Edmunson, aged 60, an old soldier, of Hyatt, dropped dead at his home. He had just remarked to his sister that she had just come in time to see him die.

—Mrs. Rayburn, residing in Kokomo, had a cancer removed from her arm last week caused by a bite from an infant child. It is one of the most curious medical cases on record.

—Rev. Gilbert E. Farr, for the past three years pastor of the First Baptist Church of South Bend, has received and accepted a call to the First Baptist Church of Dubuque, Iowa.

—"White Cloud" and his band of patent medicine Indians were attacked by a mob of roughs at St. Paul. Several shots were exchanged, and a number of the attacking party were seriously injured.

—Lee Gray married a girl born without hands at Indianapolis this week. He has since been arrested on a bastardy charge preferred by a woman who is aged 40, married, and the mother of ten children.

—Mr. Clem Nutter, aged 63 years, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Martinsville, was stricken with apoplexy, and died. Mr. Nutter has been a resident of that city for many years, and was an exemplary man.

—At Martinsville, Martin Hammons drove over his little boy Howard, thinking him in the wagon. The little fellow's right arm and leg were broken, and he was dreadfully injured, from which he can scarcely recover.

—There is a cistern in the cellar of the German Lutheran Church, on the South Side in Indianapolis, and over it lay boards seemingly securely placed. Henry Vahle, the sexton stepped on this covering, fell into the water and was drowned.

—James A. McDonald, of Greene Township, St. Joe County, grew a cucumber nineteen inches long and fourteen inches in circumference, taking with it the $100 prize offered by a Philadelphia seed merchant for the largest cucumber in the United States.

—The Menominee Transit Company, which is made up of leading citizens of Cleveland, was incorporated with a capital of $2,000,000. It will have six steel steamers built next year, and more later, with which to transport ore from the Escanaba region to Lake Erie ports.

—Twelve years ago, when but a small boy, James Stewart, colored, left Martinsville for parts unknown. From that time nothing was heard of him, and his friends in Martinsville had given him up as dead. Imagine their surprise, the other evening, when James came back on a visit. The strangest part of the whole story is that the boy had been in Danville, Hendricks County, all the time, only twenty-five miles away.

—Pendleton decided, by a vote of ten to one, to make the four pikes entering the city free in the future. The Commissioners have made the appraisement, and the old-fashioned toll-gate will soon be a relic of the past.

—George Schrack, residing southeast of Montpelier, while at a shooting-match, was fatally shot. He had just shot his revolver and had gone to look where he had shot when his friend shot and hit him in the lower part of the bowels accidentally. It will result fatally.

—Henry Messman, a brick-layer, and Henry Hilderman, a cutter, of Richmond, have received $8,000 each in cash from the estate of a deceased relative in New York City. They were two of nine heirs to an estate of $85,000.

—Fred Horn, aged 17, caught his right hand in a cording machine at the Muncie Bagging Company's mills, and the member was slowly chopped to pieces by the sharp steel teeth. In attempting to free himself he pulled the muscles out of his arm to the shoulder. It was a horrible sight, and the boy suffered fearfully.

—The Valparaiso City Council has raised the liquor license to $260 a year, from next June.

—Adolph Gallese, aged 13 years, was watching a brush fire in the woods north of Brazil. He was standing on a log when he lost his balance and fell headlong into the roaring fire. When rescued, his clothes were burned almost from the body. His hands and face were terribly burned. The doctors consider his injuries fatal.

—The cases of Jonathan Everhart and George Patton asking damages from the Pennsylvania Company for personal injuries received by a train striking their wagon at a crossing near Scottsburg, has been compromised. They sued for $10,000 and $5,000 respectively, and by the compromise are to receive $4,000 and $1,200, respectively.

—The largest plate-glass lever cast in the United States, was cast at the Diamond plate-glass works at Kokomo. In dimensions it was 122x202 inches, or 170 square feet. Its weight in the rough was 1,530 pounds, and when finished 582½ pounds. Think of a pane of glass ten feet two inches wide and seventeen feet long, weighing 1,500 pounds.

—William Hargrove, a colored barber, met his wife on the street in the upper portion of Evansville while on her way to spend the evening with some friends, and, calling her into an alley, commenced slashing her with a razor. She received two horrible wounds, one in the neck and one in her left breast, from which her physicians say she cannot recover. Hargrove escaped.

—The citizens of Montpelier, having never been fully satisfied as to the extent of drilling for oil in that vicinity, have concluded to give the field a fair test, and have just completed an organization known as the Northern Indiana Oil Company, with a paid-up capital of $5,000. Drilling will be commenced soon, with a determination to sink five wells, even if nothing good is found.

—William Stilley, Lynn Smith, and Harley Moore, of New Castle, were out hunting, when Moore was accidentally shot by Stilley. They were hunting in a thick woods, where they became separated. Stilley got up a covey of quails, which flew in the direction of young Moore, who was near by. He fired at the birds, the shot striking Moore in the face, inflicting serious wounds, and it is thought that one eye is permanently injured.

—A few weeks ago James A Williams, of Hartford City, was awarded $500 damages against the Salamonie pipeline, which supplies Fort Wayne with natural gas. The pipes of the company were laid through Williams' farm. The company appealed and decided to remove its line from Williams' farm. A force of men were engaged in that work when they were arrested by Williams for malicious trespass. Farmers are watching closely the result of Williams' struggle with the corporation.

—Patents have been granted to the following residents of Indiana: Herbert Barnard, Lotus, thill-coupling; Geo. W. Freeman, Frankfort, combined buckle and snap-hook; Brenzon Doud, Chili, wire-tightener; Theodore H. Haberkorn, Fort Wayne, combination valve for air-brakes; John H. Hinds, Palmyra, napkin-holder, table attachment; Joseph M. Rhodes, assignor to S. S. Rhodes, Covington, combined plate-holder for cameras.

—Mrs. Edgar French, of Fort Wayne, had prepared a Christmas tree for her children, and had dressed herself to represent Santa Claus. While walking about the tree her flowing robes caught fire from the candles, and in an instant she was enveloped in flames. The children ran screaming out of the house, and before Mr. French could put out the fire his wife was horribly burned about the face, hands, and body. She suffers exceeding pain, and it is thought her injuries will prove fatal.

—The Indiana State Teachers' Association elected the following officers: President, W. W. Parsons, of the State Normal school; Vice Presidents, Miss Julia Bierbauer, of Evansville; W. S. Almond, of Salem; Miss Kittie E. Palmer, of Franklin; W. R. Nesbit, of Sullivan; Miss Mattie Lough, of Lebanon, and L. O. Dale, of Wabash; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Annie E. Lemon, of Bloomington; Treasurer, D. E. Hunter, of Bloomington; Railroad Secretary, Nelson Yoke, of Indianapolis; with D. W. Thompson, of Elkhart, heading the Executive Committee.

—John Hicks, the oldest convict in the United States, was released from the State Prison South, at Jeffersonville, last week. Hicks was born in Montgomery County, Virginia, in 1806, and came to this State with his brother when quite a young man, locating in Wayne County. The first crime of which he gives any account was larceny, for which he was committed at Salem, this State, in 1809. He was sent to the Prison South, and served out his time. He has since served six terms in prison at Jeffersonville, one at the Michigan City prison and two in the Ohio penitentiary, making a total of forty-eight years, he has spent behind the bars. He left for Indianapolis, where the State Board of Charities has promised to provide him a home. His last term in prison, which has just ended, the old man declares, winds up his career of crime, as he is determined to lead a better life and earn an honest living for himself.

—As Allen Sanderson, a well-to-do farmer, with his wife and two children, were going to Muncie in a wagon, a tree fell across the road on the vehicle, instantly killing the father and one of the children. The mother and other child were unharmed.

—While curling her hair, Miss Mary Miles, daughter of Auditor John W. Miles, one of the prettiest young ladies of Marion, accidentally drew a hot curling-iron across her eyes, scarring the eyes. The sight of the eyes is undoubtedly destroyed.

—Zacharia Eberly, a maniac, entered the law office of H. Z. Zimmerman, at Albion, and threatened to kill him for a fancied injury. He was with great difficulty dissuaded until help could be procured. Two loaded revolvers were found on his person.

—The west-bound vestibule train on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Indianapolis Railroad collided with a freight engine which was partly on the side-track, at Morristown, Shelby County, wrecking both engines and piling up several cars. No one was killed and no one dangerously hurt.

HOW I RAN INTO MATRIMONY.

BY CHARLES S. BLACKBURN.

I WAS setting type in a Southern State. The editor of the paper was a "Know-nothin'" fellow who made up for his lack of knowledge by the free use of big words. He knew nothing of the printing business, and could learn nothing; if alive now, he could not tell a foot-slug from a column-rule. He was tall and exasperatingly lean, wore a plug hat and a sack coat, and prided himself on doing the drinking of the establishment. But he was a good man, for he trusted me once, of which I shall tell.

One afternoon in June, when the dark-green hills and shady valleys looked unusually tempting and made me long to be a fish, or a squirrel, or a grasshopper, anything than a printer at $10 a week, he came into the office, stuck his elbow on a half galley of small pica, and pied a stick-full of his leader, "The True Solution of the Negro Question." I wet the matter and began straightening it up. He said:

"Say, Eph, I've got an idea."

"If you have you stole it," said I to myself; to him I answered:

"What is it?"

"You're a good printer and can write purty well. When I left town last spring to keep way from the Gran' jury, your work you done then was well spoke of by the patrons of the *Eagle*."

"Well, what's the idea?" I said, as I distributed the pi.

"This new town out here, where they've put the cotton factory, needs a paper. I've got more stuff here than I want. S'pose you take some of it, and one of them presses, and give 'em one?"

I went. Begonia was the name of the place. It was in the woods, seventy-five miles from a railroad.

The "city" was not incorporated, and hilarious people had therefore a wide field for the exercise of their predilection. The *Border Sentinel*—that was the name of my paper—did not assume a pious role, but it occasionally admonished the boys to keep their practical jokes for the vulgar multitude. This admonition was first wrung from me by the fact that one evening they made a target of my signboard. They laughed at my warning, and said something about dumping my old shop into the road. On a certain Saturday when they had been unusually atrocious they wound up their entertainment by shooting an old negro's mule and sending me the ears. The next issue of the *Sentinel* contained this paragraph:

Hank Best, Jim Gosling, and another mule become engaged in a personal altercation in front of Tobe Canfield's saloon last Saturday evening. The trouble grew out of a wager between them as to which could bray the loudest. We could not get all the particulars of the affair, but it seems that the other mule make some funny remark about Hank and Jim and got the laugh on them with the crowd. They got mad, pulled their pops, and in less time than it takes to tell it the poor other mule fell mortally wounded and died in a few minutes. But it seems that Hank and Jim lost each an ear in the fracas, for a friend of ours, who went over the ground soon after the fight, picked up two ears—and they are both left ones. They are now in our possession, and having been previously "well done" in alcohol, there is no need for us to submit them to the preserving process. If Jim and Hank want their ears, they can get them by calling at our office.

Working in the spinning department of the factory was a little red-headed girl, with filbert-colored eyes, and a peach-blow complexion, partly hidden beneath a layer of brown freckles. I boarded with her mother, who was a widow, and fell in love with her—the girl, I mean. One night I was "making-up"—not to the girl but the forms, at the office. The weather was clear and cold, with starlight. I had justified the last column, and was washing my hands, when there was a knock at the door. I have as much grit as the ordinary printer man, but that knock scared me. The door was locked. Pistol in hand, I walked to the front, and, in the most composed voice I could assume, asked:

"Who's there?"

"It's me."

If a man loves a woman, her grammatical inaccuracies are pleasing eccentricities. When he hears them at midnight, instead of the assassin's whisper he is fearing, they are sweeter than music. The voice was Ella's—that was her name. I laid down my pistol, opened the door, and took her in my arms.

"O, good gracious, Mr. Lester, do you think I came all the way from home this time of night to let you hug me?"

"No, Ella, but——"

I stopped short, for I saw she was very pale.

"What's the matter, Ella?" I asked.

"It's jes' this, Mr. Lester. You're in awful danger. Hank Best and Jim Gosling's fixin' to kill you. Mamma's sick, an' I went to the comp'ny store to git some medicine. When I passed the blacksmith shop I heard your name spoke. I stopped and listened. Jim Gosling, he said: 'All right, boys. I'll sot fire to his office to-night, and we kin git the drap on 'im termorrow ef he 'sinuates anything erbout it.'"

"The constable lives two miles from here," I said. "My nearest neighbors are of the Hank and Jim kind. You go home, Ella, and I'll stay here and see Jim set fire to the *Border Sentinel* office."

"No, no," she pleaded; "if you stay here, I will, too."

"But, think. What will people say——"

"I don't care what they say, when I know I'm right."

A gust of wind blew the door open and put the light out.

"Now, you must go," I said, after having rummaged the office in search of a match.

"Hush!" she whispered, after a pause. "There they are."

The house was a pine box structure, and stood on the edge of the wood. I stole out, bidding Ella stay within, and turned the corner. The undergrowth rustled and a dark form appeared. It walked up to the rear of the building and fixed a big mass of stuff beneath the sill. Then it struck a match. I fired. A shot answered mine and my pistol dropped from my hand. My arm was broken. Simultaneous with this came a report from behind me, which was answered with a groan from the wood. Then all was still.

The next and last issue of the *Sentinel* contained the report of the Coroner's jury. It showed that I killed Jim Gosling, and that Ella had put a bullet through Hank Best's knee. Hank's wound kept him from running way, but it did not keep him from running into the penitentiary. Ella and I ran into matrimony.

DR. TALMAGE IN SYRIA.

A SERMON SUGGESTED BY THE LOCALITY AND SEASON.

There Are Many That Will Be Saved, for the Great Triumph Is Yet to Come—The Earthly Armies of the Living God—"The Sky Anthem."

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, was at Beyrout on the 24th of December, and preached to a group of friends on "The Sky Anthem." His text was Luke ii, 14: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," on which he delivered the following discourse:

At last I have what I longed for, a Christmas eve in the Holy Land. This is the time of year that Christ landed. He was a December Christ. This is the chill air through which He descended. I look up through these Christmas skies, and I see no loosened star hastening southward to halt above Bethlehem, but all the stars suggest the Star of Bethlehem. No more need that any of them run along the sky to point downward. In quietude they kneel at the feet of Him who, though once an exile, is now enthroned forever. Fresh up from Bethlehem, I am full of the scenes suggested by a visit to that village. You know that whole region of Bethehem is famous in Bible story. There were the waving harvests of Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned for herself and weeping Naomi. There David the warrior was thirsty, and three men of unheard of self-denial broke through the Philistine army to get him a drink. It was to that region that Joseph and Mary came to have their names enrolled in the census. That is what the Scripture means when it says they came "to be taxed," for people did not in those days rush after the assessors of tax any more than they now do.

The village inn was crowded with the strangers who had come up by the command of government to have their names in the census, so that Joseph and Mary were obliged to lodge in the stable. You have seen some of those large stone buildings, in the center of which the camels were kept, while running out from this center in all directions there were rooms, in one of which Jesus was born. Had his parents been more showily appareled I have no doubt they would have found more comfortable entertainment. That night in the fields the shepherds, with crooks and kindled fires, were watching their flocks, when hark! to the sound of voices strangely sweet. Can it be that the maidens of Bethlehem have come out to serenade the weary shepherds? But now a light stoops upon them like the morning, so that the flocks arise, shaking their showy fleece and bleating to their drowsy young. The heavens are filled with armies of light, and the earth quakes under the harmony, as, echoed back from cloud to cloud, it rings over the midnight hills: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace good will to men!" It seems that the crown of royalty and dominion and power which Christ left behind him was hung on the sky in sight of Bethlehem. Who knows but that that crown may have been mistaken by the wise men for the star running and pointing downward?

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that indigence is not always significant of degradation. When princes are born, heralds announce it, and cannon thunder it, and flags wave it, and illuminations set cities on fire with the tidings. Some of us in England or America remember the time of rejoicing when the Prince of Wales was born. You can remember the gladness throughout Christendom at the navity in the palace at Madrid. But when our glorious Prince was born, there was no rejoicing on earth. Poor and growing poorer, yet the heavenly recognition that Christmas night shows the truth of the proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

In all ages there have been great hearts throbbing under rags, tender sympathies under rough exterior, gold in the quartz, Parian marble in the quarry, and in every stable or privation wonders of excellence that have been the joy of the heavenly host. All the great deliverers of literature and of nations were born in homes without affluence, and from their own privation learned to speak and fight for the oppressed. Many a man has held up his pine knot light from the wilderness until all nations and generations have seen it, and off of his hard crust of penury has broken the bread of knowledge and religion for the starving millions of the race. Poetry, and science, and literature, and commerce, and laws, and constitutions, and liberty like Christ, were born in a manger.

All the great thoughts which have decided the destiny of nations started in obscure corners, and had Herods who wanted to slay them, and Iscariots who betrayed them, and rabbles that crucified them, and sepulchers that confined them until they burst forth in glorious resurrection. Strong character, like the rhododendron, is an Alpine plant, that grows fastest in the storm. Men are like wheat, worth all the more for being flailed. Some of the most useful people would never have come to positions of usefulness had they not been ground and pounded and hammered in the foundry of disaster. When I see Moses coming up from the ark of bulrushes to be the greatest lawgiver of the ages, and Amos from tending the herds to make Israel tremble with his prophecies, and David from the sheepcote to sway the poet's pen and the king's scepter, and Peter from the fishing net to be the great preacher at the Pentecost, I find proof of the truth of my proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

My subject also impresses me with the thought that it is while at our useful occupations that we have the divine manifestations. Had those shepherds gone that night into Bethlehem and risked their flocks among the wolves, they would not have heard the song of the angels. In other words, that man sees most of God and Heaven who minds his own business. We all have our posts of duty, and standing there God appears to us. We are all shepherds or shepherdesses, and we have our flocks of cares and annoyances and anxieties, and we must tend them.

We sometimes hear very good people say: "If I had a month or a year or two to do nothing but to attend to religious things. I would be a good deal better than I am now." You are mistaken. Generally the best people are the busy people. Elisha was plowing in the field when the prophetic mantle fell on him. Matthew was attending to his custom house duties when Christ commanded him to follow. James and John were mending their nets when Christ called them to be fishers of men. Had they been snoaring in the sun Christ would not have called their indolence into the apostleship. Gideon was at work with the flail on the threshing floor when he saw the angel. Saul was with great fatigue hunting up the lost asses when he found the crown of Israel. The prodigal son would never have reformed and wanted to have returned to his father's house if he had not first gone into business, though it was swine feeding. Not once out of a hundred times will a lazy man become a Christian. Those who have nothing to do are in very unfavorable circumstances for the receiving of divine manifestations. It is not when you are in idleness, but when you are, like the Bethlehem shepherds, watching your flocks, that the glory decends and there is joy among the angels of God over your soul penitent and forgiven.

My subject also strikes at the delusion that the religion of Christ is dolorous and grief infusing. The music that broke through the midnight heavens was not a dirge, but an anthem. It shook joy over the hills. It not only dropped upon the shepherds, but sprang upward among the thrones. The robe of a Savior's righteousness is not black. The Christian life is not made up of weeping and cross bearing and war waging. Through the revelation of that Christmas night I find that religion is not a groan, but a song. In a world of sin and sickness and sepulchers, we must have trouble; but in the darkest night the heavens part with angelic song. You may, like Paul, be shipwrecked, but I exhort you to be of good cheer, for you shall all escape safe to the land. Religion does not show itself in the elongation of the face and the cut of the garb. The Pharisee who puts his religion into his phylactery has none left for his heart. Fretfulness and complaining do not belong to the family of Christian graces which move into the heart when the devil moves out. Christianity does not frown down amusements and recreations. It is not a cynic, it is not a shrew, it choaks no laughter, it quenches no light, it defaces no art. Among the happy, it is the happiest. It is just as much at home on the playground as it is in the church. It is just as graceful in the charade as it is in the psalm book. It sings just as well in Surrey gardens as it plays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live. Christ walked that we might ride. Christ wept that we might laugh.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that glorious endings sometimes have very humble beginnings. The straw pallet was the starting point, but the shout in the midnight sky revealed what would be the glorious consummation. Christ on Mary's lap, Christ on the throne of universal dominion—what an humble starting! What a glorious ending! Grace begins on a small scale in the heart. You see only men as trees walking. The grace of God in the heart is a feeble spark, and Christ has to keep both hands over it lest it be blown out. What an humble beginning! But look at that same man when he has entered Heaven. No crown able to express his royalty. No palace able to express his wealth. No scepter able to express his power and his dominion. Dripping from the fountain that drips from the everlasting Rock. Among the harpers harping with their harps. On a sea of glass mingled with fire. Before the throne of God, to go no more out forever. The spark of grace that Christ had to keep both hands over lest it come to extinction, having flamed up into honor and glory and immortality. What humble starting! What glorious consummation!

The New Testament church was on a small scale. Fishermen watched it. Against the uprising walls crashed infernal enginery. The world said anathema. Ten thousand people rejoiced at every seeming defeat, and said: "Aha! aha! so we would have it." Martyrs on fire cried: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Very humble starting, but see the difference at the consummation, when Christ with his mighty arm has struck off the last chain of human bondage, and Himalaya shall be Mount Zion; and Pyrenees, Moriah; and oceans, the walking place of Him who trod the wave cliffs of stormed Tiberias, and island shall call to island, sea to sea, continent to continent, and, the song of the world's redemption rising, the heavens, like a great sounding board, shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of God, and all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters. Oh, what an humble beginning! What a glorious ending! Throne linked to a manger, heavenly mansions to a stable.

My subject also impresses me with the effect of Christ's mission upward and downward. Glory to God, peace to man. When God sent his Son into the world, angels discovered something new in God, something they had never seen before. Not power, not wisdom, not love. They knew all that before. But when God sent His Son into this world then the angels saw the spirit of self denial in God, the spirit of self sacrifice in God. It is easier to love an angel on His throne than a thief on the cross, a seraph in His worship than an adultress in her crime. When the angels saw God—the God—the God who would not allow the most insignificant angel in Heaven to be hurt—give up His Son, His Son, His only, only Son, they saw something that they had never thought of before, and I do not wonder that when Christ started out on that pilgrimage the angels in Heaven clapped their wings in triumph and called on all the hosts of Heaven to help them celebrate it, and sang so loud that the Bethlehem shepherds heard it: "Glory to God in the highest."

But it was also to be a mission of peace to man. Infinite holiness—accumulated depravity. How could they ever come together? The Gospel bridges over the distance. It brings God to us. It takes us to God. God in us, and we in God. Atonement! Atonement! Justice satisfied, sins forgiven, eternal life secured, Heaven built on a manger.

But it was also to be the pacification of all individual and international animosities. What a sound this word of peace had in the Roman Empire that boasted of the number of people it had massacred, that prided itself on the number of the slain, that rejoiced at the trembling provinces. Sicily and Corsica and Sardinia and Macedonia and Egypt had bowed to her sword and crouched at the cry of her war eagles. She gave her chief honor to Scipio and Fabius and Cæsar—all men of blood. What contempt they must have had there for the penniless unarmed Christ in the garb of a Nazarene, starting out to conquer all nations. There never was a place on earth where that word peace sounded so offensively to the ears of the multitude as in the Roman Empire. They did not want peace. The greatest music they ever heard was the clanking chains of their captives. If all the blood that has been shed in battle could be gathered together it would upbear a navy. The club that struck Abel to the earth has its echo in the butcheries of all ages. Edmund Burke, who gave no wild statistics, said that there had been spent in slaughter thirty-five thousand millions of dollars, or what would be equal to that; but he had not seen into our times, when in our own day, in America, we expended three thousand millions of dollars in civil war.

Oh, if we could now take our position on some high point and see the world's armies march past! What a spectacle it would be! There go the hosts of Israel through a score of Red seas—one of water, the rest of blood. There go Cyrus and his army, with infuriate yell rejoicing over the fall of the gates of Babylon. There goes Alexander, leading forth his hosts and conquering all the world but himself, the earth reeling with the battle gash of Arbela and Persepolis. There goes Ferdinand Cortes, leaving his butchered enemies on the table lands once fragrant with vanilla and covered over with groves of flowering cacao. There goes the great Frenchman, leading his army down through Egypt like one of its plagues, and up through Russia like one of its own icy blasts. Yonder is the grave trench under the shadow of Sebastopol. There are the ruins of Delhi and Allahabad, and yonder are the inhuman Sepoys and the brave regiments under Havelock avenging the insulted flag of Britain; while cut right through the heart of my native land is a trench in which there lie one million Northern and Southern dead.

Oh, the tears! Oh, the blood! Oh, the long marches! Oh, the hospital wounds! Oh, the martyrdom! Oh, the death! But brighter than the light which flashed on all these swords and shields and musketry is the light that fell on Bethlehem, and louder than the bray of the trumpets, and the neighing of the chargers, and the crash of the walls, and the groaning of the dying armies, is the song that unrolls this moment from the sky, swept as though all the bells of Heaven rung a jubilee, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Oh, when will the day come—God hasten it!—when the swords shall be turned into plow-shares, and the fortresses shall be remodeled into churches, and the men of blood battling for renown shall become good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and the cannon now striking down whole columns of death shall thunder the victories of the truth.

When we think of the whole world saved we are apt to think of the few people that now inhabit it. Only a very few compared with the populations to come. And what a small part cultivated. Do you know it has been authentically estimated that three-fourths of Europe is yet all barrenness, and that nine hundred and ninety-one one-thousandths part of the entire globe is uncultivated? This is all to be cultivated, all inhabited and all gospelized. Oh, what tears of repentance when nations begin to weep! Oh, what supplications when continents begin to pray! Oh, what rejoicing when hemispheres begin to sing! Churches will worship on the places where this very hour smokes the blood of human sacrifice, and wandering through the snake infested jungles of Africa Christ's heel will bruise the serpent's head. Oh, when the trumpet of salvation shall be sounded everywhere and the nations are redeemed, a light will fall upon every town brighter than that which fell upon Bethlehem, and more overwhelming than the song that fell on the pasture fields where the flocks fed, there will be a song louder than the voice of the storm lifted oceans, "Glory to God in the highest," and from all nations and kindred and people and tongues will come the response, "And on earth peace, good will toward men!" On this Christmas day I bring you good tidings of great joy. Pardon for all sin, comfort for all trouble and life for all dead. Shall we now take this Christ into our hearts? The time is passing. This is the closing of the year. How the time speeds by. Put your hand on you heart—one, two, three. Three times less it will beat. Life is passing like gazelles over the plain. Sorrows hover like petrels over the sea. Death swoops like a vulture from the mountains. Misery rolls up to our ears like waves. Heavenly songs fall to us like stars.

I wish you a merry Christmas, not with worldly dissipations, but merry with Gospel gladness, merry with pardoned sin, merry with hope of reunion in the skies with all your loved ones who have preceded you. In that grandest and best sense a merry Christmas.

And God grant that in our final moment we may have as bright a vision as did the dying girl when she said: "Mother"—pointing with her thin white hand through the window—"Mother, what is that beautiful land out yonder beyond the mountains, the high mountains?" "Oh," said the mother, "my darling, there are no mountains within sight of our home." "Oh, yes," she said, "don't you see them—that beautiful land beyond the mountains out there, just beyond the high mountains?"

The mother looked down into the face of her dying child and said: "My dear, I think that must be Heaven that you see." "Well, then," she said, "father, you come, and with your strong arms carry me over those mountains into that beautiful land beyond the high mountains." "No," said the weeping father, "my darling, I can't go with you." "Well," she said, clapping her hands, "never mind, never mind; I see yonder a shining one coming. He is coming now, in His strong arms to carry me over the mountains to the beautiful land—over the mountains, over the high mountains!"

A Good Memory.

Lawyers are generally supposed to be sharper than the rest of the human race, but occasionally a witness tips them up. An eminent barrister once received a severe repartee from a witness that he was trying to browbeat. It was a critical point in the case, and in order to save his cause from defeat it was necessary that the lawyer should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age, when a lively dialogue ensued, opened by the lawyer's saying to the witness:

"Sir, your age?"

"Seventy-two."

"Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant as it was twenty years ago, is it?"

"I think it is."

"State some circumstances which occurred, say, twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you remember."

"I appeal to Your Honor if I am to be questioned in this way; it is insolent," said the witness, turning to the Judge.

"You had better answer the question," replied His Honor.

"Yes, state it," said the lawyer.

"Well," answered the witness, "if you compel me to do it, I will. About thirty years ago you studied in Mr. Parchment's office, did you not, Lawyer L.?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my shop and saying to me, 'Mr. D., my son is to be examined to-morrow, and I wish you would let him have a suit of clothes on credit.' I remember also, sir, that from that day to this he has never paid the bill. That, sir, I remember as though it were but yesterday."

"That will do, sir," returned the lawyer, considerably abashed.

"I thought it would."

The Prayer Book Dodge.

Traveler—Oh, kind sir, take all, take all, but leave me this, my pocket Bible, a parting gift from my mother when I was a boy?

The Highwayman (as he gathers up a very poor haul)—Keep your prayer book an' begone.

The Traveler (ten minutes later)—Well, that was a pretty close shave. If that chump had known that Bible covered $2,000 in bank notes, he wouldn't have been so quick to let me keep it.—*Town Talk.*

The Line Must Be Drawn.

St. Louis man—I will bet you a new suit the fair will be held in St. Louis.

New York man—Where is the suit to be made?

St. Louis man—In St. Louis, of course.

New York man—I must decline the bet.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

If you want your favors to be remembered, show them to people when they need them. A man with more money than he knows what to do with cares nothing for an extra dollar, but the man who needs a dollar to save his life will never forget the man who gives him the coveted coin.—*Atchison Globe.*

A WOMAN over 100 years old, an incorrigible, who had spent Christmases she can remember in jail, has been sent to a year's imprisonment for theft.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

NECK OR NOTHIN' HALL,
KILKENNY CORNERS.

MR. EDITUR: Would you beleave it, we'd no sooner sot down in the keers than Sally begin to look aroun' fur her fate.

I shud a thot thet the lessing she'd got from the batcheldor would a ben of sum sarvis to her, but it seams it want, fur no sooner hed she clapped her eyes on to a tall, slim, saller-lookin' man dressed in black than she sed to me, all of a flutter:

"There he is, Mis' Scooper; thare he is, rite over thare by the wood-box. I feal thet it is he. I drempt last nite thet I met my fate an' thet he looked at me out of jest such sad, mornful eyes as his'n. O, I hope he'll hev curage to cross all formile barrows an' not wate fur an' interduction."

"Grate Governer! Sal, yure the craziest purson fur a man I ever did see," ses Willam Henery, an she wus thet tuck up with a lookin at the stranger with all her eyes thet she never pitched into Wm. Henery es I'd sorter expected she wood.

The stranger sot thare es big es who but he, tho he didn't pay no intention to nobuddy. Finally the widder she coodn't stan it no longer.

"Les go over thare an sit," ses she. "I beleave thare is a draut hear, an I'd kindy hate to ketch cold into my tooth an sot it to akin agin, fur it feels real cumfitable now."

An I went along with her to sort o' portect her, an one seat wus jis the same es another to me. Well, we hedn't ben a sittin thare 2 minits tel she leans over the seet an teches him on to the yarm, an smiles awful sweet, an ses:

"Parding me, sir, but will you please be so kind es to tell me what time o' the day it is? My watch hez run down." An' thare she hain't got no watch, nor never did hev. "Laws! thet's a whopper!" thinkses I to myself.

"Certainly, madam. It air 15 minits till 4 o'clock," ses he, es perlite es you please.

"O thanks, a thousan' times, sir; but you no the time passes so awfully slow when one is a travellin' all alone, es it war."

"I, to, am travelling alone, not only on the keers, but in the jurney of life," ses he, solumly.

"How misfortunate: an' yet how simalir yure fate is to my own hard lot, fur I am all alone in the cole, hard world," an' she put her hankercher to her nose, an' looked es solum es she cood on sech short notis.

"It must be fate thet hes throwed us together in this fashing, miss, an I feal alreddy a deap an abidin' interest in you. You must be my fate," ses he, a takin her han an kissin' it.

"Hain't he romantick?" whaspered Sally to me.

"May I baig thet youl kim an sot by my side, sweet vision of feline loveliuess?" ses he.

"O, you dear, sweet feller!" ses she, an she went an sot in to the sete with him, an es thay wus only one sete ahed of me I coodn't help hearin most thay sed.

An it wus all about infinities, congenial sperits an sech like uther trash at furst, but he finally got to arskin her all about whare she wus frum an about peeple to the Corners. I thot he wus wunderfully interested in the folks to the Corners, an didn't no but what he did hev sum intentions; but happenin to glance over to Willam Henery I saw him soun asleap with his mouth wide open, an jest then his teath drapped down an he started to swaller 'em, but I jumped up an hit him a few welts on to the back thet nocked 'em out, an by thet time we wus to the depot, whare Mary Tabithy met us. Yourn as ever,

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

Two Millionaires Confide.

Two rich men of Chicago were waiting for their suburban train. They were on one side of a window, a listener was on the other. The listener was not there as an "eavesdropper." He had taken his position there first. The sons of Croesus had come after. If they chose to talk why should the listener move?

"I wonder what we will be asked to do next?" one of them said.

"I don't know, but it does get tiresome. There is hardly an hour that some sort of subscription paper, or petition for money, or committee doesn't wait upon me. I acknowledge my gratitude to Almighty God for what He has given me, and I consider it my duty to Him and to society that I should contribute, and I do contribute, but the cry for more is incessant."

Said the other one: "It is all right to solicit charities and grant aid for the same, but these solicitations do not stop there. A committee calls upon me from the Council and asks me to help on some sort of blow-out. I say to them, 'Gentlemen, your project will not put a dollar into my pocket, but for the glory of Chicago I give.' The next day another committee waits upon me for something else. Then come the really deserving. I must give to them. And so it goes all day long. I suppose there are people in this world who envy me as I go to my home. I have everything heart can wish for, they say. I know how they talk. But you know how it is, George."

"I do," said George. "I have gone through with this same thing all day long, and having reached my home I have retired feeling as tired as any day laborer in Chicago. And then in my dreams this ragged beggar, this respectable committee, those charitable people—all pass before me in a procession, and I get up in the morning as tired as when I lay down. But I couldn't explain this satisfactorily to the world."

"No," the other replied, "if you were to give up every dollar you had the chaps who failed to receive anything would call you a —— fool."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Practical.

According to the philosophers everything has two uses, a lower and a higher. Some very common people find this out for themselves, so far, at least, as the practical application of it is concerned.

The daughter of the rector of a parish in East London-over-the-border taught the choir boys a new tune at a Monday evening's rehearsal, to be sung on the following Sunday. Sunday morning came.

"Well, Johnny," said Miss X—, "I hope you haven't forgotten the new tune, for we depend much on you."

"Naw, mum, not a bit. I've been a skeering the crows with it all the week."

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A Choice Selection of Interesting Items.

ONE million dollars of gold coin weighs 3,685 pounds avoirdupois and $1,000,000 of silver coin weighs 58,920.9 pounds avoirdupois.

IN Cashmere, thirty thousand shawls are made yearly. It takes three men a year to weave a pair. It takes ten goats to furnish the material for one and a half yards square.

A FEW years ago some New Jersey anglo-maniac imported a lot of English hares, so as to 'ave a real English 'are 'unt, you know. There are now so many English hares in New Jersey as to be pests.

GENERAL TECUMSEH SHERMAN is of the opinion that we have got all the territory we want in the United States. His opinion on the subject is something worth having. He is an adept in the art by which foreign territory is usually acquired.

A MAN who had not a little to do with making our Civil War a Union success, has just died. It was Wm. G. Chamberlain, for nearly fifty years connected with the Springfield armory. During the war he was foreman of the gun-making department.

THE electric light is making its way in London, the wires being laid under ground, and the streets all over the city will soon be illuminated by it. In interior use, however, there is a growing distrust, the numerous accidents in this country having directed attention to its dangers.

LORD WOLSELEY wants to command the British Army in India upon the retirement of Sir Frederick Roberts. Lord Wolseley, it will be remembered, is the man who knows least about our civil war of all educated Englishmen and the man most inclined to write about it.

A REPORT comes from the lumber regions at Portage Lake, Me., that a huge panther came out in a clearing and walked around some men who were yarding logs. The men were much terrified, but kept perfectly quiet, and the beast disappeared without doing them any harm. It is very rare, now, that these animals are seen in Maine.

IT is so wise as to seem almost providential that the great American Fourth of July comes at a time remote from the fall elections. It would be embarrassing for an Independence Day orator to elbow his way through the crowds of citizens yelling fraud and corruption at each other and take the platform to declare this the grandest, the noblest, the most glorious nation of all time.

AT Henderson, Ky., the other day a countryman entered the drug store of Charles F. Kleiderer and called for some article, giving in exchange a piece of money which the proprietor of the store at the time supposed to be a 25-cent piece. On taking his cash out of the drawer he was struck with the oddity of the coin. An application of soap and water revealed a beautiful Roman gold coin bearing the date of 1058.

AN intelligent physician has discovered that color blindness is very rare among girls, though it is common among boys. From this fact, he draws the conclusion that, in most cases, color blindness is due to want of early education in discriminating colors. Girls are taught to become familiar with every shade of colors, while boys receive no instruction whatever on the subject. Hence, boys frequently exhibit an ignorance in colors which is confounded with true color blindness, which girls rarely show.

ATHENS has a modern Aristophanes, who is one of the best known characters in the Greek capital. His name is Suris, and he is proprietor and editor of the comic paper, *Romios*, every line of which, including the advertisements, he writes himself in verse. The issues are irregular. Some times two copies appear in one week, at other times, when news is scarce or his inspiration flagging, a week or two may pass without a new number. Consequently he has no regular subscribers, but whenever a new number appears the news agents buy all the copies by special arrangement.

RAILROAD conductors dissipate very little nowadays. The man who drinks, even when off duty, is not the proper party to intrust with the lives of a great number of people. It is a rare thing to see one of them in a bar-room, and if seen there he does not tarry long. "A man will often hesitate before doing a wrong which will send him to the penitentiary when he has a wife and children at home to look after and care for," remarked a railroad superintendent recently. This led him to say that the fatigues of a long run made the conductors anxious for the peace and quiet of home, and when they have one they can nearly always be found at it.

THE Sultan presented Emperor William with the famous saber of Sultan Murad IV., which originally belonged to Emperor Frederick of Hapsburg, who reigned in the early part of the fourteenth century. It is a cross-handled sword with handle and sheath of solid silver, superbly chased. The Damascus blade is engraved with German inscriptions and the imperial eagle is carved upon the handle. In the sixteenth century the saber, which was an heirloom in the Hapsburg family, was given by Emperor Mathias to Count Hunyadi of that day, who was killed in battle fighting against the Turks, who captured the weapon. For more than three hundred years it has been a prominent object in the imperial armory of Constantinople.

THE sequel to a rather peculiar incident has just been brought to light in which a fish and an engagement ring were the principal actors. Some months ago a man living near Wellsville caught a large catfish in the Ohio River. On cutting it open a gold ring with an opal setting was found in its stomach with the initials M. S.—F. D. on the inner face of the band. By an accident this came to the notice of Frederick Dunham, of Springfield, Ill., and on examination he pronounced it the engagement ring which he had given to his wife twelve years before and which she had lost on a Missouri River steamer a few years after their marriage.

AN eccentric character who had acquired a fortune in Australia recently died in England. He spent his money very freely. He purchased valuable articles and invariably destroyed them. A gold watch was smashed up the moment it was bought; the back of a silver watch was wrenched off so as to be more convenient for winding up; the straw was taken out of a new mattress for pig bedding; springs taken out of a new easy chair; shelves taken out of the house for firewood; clocks broken up and thrown away; bread burned daily in the oven; legs of mutton and sides of bacon were buried in the garden; valuable trees and plants were bought and chopped up. He built a greenhouse and knocked it to pieces. He died poor and was buried by the parish.

ODD things sometimes happen on the Alsace-Lorraine frontier. The other day a family in Lorraine, near the border, expected a party of relatives from over the line to lunch with them. The French family didn't think it necessary to get a passport for such a short visit, but the German officials refused to let them cross without it. They therefore turned back for a few yards into France and alighted. In the meanwhile their Lorraine relatives, who had seen their retreat, had gone home, and returned with knives, forks, plates, glasses and a hot dinner. The cloth was laid across the frontier, upon a patch of smooth grass, and a merry picnic was held, each party sitting on its own soil. The German officials stood by the whole time, ready to arrest the strangers in case they overstepped the imaginary line, but they were careful not to do so.

PROF. AUSTIN PHELPS, of Andover Seminary, is a careful student of currents and forces within and without the church. He has recently written to the President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, thus: "I have been so deeply interested in the new movement creating societies of 'Christian Endeavor,' that I am moved to express to you, unsought, my cordial sympathy with it. It is the only movement which has met adequately a peril to which our churches for many years have been exposed. I mean the absorption of churchly forces in methods of usefulness outside of the church, and some of them ignoring its existence. This movement of 'Christian Endeavor' seems admirably fitted to counteract that danger. I am grateful for it. The rapidity of its success is proof that it was needed. Earnest believers were waiting for it."

ONE of the most remarkable monuments in America is at San Luis, Obispo County, Southern California. A great rock rises 150 feet above the plain of Carissa, and in the distance looks rugged and forbiding. On near approach it seems to have on its eastern side an opening twenty-five feet broad, which leads into an inner temple or court, with level floor 225 feet long and 125 feet broad at it widest part. The ceiling is sixty to one hundred feet high. This great natural cathedral is a wonder to geologists, but it is more wonderful to archeologists. It was evidently used by prehistoric men as a temple of worship or a capitol of government. On the walls are paintings in red, white, and black, doubtless having a meaning. There are figures representing fields, suns, forts, spears, men and animals. The colors are apparently as bright as when laid on. The wonder was discovered by Franciscan missionaries 100 years ago, and there has been no change in its appearance since. When or by whom the walls were decorated no one knows. The Indian tribes had no tradition concerning the work, and regard it with superstitious reverence.

He Missed His Wife.

"Mister," said a haggard looking man as he walked into a hardware store, "can you tell me where I can buy a phonograph?"

"I guess we can order one for you, sir," said the salesman who met him at the door. His face expressed surprise but his tone conveyed assurance.

"Can you get one that'll work automatically; one that you won't have to grind yourself, but can fix it all up and let it go of its own accord?"

"I think we can arrange an attachment that will accomplish that result."

"All right; get it as quick as you can, will you?"

"You want it as a sort of amanuensis, I suppose?"

"No; my wife has gone out of town. I find that when I get home at night everything is so kind of solemn and still that I don't feel like going to bed, and when I do get to bed the silence is so oppressive that I can't stand it. So I thought that if I could get a phonograph and have the hired girl talk into it for about half an hour—something about its being a nice time of night for a self-respecting married man to be getting home, and all that sort of thing—I would set it before I went to bed and succeed in getting to sleep. It's funny how a man will miss these old familiar sounds."—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE world is unjust in its judgments, so it is in its requitals. It speedily effaces the memory of the greatest services, and, when we can repeat them no more, we are neglected and thrown aside.

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

A Very Queer Incident That Happened Recently on His Train.

Some two months ago, when I was coming east on No. 12, says S. L. Cole of Brooklyn in the New York *World*, I had as passengers an old couple—the queerest-looking couple I ever saw. They were both over 80 years old, as I learned in talking with them. The old lady was dressed just as my grandmother used to dress fifty or more years ago—poke bonnet and all—only minus the hoops. The old man had on a genuine swallow-toil coat and a stovepipe hat, tall and scarcely larger than a five-inch stovepipe.

I first saw them on going through the train after leaving Salamanca, where we make connection with the Nypano. The old lady at once commenced to ask questions, but as we make our first stop at Carrollton I am too busy to more than glance at tickets, and I told her I would see her later. Leaving Carrollton I have more time, and when I came to the old people, as they were in the rear of the last day coach, the one next the sleepers, I sat down in the seat just in front of them and had a long talk.

I found they were Scotch and had been living somewhere out in Illinois for nearly half a century. They were both remarkably intelligent considering their years, the old lady in particular, she being a great talker. They had at last concluded to see the old country once more before death claimed them, and were now on their way to Scotland.

Arriving at Hornellsville where we took supper, it was found necessary to put on an extra car. This brought the old people into the second car from the sleepers. Canisteo, four miles out from Hornellsville, is our first stop. Here we register and report back to V. Our next stop is Addison, thirty miles east.

Leaving Canisteo I jumped on to the rear platform of the last day coach and there found the old man. It was getting dark, and there being a number of sharp curves between there and Addison I took him by the arm, and saying "Come, come, uncle, this won't do," opened the door and sent him inside.

I then went up ahead and commenced taking up my through tickets. When I came to the old lady I noticed she was alone, but as she had both tickets and said nothing I thought nothing of it. I had to go through the sleepers as well as the day coaches this time, and we had begun to slow up for Addison before I was through. Leaving Addison I again passed through the car, and this time the old lady spoke up, saying:

"Say, Mr. Conductor, have you seen anything of my old man lately?"

"No," I said; "not since leaving Canisteo. I sent him in the car there. Haven't you seen him?"

"No, not since we left that place where we stopped so long."

I then remembered about the extra car we had put on at Hornellsville, and that it was that car I had sent him into, and went back to look for him. But the old man was not there. The brakeman and I looked through the train, sleepers and all, but he was not to be found. Some of the passengers in the car I had sent him into said they noticed him as he came in and that he, after looking the car all over, evidently in search of some one, had passed into the car ahead. I then knew that he had probably undertaken to pass from car to car just as we had struck a sharp curve and been thrown from a platform. He had undoubtedly been instantly killed, for there was not one chance in a million for it to be otherwise. It was with a heavy heart I went to the old lady to tell her my fears. I had had many a tough job, but this was the hardest, and I would have shirked it if I could. Going up to her I said:

"Well, auntie, I can't find him, and fear he has fallen off the train."

"Mercy!" she replied, "I hope he isn't hurt."

Then up spoke some fool passenger: "Hurt! Well, if he has fallen off this train he is killed, sure."

The old lady looked up at me and said:

"Do you think so, Mr. Conductor?"

"I don't know, auntie. I am afraid he is," I replied.

The old lady dropped her head and for a moment or two did not reply. Then, raising it up again, she looked me full in the face and said:

"Oh, dear! Well, I don't know as it makes much difference. He was getting pretty old and couldn't have lived but a little while anyway, and then he was a great trial. He would get drunk."

I was completely thunderstruck. Do you know that old lady wouldn't get off the train and wait for news from him. She said: "Oh, it's no use. If he is dead I can't do him any good."

At Corning I telegraphed back, and the section men were sent to look for him. I left the train at Elmira, but learned afterward that at Waverly they had a telegram saying the old man had been found and was still alive. Then the old lady left the train and went back.

About a week afterward I had occasion to go to New York. As I was going on to the ferry-boat at Jersey City who should I see trudging along ahead of me but the old lady. Going up to her I said:

"Well, auntie, how is the old man?"

She looked at me a moment, and then said: "Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Conductor? Oh, he's dead—he's dead."

"Why, when did he die?"

"Oh, last night."

"But didn't you want to stay and see him buried?"

"Oh, no. The railroad company killed him. Let them bury him," and the old lady walked off as though the loss of a life partner was a small matter.

IF rivers come out of their prison thus bright and immortal, shall not I, too, renew my spring life with joy and hope? Have I no hopes to sparkle on the surface of life's current? It is worth while to have our faith revived by seeing where a river swells and eddies about a half-buried rock.

GAMBETTA'S FAMOUS ESCAPE.

M. Spuller, Gambetta's companion in his escape by balloon from Paris, has just given, on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument at the villa of Epineuse, where the balloonists alighted, an interesting account of the historic incident. The professional aeronaut, Frichet, said the French Foreign Minister had one failing. As soon as the balloon had got well up he wanted to go down, and when they approached Chantilly a first decent was made. The country people told them that they must ascend again, as the Germans were very near them, and so they started afresh, but soon M. Frichet elected to descend, and would have landed them in a farm crammed with the enemy's troops had they not been fired at and thus warned off. Ballast had to be thrown out in profusion, and M. Spuller helped to lighten the balloon by the sacrifice of his overcoat.

At last the gas with which the balloon was inflated was visibly escaping; the travelers had no alternative but to decide on descending somewhere. They perceived a small river, but soon they heard the sound of the Pussian drum, and Gambetta told M. Frichet that they must at least make their way to the other side, where there was a wood. This was done without any accident, and they alighted on the fringe of the Bois de Ferritres at Epineuse.

Numbers of peasants went to meet them and they were received hospitably by the Mayor, M. Drebus, whose daughter was allowed to start one of the pigeons which they had brought with them to convey to Paris the news of their safe arrival. The Mayor drove them to Tricot, whence a schoolmaster took them to Montdidier. They arrived at 11 p. m., slept at the sub-prefecture and took the train next morning for Amiens. The oak grappled by the balloon for making the descent attracted many visitors till the owner, a royalist, cut it down, refusing offers of purchase.

GEN. GRANT'S LOG CABIN.

Among the deeds recently filed in St. Louis County there is one from L. H. Conn to Henry J. Weber, the nurseryman, conveying to him 121 acres of land, being part of the 160 acre tract occupied by Gen. U. S. Grant and his bride, nee Miss Julia Dent, where they lived in a log cabin which Jeff Sappington, C. D. Wolff, P. S. Lanham and other neighbors of the old commander helped him to "raise" shortly after the wedding in 1857. Mr. Conn bought the whole of the Grant property, comprising 728 acres, at $80 an acre, in June, 1888, and the historic interest connected with the place is mainly what stimulated him to purchase it. Since then he has frequently remarked that he intended to preserve every relic of the "old commander" that there was to be found anywhere upon the property, and his deed to Mr. Weber indicates his intention of carrying out that idea, for it is especially stipulated that the grantor shall have the right to remove the "little old log cabin" at any time within two years from the date of sale.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

A BRIGHT IDEA FROM BOSTON.

It will be observed that the artistic bootblack around town has within the past few months taken to the plan of using a small piece of white flannel for the purpose of giving a supplementary polish to the boots on which he operates. Everybody will be interested in knowing that this new idea in boot-blacking comes from Boston, which must now be crowned with the credit of refining and polishing the universe in a fashion hitherto unsuspected. A negro bootblack down town was asked the other day who was responsible for first using the flannel polisher, and he answered promptly: "The idea comes from Boston, sah, just a little while ago. A Boston man done invented it and it is a very good idea, sah." As a workman naturally knows something of the origin of the tools he uses in his trade, this statement may be taken as final.—*New York World.*

HE WAS ANSWERED.

"Oi say, Mike, d'ye see that windy over there?"

"Oi do, Dinny."

"An' do yez moind, noo, wot it says on that signboard over the same?"

"Oi do, Dinny."

"An phwat is it?"

"Sure, an' can't yez rade it yerself? It's 'Boory of Inf'rmation' it says."

"An' phwat does that mane?"

"It manes thet if yez want to noo anything yez are to ask about it there."

"An' thet's wot I t'ought, an' so I axed him wot time does the sex o'clock train come in."

"An' wot did he say?"

"Sure an' he said the sex o'clock train gits in at siven t'irty. Thet's wot he said, the spalpeen."—*American Commercial Traveler.*

WHERE FRIENDSHIP CEASES.

Emeline—Mamma will give her consent only too quick when you ask her, but I'm afraid papa will hold off.

Jack—What makes you think that? He has always been very friendly with me.

Emeline—Yes, Jack; but this is a matter of business.

IN Russia women are not allowed to practice medicine before reaching the age of forty years. In free America every woman feels herself fully qualified to practice medicine as soon as she owns a baby or can borrow one of her neighbor to experiment on.—*Terre Haute Express.*

THE trouble with doing a thing very well is that you receive no credit for the things you may do afterward that are moderately good.

HE GURGLES WITH DELIGHT.

New Styles in Dress Goods That Please a Western Society Editor.

We noticed from our eastern exchanges that some of the popular shades in dress goods this winter are described as "dragon's blood," "elephant's breath," and pale pink, called "stifled sighs."

We just gurgled with delight when we heard this, because all these colors are so unique. We were real glad with a regular Pan-America gladness for the dear girls, for a girl loves to be unique, don't you know, even if she has to wear it under her wrapper. A girl dressed in elephant's breath, hung in graceful folds and looped up and fastened at the corners with stifled sighs, with a corsage of old gold, slashed with dragon's gore, would be just too lovely for anything. We have been sighing for just such a girl for years, but our sigh had hardly stifle enough in it to match the new color. We have sent for a remnant of a stifled sigh to make a necktie of it. It appears to us that elephant's breath would be rather strong for real comfort in the summer time, especially if the elephant was inclined to be dissipated.

We are induced to make these harsh remarks by observing that men who go around all night to see the elephant have a breath on them in the morning that they can hang their hats on and have enough left to start the fire with. Dragon's blood should only be worn in spots, a la polka dot, as it were, and should never be worn without being sprinkled with ashes of roses to tone it down. In the absence of roses, wood ashes or cigar ashes would answer as well. But there is a fullness and a pathos about the stifled sigh which will make it a rank favorite the moment society corals it. It is so delicate and yet so far-reaching. A sigh at any time is a delicate thing to look at, but when it is stifled and worn full in the back, with box pleating down the sides and caught up with silver buckles into a double cinche about the waist, it is simply a dream.—*Lassen (Cal.) Advocate.*

PAYING FOR HER WRINGER.

You have heard about all sorts of unique ways of keeping scores for which barkeepers are hung up, and I suppose you have heard all the stories that are afloat, but I think an old woman who lives up our way and does washing for my family has invented something new.

She is a very old woman—used to be a slave—and is as ignorant as an unshucked ear of corn. She can't read figures or anything. A short time ago she bought a wringer on the installment plan, and inasmuch as she is very suspicious of everybody, and is inclined to think everybody is trying to rob her, it puzzled her a great deal to devise some way of keeping count of the money paid at different times on her purchases. But she struck it. I was over at her house the other morning to see her about some extra work my wife wanted done, and noticed on the window-sill several lead pencil circles of different sizes, but each drawn very carefully, as though around some circular substance. I asked auntie about it, and she told me of the wringer, and that that was the way she knew how much she had paid. The small rings were the size of a quarter, and meant that so many quarters had been paid, and the large ones meant half dollars and dollars. She just counted up the rings when she wanted to know how much she had paid on her wringer, and could tell as readily as though the money were before her. And yet they say figures are a necessity.

TOLD OF A SUCCESSFUL NOVEL.

I know of an instance where a singularly good and original plot was found in a story written with a grammatical error in almost every line. The author was advised that her manuscript contained the material for a good story, but would have to be rewritten. She consented, and the manuscript was placed in the hands of a competent writer. When the book appeared the author scarcely recognized her work. The plot was there but nothing more. As the "reader" predicted, the story, as rewritten, proved a success. To-day it is one of the best known novels in the literary world, and the author, whose name appears on the title page, receives all the credit, while the real author contents himself with the knowledge that his bank account is $250 larger by the word. The truth perhaps will never be known, but I often wonder when I see the title page author receiving the congratulations of her friends at the success of her book, if her conscience ever pricks her.—*Buffalo Courier.*

TIME TO DO SOMETHING.

"Don't you think, Maria," said a fond father to the partner of his joys, "don't you think it is about time we put little Freddie into some good school?"

"Yes, indeed, John." Why, I can do nothing all day long except watch that boy. Only this morning he threw the cat into the cistern, cut the top off one of your new boots to get leather to cover his ball with, dropped your razor into the well, spilled ink all over the parlor carpet, and ——"

"Great Scott! Clean the cistern, buy a new pair of boots, a razor and a parlor carpet all for one day! Something must be done, that's sure."

"Yes, John. He is so active. We must be very careful in the selection of a school for him, dear, so much depends upon it, you know."

"Yes, I know. How would a reform school do."—*American Commercial Traveler.*

SOME men's affairs don't get straightened out until about the same time they do themselves. — *Burlington Free Press.*

NO, JOHNNY; tenpin balls are no made in rolling mills.

FAIR CASHIER'S TROUBLES.

How She Is Pestered by French Dudes and Old Men.

"Would you like to go to the theater to-night?"

"No, thank you."

"Ah, this is Charley's night I suppose?"

"Sir!!!"

Then the attractive brunette who presides at the cashier's desk at a large Chestnut street store, the customers of which are mainly members of the sterner sex, looked at herself in the mirror and pushed a refactory bang into place as the crushed dude with the theater tickets opened the door and let himself out into the cold, cruel world. Then she threw a bewitching smile at the next customer, and when he wanted to know if she got many theater invitations, she answered:

"Oh, lots of them. But I prefer to select my own company. One can't be too careful, you know. Why, a girl who once worked here actually eloped, so I've been told 756 times so far. I wonder why it is that so many men bother me with all sorts of questions. One man, who looked somewhat sensible, asked me not long ago if I knew of a good cook. Then a handsome drummer, with such a nice mustache, asked me if the pretty cashier in the biggest dining room in New York was my sister. But I don't mind the young fellows. They will flirt and talk nonsense whenever they get a show. Sometimes it's hard work to get rid of our pennies, but when a particularly susceptible 'Johnnie' appears then I get in my work with the coppers, and they form the biggest part of the change. We have to have lots of tact. The old men bring me a novel once in a while, usually by Laura Lean Libbey or some such a crank, and I give them to the boys that work here.

"Life is too short to read such trash. Then the old chaps want to tell me their troubles, and if I go out shopping for a minute or so some one is sure to think it's proper to speak to me simply because I give him his change at the store. Isn't it ridiculous?"

"I suppose you receive many offers of——"

"Marriage," interrupted the cashier; "oh! not many, considering. The boys nowadays don't seem to take kindly to that sort of thing. They say it's too hard to lay by any money. They put all their money on their backs, or else loaf around the leading saloons. I know all about it, for that innocent young man who is coming this way has told me a good bit. I'll have to ask you to go now. Here's another toothpick."

So the interested listener withdrew with great ideas of the worldly wisdom of some young women.

FAMISHED.

New England farmers are proverbial for their liking for pie. It is a staple article of food with most of them,—they "wouldn't know how to keep house without it." And indeed it is hard to get along without anything to which we have all our lives been accustomed. An old lady went from New Hampshire to visit city relations on whose table pie never appeared. Her visit had been understood to be for a month, but at the end of two weeks she announced her intention of returning home on the following day.

"Why, auntie," said her niece, in a tone of great surprise, "we thought you had come to stay at least a month, and I can't think of letting you go so soon."

"I think I must, Mattie," replied the old lady, firmly.

"But we haven't taken you to half the places we want to see, nor done half we want to do for your pleasure. Surely you're not tired of us so soon."

"Oh, no, no," protested the old lady "I've enjoyed myself very much, dear; you have all been so kind and thoughtful, I can't thank you enough for it all."

"Then stay longer, auntie. Why should you go so soon?".

With the frankness and simplicity of many aged persons the old lady said:

"Well, Mattie, if I must tell you, I will. I simply can't stay where folks never have pie, and I don't want any extra trouble taken to make it on my account, so I'd better go home where we have it common."

She did not go home for weeks, and pie appeared upon the table at every meal as long as she remained.

WANTED INDUCEMENTS.

An old fellow, after standing about the corridor of the Grand Pacific hotel nearly all day, at last found an opportunity to speak to the clerk.

"I reckon you have noticed me around here."

"I don't know that I have," the clerk answered.

"Why, I've been here all day; but no matter. I have been wanting to speak to you on business, but you have been so busy that I couldn't get a chance. I am from Michigan, and expect to stay in this town nearly a whole week, and I'd like to know what inducements you offer for folks stoppin' at your hotel."

"No inducements except that we do our best to please."

"No discount for cash in advance?"

"None."

"Don't make a man a little present when he leaves, I reckon?"

"No."

"Just let him go away as a matter of course?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't reckon we can trade. I have lived too long and l'arned too much to throw away money without any inducement."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

HUNG UP FOR A FEW DAYS.

Texan (meeting the parson on the arrival of the stage)—Jest reached town in time to preach, stranger.

Parson—Why, I came to town to spend the day with Bro. Jones. How is the brother?

Texan—Waal, yer see Jedge Lynch decided a case hyar yesterday, and the parson didn't 'zactly agree with the verdict, so he's hung up fer a few days. —*Boston Herald.*

THE NICKEL-IN-THE-SLOT.

A Peculiarly Honest Tramp Who Lives by Suction, Yet Is No "Sucker."

While sitting in the Fulton Ferry House my attention was attracted to a seedy individual who had just entered. I had no difficulty in establishing his status in life. He was a member of that profession that looks upon the world as its "oyster" and unceremoniously opens it upon the slightest opportunity. He was a tramp. His clothes were cut—or rather torn—to his calling. Hard times hung from every angle of his body. His nose was the only bright spot about him. That had been burnished by whisky until it looked like "a gilded halo hovering round decay."

"Watch that man," said an official to me, "He has got some way of getting nickels and pennies out of those 'nickel-in-the-slot' machines over there. You see the machines are often out of order and the money dropped in sticks in the slot. That man comes here regularly every morning and sucks them out. It is none of my business so I never interfere with him."

I watched. The man approached a tutti-frutti machine, stooped down and placed his mouth over one of the slots. A long, drawn out suction followed, as if the machine was delicious lemon on Katzenjammer Day, and then he straightened up with a penny between his teeth. Down he went again, as the kingfisher does for a smelt, and back again with his prey in his mouth. This was repeated until the slots had yielded up thirteen cents—one nickel and eight pennies.

When the tramp went away, I followed him outside and engaged him in conversation. I found him to have more than his share of the grim humor that characterizes the tramp brotherhood. He drew himself up with lugubrious dignity and said:

"The suction idea came to me about three months ago. I first had to satisfy myself that it was a legitimate business. The nickel, I reasoned, does not belong to the person who puts it in the slot, as he took chances with the machine and got left. It did not belong to the machine, because it had rendered nothing for the money received. Having thus satisfied my conscience I commenced operations. The business had developed beyond my greatest expectations. The interest on the capital invested is enormous. No expenditures; all receipts. I make from $1 to $2 per day. My hours are long, it is true, and most of my business engagements are at night. But it's 'way head of being on the road. I don't like the country. The haystacks are too far apart, and the careless handling of shotguns by farmers has always shocked me.

"I am glad to have a metropolitan occupation," he continued. "Here there is a field for ingenuity. The man with an idea can not be kept down. My business is almost too much for one man to control. It takes me a long time to get around to all the ferries and depots, and I am thinking of letting out part of my territory."

After a pause he said, reflectively: "I hope this thing won't get into the papers. The slot machine companies might undertake to shut me off. If they do it will be a severe blow to the trade and commerce of the country. I am the inventor of the 'snap,' and as such I am entitled to the profits. Recollect, though I make my living by suction. I am no 'sucker.'" And he faded away in the gloom of Williamsburg ferryward.—*New York Herald.*

DEATH IN A LONELY LIGHTHOUSE.

A pitiful story comes from Red Island Lighthouse, opposite the mouth of the Saguenay, Quebec. It appears that the guardian of this lighthouse was until lately Elzear Frazear, and he had spent the summer on the island with his wife and family and an assistant, Alfred Cote. Early in November, as was their wont, his wife and family left him to return for the winter to their home at Trois Pistoles. By the rules of the department he was obliged to remain on the island until December 10.

Soon after the departure of his family he was taken ill, and was about to die. Desiring to breathe his last in the midst of his family, nightly efforts were made by his assistant to signal friends on Green Island and the mainland by means of bonfires to come and take him off. Finally a few nights since the signals were noticed, and the next day a brave crew from Green Island endeavored to reach him in an open boat, which they finally succeeded in doing after much hardship and risk. Rolling the dying man in blankets, they put him in their frail craft with the intention of endeavoring to return to Green Island, but a sudden storm forced them to put back to Red Island, where Mr. Frazear expired shortly afterward. His death was no doubt hastened by exposure and excitement. The following day they succeeded in effecting a crossing with his body.—*Boston Transcript.*

AN UNKIND CUT.

Quevedo—Hello, Curt! Why, what's all this? Solomon in all his——

Curtis—I'm an advance agent now. Greatest show on earth. Left journalism for good. No money in it.

Quevedo—And wearing diamonds, too. Are they real?

Curtis—Cert. Don't wear anything else.

Quevedo—Not since you gave up paste, I suppose.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

SHE HADN'T FORGOTTEN.

Mistress (to new girl)—By the by, Bridget, I forgot whether I told you or not when you came, but I do not allow my kitchen girl to have any followers.

Bridget—Yez tould me when I came, Mrs. Chucksley, an' I haven't forgot. I dhrove Mr. Chucksley out av the kitchen lasht night wid a dipperful of bilin wather, mum.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THERE is a woman who cries at every funeral, and if she misses one, she cries because she missed it.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

WANTED.

WANTED—A situation as a stationary engineer. Twelve years experience and best of reference. Address, "J," Sentinel office. 24-12t

WANTED—Cylinder Press Feeders. Good wages and steady work. Apply to RA D. McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Ill. 1-6t

WANTED—A good nurse girl at 99 East Wayne street. Apply at once. 26-tf

WANTED—Energetic Accident Insurance solicitors Call or address Geo. Lord, manager, Provident Fund society, Windsor hotel, Fort Wayne, Ind. 3-tf

WANTED—For the stage, five men and four women, and a small girl not over ten years of age. Call this evening and Sunday between 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. Apply at 47 Barr street. Alfred A. Knapp, manager, upstairs.

WANTED—A good reliable firm to take agency for our oils in Fort Wayne and other good cities. Also, agents wanted to carry oil as a side line. Address, THE MONITOR OIL CO., 4-tf Cleveland, Ohio.

DWELLINGS—Rents collected and repair of dwellings promptly attended to by SCHRADER & WILSON, Agency, 20-1m 46 Harrison street.

WANTED—Two hustlers to canvass and collect for the Prudential Insurance company. Liberal induce ents. References required. Apply to Chas. Sauer, superintendent, room 30, Pixley's block. 9-1m

☞PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me. J. F. CURTICE, Real Estate and Loan Broker, Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Reference—Hamilton National bank. 20-2m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE OR RENT—The large store building, three stories, 150 foot long, on Columbia street, near Calhoun, occupied by Staub Bros. Inquire at 239 East Washington street.

FOR SALE—About seven acres of land with good frame house, fifty fruit trees, drainage complete, just the place for a gardner, within a mile of the city limits. This property must be sold. A snap for someone, take it quick. For particulars call at the Ervin house, 12 Harrison street. 2-tf

FOR SALE—A stock of groceries, the best location in the city. Rent moderate, will exchange for city property. Call at this office. 31-6t

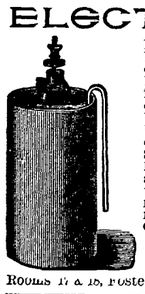
FOR RENT.

TO LET—Furnished or unfurnished rooms Inquire at No. 19 Jefferson street, three doors west of Calhoun. 31-5t

FOR RENT—A house at No. 164 Harrison street. Both water works and gas. Enquire of Ryan Bros., No. 19 W. Washington street 3-1m

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ELECTRICITY.



Burglar and Fire Alarms, Door and Call Bells, Annunciators, Push Buttons, Gas Lighting Apparatus, Speaking Tubes, Heat Regulators, Motors, Cash Registers, Watchman's time registers, Watchman's Time Recorders, Electrical Dental and Surgical Instruments of all kinds, furnished and put up at reasonable prices. Job work and repairing done neatly and promptly. Estimates given on application. Call on, or address,

F. C. BINKLEY, ELECTRICIAN,

Rooms 17 & 18, Foster Block, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WAU-KEE'S LAUNDRY,

No. 8 W. Wayne St

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	4
Drawers	8
Undershirts	7
Night shirts	8
Socks, per pair	5
Handkerchiefs	2
Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

JOE. YOBST & BRO.

Have knocked the bottom out of prices in the Meat Business.

Round Steak, 10c., or 3 lbs for 25c.
Shoulder Steak, 8c. lb.
Pork Chops, 8c. lb.
Boiling Pork, 6c. lb.
Boiling Beef, 5c. lb.
Beef Roast, 8c. lb.
Kettle Rendered Lard, 10c. lb.
Sausage, 8c. lb.
Hog Head, 2½c. lb.

Watch this column for bargains and buy where you can get the best for your money.

NO. 232 CALHOUN ST.

ROBERT SPICE.

Pumps, Pipe, Hose and Fittings.

DRIVE WELLS.

Natural Gas Fitting a Specialty.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison street, Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, on receipt of a 2 cent stamp. Sold by [illegible], 148 Wayne, Ind.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1890.

THE winter is here only in name.

TO-MORROW will be the first Sunday of the new year.

THE year opens with but very few deaths in this city.

THE candidates for the county offices next fall are not idle.

DID last night's frost kill the fruit buds? This is January 4 th—midwinter.

THE democracy are getting into line for victory in the state next fall and in the nation in 1892.

THE United States has a debt of $1,610,569,054 as shown by the treasurer's report, issued January 2, 1890.

WITH the new year the new law in Pennsylvania appointing factory inspectors in the interest of child labor goes into effect.

EX-GOV. ISAAC P. GRAY, as the nominee of the democratic party for vice-president of the United States, would suit the Hoosiers.

THE republican conspirators in their efforts to steal the state of Montana are equaling the precedent set by their party in Louisiana in '76.

THE governor of North Dakota makes an appeal for aid for its destitute people. The farmers of the north part of the state are in a sad condition.

THE best raisins in the world come from California. Ten years ago we depended on the European fruit, but the Pacific sloper has at last captured the market in a fair and open fight.

HON. GEORGE H. BOKER, poet and play-wright, who was minister to Turkey during General Grant's second presidential term, died Thursday morning, at his residence, in Philadelphia.

YESTERDAY at Indianapolis the constitutional officers of the state, the governor, secretary, treasurer and audi or, reappointed Harry S. New a member of the Indianapolis board of police commissioners.

THE electric light companies in New York now want damages from the city for the destruction of wires and the ruin of business. They claim to have occupied the streets lawfully, and that the city has acted unlawfully.

MISS HATTIE BLAINE, youngest daughter of the secretary of state, and Miss Rachel Cameron, youngest daughter of Senator Don Cameron, will be two of the handsomest debutantes to be introduced to society early this year.

FORT WAYNE is going to have a new bank. Let us have a score or more of good manufacturing establishments and a couple of additional railroads, too. The closing years of the century would then witness Fort Wayne a city of 100,000 inhabitants.

IN 1842 what is now known as "influenza" was known then as "Tyler's grip." Tyler was president of the United States, and just after he vetoed the "United States bank bill" this epidemic swept over the country and was called "Tyler's grip."

THE republicans in congress are said to be determined to increase the tariff to an extent that it will be practically prohibitory, on the theory that the result will be a reduction of the revenue. This has long been known to be a favorite idea of Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, the new leader of the house.

RABBI GUTTMACHER is preaching a very interesting series of lectures at the Jewish temple on the origin of Christianity. Last evening he spoke on the "Paulinian Church." The young Hebrew divine is a brilliant scholar and is doing good pastorial service for his people in this city. THE SENTINEL has on several occasions spoken in detail of the subject matter of some of his sermons preached at his church.

IN the whole history of political parties in this country none have withstood the shock of years save alone the democratic party. Some may ask what is the secret of its vitality? There is no secret about it. The party was founded on a principle as firm as the constitution. The party is the people. It was not conceived and born for any class, but for the whole people, and will live so long as the spirit of freedom finds an abiding place in the human breast.

JAY GOULD, it is said, pays $20,000 a year to his attending physician, Dr. William Munn, and this commands the latter's entire time. The contract is for twenty years, or until Mr. Gould's death. Dr. Munn has devoted his time since his engagement, which began two years ago, to a careful study of the human nerves and their diseases, and it may be assumed that Mr. Gould's nerves will be kept steady if the most enlightened treatment can accomplish that result.

DEATH came unexpectedly to a man of wealth, as it almost always does, and he sent out for his lawyer to draw his will. He went on willing away his property and when he came to his wife and child he said he wanted his wife and child to have the home. The little child didn't understand what death was. She was standing near and she said: "Papa, have you got a house in that land you are going to?" The arrow reached that heart, but it was too late. He saw his mistake. He had no home beyond the grave. And yet thousands will read this and go on and on, never thinking of the world they are getting closer and closer to each day.

LOCAL GOSSIP.

DR. W. H. MYERS.—The superintendent of the Barber Asphalt Paving company informs me that the asphaltum has such a strong chemical affinity for coal oil that if oil is dropped upon the pavement it will eat holes in it. If this be true the vending of coal oil from dripping wagons should be entirely stopped on West Wayne street or the utmost care should be used by those who sell and those who buy. The pavement costs too much to be thus ruined.

FARMER PETER NOTESTINE—The English sparrows have become so numerous on the farms as to be a real pest. The savage little fellows gather in flocks and attack the larger birds so savagely that they are driven off. The robin and the blue bird, always welcomed, have become very rare and the sparrows prey upon our graneries and eat up our newly planted seeds. Unless hogs are fed in a tight pen the sparrows will gather there and make away with the corn. I am training my boys to kill them with fine shot.

MONTGOMERY HAMILTON—The development of the natural gas belt in Indiana is sure to have a considerable political effect, injurious to the cause of democracy. Natural gas is particularly sought by workers of glass and steel and these are largely the class of manufactories that are springing up. Now all of these are protected industries, and the men who control them, and the laborers who are employed in them, are among those who never have enough of protection, high tariff and republican platform and they are bound to make themselves felt at the elections.

R. G. THOMPSON, WABASH TICKET AGENT.—The talk about establishing a joint down-town railroad ticket office in Fort Wayne, at which tickets on all lines could be had, will probably end in nothing. Such an office would be a great convenience no doubt, but to operate it in a manner satisfactory to the competing railroads would require the attendance of a clerk to represent each line. Otherwise the giving of even a slight preponderance of business to a competing point to any road would result in a squabble and the speedy discontinuance of the office. Fort Wayne is hardly large enough for a down-town ticket office.

JARED D. BOND.—After a man has acquired the reputation for shrewdness in business and as a safe investor of money his rise in wealth and position is always rapid. People who have acquired means by long continued industry and great frugality seek him out and trust to his better judgment in an investment of their all. People who see a business opportunity opening readily are willing to furnish capital to these persons and surrender to them the whole of the direction and the lion's share of the profit, contenting themselves with little. Half a dozen prominent examples of this among our fellow citizens at this moment occur to me.

A. GEISMAR—In going about the country I find that year by year there is an increase in the number of commercial travelers who work on commission and not for a fixed salary. The jobbing firms seem to have agreed on that plan of compensation as the fairest alike to employers and employes. As a consequence the patronage of the first class hotels is going to houses which charge more moderate rates. The three and four dollar a day houses were enjoyed as long as a stiff expense account was regularly "O K'd" at headquarters, but in very many instances two dollar a day and even a dollar and a half a day houses are satisfactory to the commercial traveler who pays his own way.

A. S. LAUFERTY.—The city council should afford to the tax-paying, resident merchants of Fort Wayne some protection against the unfair opposition of the fly by-night establishments which, under the name of "Sheriff's Sale" or "Mistit," establish themselves here during the ten days in which the railroads and factories pay their employes and then leave for some other point to catch the ebb tide. Aside from bringing legitimate business into disrepute because of the worthless stuff they sell, these fellows manage to carry away a great deal of money which will never come back. I am in favor of establishing a license so high as to absolutely exclude them, and if there is no law for this there should be one enacted straightway.

JOE DOUGLASS, DEPOT SALOONKEEPER.—A good part of my custom comes from passengers on the railroads who rush in for a drink or a flask while the train waits and I meet people of very queer tastes. One night a swell-looking fellow came in and wanted a bottle of the very best whisky. I poured out some "Owl Club" for him to sample. It is as fine liquor as is sold over a Fort Wayne bar' but the man set down the glass with a look of disgust exclaiming that it was vile. I keep on hand an article for just such poor judges of liquor and so placed before him, to taste, a whisky that would make a man rob his own trunk. My customer smacked his lips approvingly and paid a round price for filling his flask. I never heard whether he died before reaching Pittsburg or not.

MANAGER PERRY, WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH—The reduced rate charged by telegraph companies for ten word messages results in the handing in of some remarkably condensed telegrams. I had got used to the abbreviation "smorning" for "this morning" and "salternoon" for "this afternoon", when a man came in and wrote "per cent." and when I told him that he had written two words together and that the message was eleven words long he objected. This, like all other similar disputes, we settled by having recourse to Webster's dictionary. I explained that percentage, on Webster's authority, would be charged as one word, but we drew the line on "per cent." A common practice is to write a message with the words run together, so that the clerk who receives it may count them less in number than they really are.

REV. S. A. NORTHROP.—In places of the size of Fort Wayne the demands that are made upon a clergyman would quite surprise one of the cloth, whose life has been spent in the large cities and where much of the work that we daily perform is either not performed at all or else is relegated to an assistant. In a great city a clergyman is admired for his learning, his eloquent preaching of the gospel and if he has but these two important characteristics, his path is made easy for him. In the smaller cities he may have to exchange some of his clerical austerity for genial good fellowship and while he may not weigh lightly learning and eloquence he must exercise excellent business qualifications to the end that more may be brought to his house of worship. Don't be shocked, but the successful minister must—to borrow a reporter's word—hustle, and hustle hard, too.

A RENTER—Since my removal from Kokomo to Fort Wayne I have spent much time looking for a house in which I might again enjoy the use of natural gas, and am surprised that so few are to be had. People who are willing to pay a fair rent are beginning to insist upon having natural gas, and landlords who would have regular tenants will soon be made to see this point very plainly.

PROF. PHIL KEINZ.—There are tricks in all trades and that of the band-master is no exception. When times are good with musicians, I mean when parades are frequent, as on the Fourth of July and other celebrations, contracts are often made for more musicians than can be supplied. Nevertheless, the bands appear with the expected number of pieces and the money is paid over without a question. It happens, however, that the band has been stuffed with "dummies." Fellows who can't blow a note are hired, dressed up in the regular uniform, and they march with the rest, placing their instruments to their lips at the proper time and otherwise taking their cue from the real performers. It looks all right and few people detect the imposture. Minstrel shows which advertise big companies, double brass bands, etc., frequently resort to this means of getting up an imposing street parade.

HON. A. P. EDGERTON—Up to the time that Cleveland appointed me a member of the civil service commission, I had not been to Washington for a very long time, not since I had represented an Ohio district in congress and had for associates Allen W. Thurman and others who have long ago terminated their political activity. Accordingly I found when I got there that the newspaper correspondents had been sending out statements that seemed to question the wisdom of my appointment, because of my advanced age. I suppose they had expected to greet an old man in his dotage. I took a real delight in exploding this notion and I believe that I was found to be quite as agreeable, able bodied and wide awake as most any public man at Washington. I used to tell Thurman that I wasn't so proud of my head as of my legs. I used to dance pretty well and think I could "wing" with some of the boys yet.

JUDGE W. H. COOMBS—It is not generally known to my friends that I played no small part in the annexation of Texas to the United States. It happened about half a century ago that I was called from Fort Wayne to Steuben county, to defend a democrat who had been indicted for illegal voting. The election had been so close that this man's vote decided the choice of state senator from the northeastern counties, and as I cleared my client, Marsh, the democratic candidate, got his seat. When Marsh went to Indianapolis, the legislature on joint ballot was a tie, and his vote elected Hon. Jesse D. Bright to the United States senate. Now, when the joint resolution to annex Texas came up on its passage in congress it prevailed by just one vote, Senator Bright voting "aye." The annexation of Texas provoked the war with Mexico. It was a queer train of circumstances, surely.

A WEST BERRY STREET LADY.—The fashion of making New Years calls has become in Fort Wayne, as well as most other cities, a thing of the past. It was a delightful custom and withstood social abuse a long time, but with all its amazing vitality it had to give way at last. It did not go willingly, but its death was hastened by the general rush of the times. I well remember, when I was a young housekeeper, what pride and pleasure I took in entertaining my friends on the first day of the new year, but when it got to be that you really were throwing your home open to a lot of young men whom you did not know, and, what was more, did not wish to know, and whose main object seemed to be in seeing how many calls they could make in one day, the pleasure to the hostess was all gone. Promiscuous New Years calling is now almost extinct in the east and is rapidly growing to be so in the west. The eastern fashion now is for a lady who wishes to receive on that day to issue cards to those who she wishes to call, after this style: "Mrs. Murray Hill, At Home, January 1st, 1890—2 to 5 p. m." If several ladies receive together they put their cards all in one envelope. So runs the eastern fashion and so, too, will run the western before long.

Jas. S. Murphy, M. D., Company's Shops, N. C., writes:—"I sell a great deal of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, for every one who tries it likes it."

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." Of course! Why, those old duffers suffered horribly with aches and pains, and didn't and could'nt know that Salvation Oil would cure them."

Ask for Baker's Famous Headache Specific. It never fails to give relief. Sold and guaranteed by Thieme & Gross.

About the easiest way to raise the wind is simply to cash a draft.—Baltimore American.

Jumped From a Train.

A Foolish Man Who Risked His Life to Pay a Debt of Honor.

As the fast Atlantic Express was leaving Denver, and had just attained its best speed, a man was seen to rush to the back platform of the last car, and jump off. The bell rope was violently jerked, the train slowed up, stopped and backed up to near where the man lay. Train hands and passengers crowded around him, and to every one's surprise he was found to be uninjured, save a few bruises.

On being questioned as to why he jumped off, he said, "Day before yesterday I went to a store, and bought a bottle of Rogers' Royal Nervine and had it charged. I forgot to go in before I came away; and, as it saved my life, I decided to risk mine to pay for it; and so I jumped off."

CLIPPED AND CREDITED.

Interesting Personal Gossip From Neighborhood Exchanges.

Huntington Democrat: "Mr. Marshall Humphrey, of Fort Wayne, is visiting the family of Col. L. F. Milligan. —Mrs. Otto Herbst, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lew Strodel, will return home to Fort Wayne this evening."

Wabash Plaindealer: "Archie Thomas, of Fort Wayne, spent New Years in this city.—Ed Wilson, who has formed a partnership with Mr. H. E. Schrader at Fort Wayne in the real estate business, spent several days in the city this week visiting relatives. Ed is doing quite well at Fort Wayne, and his many friends here wish that his prosperity may continue uninterrupted."

Plymouth Republican: "Mrs. Milo Gibson, of Logansport, and John W. Gallagher, of Fort Wayne, are enjoying a brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. John C. Gallagher, of this city.—The remains of Milton Becker, the twelve-year-old son of Emil Becker, formerly a resident and clothing merchant of this place, passed through here Wednesday evening, for burial at Fort Wayne. Mr. Becker now lives in Minnesota.

Monroeville Breeze: Master Nate Kohne, of Fort Wayne, has been the guest of his cousins, Julius Strass and Adolph Redelsheimer, during the holidays.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis and daughter, Rissie, of Fort Wayne, were the guests of Joseph and William E. Lewis during the holidays.—The $250 car house awarded to William Murchland, as having the premium section on this division of the Fort Wayne road, has been completed. It is a daisy, and Mr. Murchland may well be proud over the prize he has gained.

Keep you blood pure and you will not have rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and tones the whole system.

WICHITA, Kan., Jan. 3.—A fatal collision of freight trains took place east of here yesterday. John Ramsey, a brakeman, was instantly killed, and Robert Coleman, an engineer, died from injuries.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

A boot black in Chicago managed to buy and distribute five turkeys among as many very poor families.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does, is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

Messrs. August Bruder, Theodore Thieme and Will Seibold returned from Chicago last night. They took in Othello at the Auditorium.

A Lady in South Carolina Writes:

My labor was shorter and less painful than on two former occasions; physicians astonished; I thank you for "Mother's Friend." It is worth its weight in gold. Address The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

The True Elixir Of Life Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, builds up weak and debilitated systems, gives strength to weakened nerves, overcomes that tired feeling, tones the digestive organs, invigorates and regulates the kidneys and liver, expels disease and gives vigorous health. Young people say: "It is the best medicine we ever took." Old people say: "It makes us feel young again."

CATARRH,

Catarrhal, Deafness--Hay Fever--A New Home Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King street, Toronto, Canada.—*Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

The Mormon Elders' Book

Scratched 28 Years.

Body covered with scales. Itching terrible. Suffering endless. No relief. Doctors and medicines fail. Speedily cured by Cuticura at a cost of $5.

Cured by Cuticura.

If I had known of the Cuticura Remedies twenty-eight years ago it would have saved me $200.00 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time, and my suffering was endless and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some ringworm, psoriasis, etc. I took ..... and ..... Sarsaparillas over one year and a half, but no cure. I went to two or three doctors, and no cure. I cannot praise the Cuticura Remedies too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them were three boxes of Cuticura, and three bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, and two cakes of Cuticura Soap. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for $200.00, you would have had the money. I looked like the picture in your book of psoriasis (picture number two, "How to Cure Skin Diseases"), but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while, but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times.

DENNIS DOWNING, Waterbury, Vt.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, and permanently cure every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, scrofulous, and hereditary diseases and humors of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

☞Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped, and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing plaster.

JAMES MADDEN,

PLUMBER

Steam and Gas Fitter,

101 Calhoun Street,

Next door to Y. M. C. A.,

FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

THE NEWSPAPER UNION

55 and 57 East Columbia Street.

Retail at Wholesale prices, the Best Grades of

LEGAL CAP! FOOLS CAP! COMMERCIAL NOTE!

ENVELOPES!

If there is any particular kind, size or color of Envelopes you want made, they are manufacturers' agents, and can fill any order they may be favored with.

They carry in stock Crane's Caligraph Linen, for use on type-writers, and can rule your paper in any style you may wish.

They do no Job Work; but have every facility for Newspaper or Magazine Printing.

The largest and most complete line of Calling Cards, Ball Programmes and Wedding Stationary ever shown in this city, can be found at their stores. 17-1mo

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.

PLUMBERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters,

48 East Main St.

FORT WAYNE, ... IND

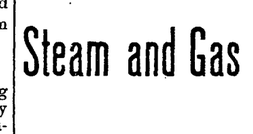
J. M. E. RIEDEL

ARCHITECT,

ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.

112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

E. F. SITES, DENTIST., No. 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind



Opposite the Avelione House and Hurst & Bond Drug Store.

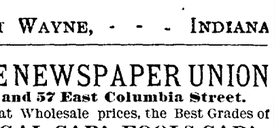
S. BREIDENSTEIN.

Real Estate & Loans

26 Court Street.

Watch his bulletin for some special bargain

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK 82 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind,



I still occupy same rooms occupied 14 years ago.

THE BEST MEATS IN THE CITY

GOTTLIEB HALLER

South Side Meat Market, carries nothing but the choicest meats. Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage at

No. 366 CALHOUN STREET.

D HANNA STREET (WESSEL BLOCK.)

The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City,

Wing & Mahurin,

ARCHITECTS

Rooms 41 and 42, Pixley & Long Block.

I. S. McCURDY,

D·E·N·T·I·S·T

OFFICE—Room 18, over First [illegible]

A. FOSTER,

THE FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailor!

Is now receiving his LARGE and WELL SELECTED STOCK of

FALL GOODS

Which are the Nobbiest ever brought to this city. He intends making

Suits in the Latest Styles

—AND AT—

Very Low Prices this Fall

and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,

NO. 15 W. WAYNE ST.

L. JAXTHEIMER,

MERCHANT

TAILOR!

—CARRIES A—

FULL LINE

Of Foreign and Domestic Goods, Suitings, FALL

OVERCOATINGS,

Trouserings. All work WARRANTED

83 Calhoun Street.

G. H. Morrill & Co.,

Manufacturers of

Printing,

Lithographic Inks,

and Varnishes.

119 5th AVENUE,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Chas. M. Moore, M'g'r.

PAUL E. WOLF.

Steam Carpet Beating.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.

Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.

All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.

PAUL E. WOLF,

No. 33 AND 35 CLINTON STREET.

WATER WORKS.

Bath Tubs, Pumps, Rubber Hose, etc.

—AT—

C. W. BRUNS & CO.,

PLUMBERS,

166 Calhoun Street,

Opposite the Cathedral. Fort Wayne, Ind

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO Natural Gas Fittings.

A. F. GESSLER,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

FRESH, SALT

—AND—

SMOKED - MEATS,

60 East Main Street.

He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

J. C. PELTIER,

Undertaker & Embalmer

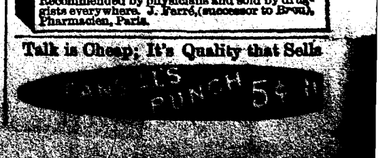
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,

Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

BROU'S INJECTION

An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Contagious Diseases of the Urinary organs; guaranteed not to produce Stricture; no sickening doses; and no inconvenience or loss of time. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists everywhere. J. Farré, (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

Talk is Cheap; It's Quality that Sells



Will be paid to any competent chemist who will find, on analysis, a particle of Mercury, Potash, or other poisons in Swift's Specific (S. S. S.)

AN EATING SORE

Henderson, Tex., Aug. 23, 1889.—"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by the best local physicians, but obtained no relief, the sore gradually growing worse. I concluded finally to try S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles. You have my cheerful permission to publish the above statement for the benefit of those similarly afflicted." C. B. McLEMORE, Henderson, Tex.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

TRADE SSS MARK

BRIGGS' HEADACHE TROCHES
A SURE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE
Nervous Bilious or Congestive Forms
PRICE 25 Cts.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
BRIGGS' MEDICINE CO.
ELIZABETH, N.J.

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER

Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities, as to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can, 20c.; ½ lb., 10c.; ¼ lb., 5c.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other brand, but insist on having just as good, and if he refuses to supply you, write us.

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER CO.

The Secret of Health

is the power to eat, digest and assimilate a proper quantity of wholesome food. This can never be the case while impurities exist in the system. The blood must be purified; it is the vital principle, ramifying through every part of the body. Dr. Tutt's Pills expel all impurities and vitalize the whole system.

A Noted Divine says:

"I have been using Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills the past three months for dyspepsia, weak stomach and nervousness. I never had anything to do me so much good. I recommend them as the best pill in existence, and do all I can to acquaint others with their merits. They are a special blessing."

Rev. F. R. OSGOOD, New York.

Tutt's Liver Pills,

FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Price, 25c. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages
Allays Pain and Inflammation,
Heals the Sores
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY the CURE

CATARRH
THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD
HAY FEVER
DEAFNESS HEADACHE
ELY'S CREAM BALM
50c
HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents. dec2-eodly

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

Conley's String Band

Music furnished for Balls, Lodges, Clubs and private parties on short notice. 131 WALLACE ST., FT. WAYNE,
J. CONLEY, Caller. Ind.

Health is Wealth!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE HOTEL EASTMAN,

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.,

The largest and finest **RESORT HOTEL** in America, with the finest Bath Houses in the world connected, will open (under management of O. G. Barron, of White Mountain Hotels) for season of 1890, January 15th. Tickets should be bought via St. Louis and Iron Mountain and Southern R. R. Janist-d&w-1m

THE BOYCOTT'S DECLINE!

Organized Labor No Longer Gives It Sanction--Gossip From the Busy Centers.

The end of what was once a craze is shown to have been reached by the report of the New York Bureau of Labor Statistics on the decline of the boycott, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. Within a comparatively short time the boycott was considered a great power; but the statistical report on its use in New York shows that the spell has lost its sway.

In 1888 the total number of boycotts started in that state was 266. Of this number fifty-three, or one-quarter were successful, seventy-six met with failure during the year, and 124 were carried over into the present year. This was a decrease as compared with 1887 of one-third in the number of boycotts attempted and of nearly one-half in the number of successful ones. No statistics are given for the present year; but it is a matter which every one can observe for himself, that the once common threat of the boycott is rarely heard now.

The decline is attributed by some to the decisions of the court against it. That had its effect, doubtless; but as the popular adhesion to the boycott was outside the reach of the courts, the decline must mainly be charged to the inherent weakness of the method. It was unrepublican, opposed to all ideas of individual liberty, and was notoriously at the command of the unscrupulous and irresponsible.

Hardly any more complete illustration of its weakness is needed than the fact that the last heard of the boycott in Pittsburg was the attempt of rival labor organs and inharmonious labor bodies to boycott each other. In other words, the enginery which was started to protect labor has by its irresponsible character been perverted to the prosecution of quarrels among labor organizations, and has proved to be utterly ineffectual in the presence of such divisions.

Organized labor need not mourn the decay of the boycott. It has plenty of means for strengthening itself without resorting to methods so little consistent with dignity and so utterly at variance with law and individual rights.

PENCIL PICTURES.

Township Assessor John Slater, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, learned his trade in England, having been born near Staffordshire a little more than fifty years ago. When he was twenty-years old he came to this country, and settled at Heller's Corners, in this county, engaging in the blacksmithing business, which he quit in two years to come to this city to take a position in the Pittsburg blacksmith shops. He was employed for a time at the Bass works, and at the Wabash shops, but after his return from a four month's trip to England, he resumed his place in the Pittsburg shops, where he has remained ever since. In 1886 he was nominated by the republicans for assessor of Wayne township, and notwithstanding the almost overwhelming majority of the democrats in the township, was elected by 650. In 1885, during the memorable Wabash strike, Mr. Slater was sent as a delegate of the Knights of Labor to Moberly, Mo., to confer with Master Workman Powderly, and he bore a conspicuous part in the settlement of that railroad trouble. Mr. Slater is popular with a wide circle of friends, and is universally esteemed.

J. C. Matsch, clerk at the Bass foundry and machine works, crossed the ocean when he was a lad ten years of age. He was born in the province of Saxony and came to this country with his parents in 1854, who settled at Cicero, Ind., and afterwards moved to this city. After attending school he entered Concordia college, but remained at his studies only a year, being compelled to quit college on account of failing eyesight. He went on a farm and remained for three years, when he returned to this city and followed clerking for a few years. From 1870 to 1872 he was a fireman on the Pittsburg road, when he took a position at the Bass works, advancing to the position of foreman of the cleaning department, which he filled for several years. A few months ago he was promoted to the position he now occupies. He is one of our best German citizens. His social disposition and many splendid qualities of heart and mind make him a favorite with all classess.

THE DAYS LOCAL NEWS.

The East Pittsburg shops employed four new men yesterday.

R. M. Ross has taken a position at the east Pittsburg yards.

Henry Wolding, of the Bass works, is off duty on account of an injured foot.

Henry Eider, of the Bass moulding rooms, is off duty on account of severe illness.

Ed. Mandt, of the Pennsylvania company will be married on the 22nd of this month.

John Caldwell, fireman on the Nickel Plate road, has gone to Pennsylvania to visit his parents.

John Lynch, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is off duty on account of the illness of his son.

Michael Craig, stationary engineer at the Pittsburg shops, has a good position offered him at Chicago.

J. B. Mitchell, superintendent of bridges and buildings on the Wabash, was in the city yesterday.

Foreman S. C. Henderson, of the Pittsburg shops, whose illness was noted yesterday, is better to-day.

Frank Grieskel, a brakeman on the Pittsburg road, is suffering from injuries received by the firing off of a toy cannon on New Year's day. His face was filled with powder by a premature explosion.

Saturday failed in giving a very interesting budget of news around the shops and railroads to-day.

Boyd Snyder, clerk in the Bass offices, has been quite ill for the last few days, and is confined to his home.

Brakeman Lynch, of 322 Lafayette street, is very ill. He had a very dangerous hemorrhage the other night.

The employes of the car wheel department of the Bass works were off duty to-day on account of the non-arrival of chill iron.

Frank Petgen is foreman at the Pittsburg copper shops during the illness of Foreman S. C. Henderson. Mr. Petgen is a competent young man.

Charles Scheiman, book-keeper at the organ factory, who was off duty for a few days on account of illness, was able to be at the office yesterday.

George Fry, of the Globe restaurant, so one of the Bass moulders tells us, will be married in the near future, to a young lady living in this city.

Charles Olds, of the Jenney Electric Light works, is superintending the erection of towers being placed at Saginaw, Council Bluffs and Allegheny City.

Allen A. Bowser, foreman of the machine department at S. G. Bowser & Co., has returned from Buchanan, Mich., where he has been spending a few days with his intended.

Frederick Pieper, of the Wabash shops, who was elected trustee of the Emanuel Lutheran church on New Years day, has been annually elected to that office for nine years. He is one of our best German citizens and is well qualified for the position.

Messrs. W. Shirk and Charles H. Brownell, of Peru, and T. J. Immel, of this city, held a meeting in Lafayette Monday evening for the purpose of conferring with regard to the proposed "Tow Path" railroad. The surveys have already been made, and the preliminaries have been so completely disposed of that everything is in readiness for the actual work to be begun.

From statistics collected by the Railroad Gazette, locomotive building has evidently not been as large in 1889 as in 1888. The falling off in the product has not, however, been serious. In 1888 we reported 2,180 locomotives built by seventeen firms. In 1889 we find 1,860 built by sixteen firms. The product of the firms not reporting would probably not raise the output to 2,000. The average yearly product of nineteen firms for eight years, ending with 1888, was 1,645 locomotives, 215 less than the 1889 product of the sixteen firms now reporting. Only three of the thirteen firms whose reports we can compare for the last two years show an increased product in 1889 over 1888. All of the others show a falling off of from 16 to 20 per cent. Reports from about half the car building companies show a decline of 20 per cent from the product of 1888.

The best medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will reach all the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past obliges us to admit that only one remedy has met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. The more distressing symptoms yield to it.

The cranberry crops of Oregon and Washington were very light this year, and the price is very high.

IN MEMORIAM.

In memory of Frankie Early, who died December 25, aged seven years.

'Tis vain for me to ask you
Where you miss your Frankie most;
I know you miss him everywhere,
The loved one you have lost.

Turn where you will within that home,
View things which once were his;
Your sorrowing hearts will have to say,
"How we our Frankie miss,"

You'll hear within your home no more
The music of that voice,
Which used to ring in tones so sweet
It made your hearts rejoice.

Gone to thy rest, dearest Frankie,
Gone to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle, and meek and mild,
With blessing on thy head.

Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Hast from this blighting land
Where flowers so quickly fade.

F. M. JOURDAIN.

MAKE NO MISTAKE.—If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. For all afflictions arising from impure blood or low state of the system it is unequalled. Be sure to get Hood's.

In Westminster abbey Browning will find his resting place, near by Chaucer.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

The sun of Africa tans and bleaches. Stanley comes to the shore with a head of white hair.

To-night and To-morrow Night.

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price, 50c and $1. Sample bottles free.

A St. Louis brewery has erected the largest brick chimney west of Boston. It is 235 feet in height.

"STOP"—Nature Has a Cure.

EATON RAPIDS, Mich.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO., Detroit:—Two years I was afflicted with a very severe attack of Erysipelas. After two physicians had used their treatment for several weeks and I continued growing blind, and in their diagnosis concluded that there was no earthly help or hope for me. I gave up, having tried all the remedies I knew or heard of. My neighbor, Mr. Miller, came in to see me one day, and said try Loose's Extract of Red Clover, as he had known of its working remarkable cures. I told him I had lost hope, that nothing would do me any good in the world. He insisted, and taking his hat went to the drug store and bought me one bottle and urged me to try it, which I did. Ten days afterward I sent for two more bottles, and it is wonderful how I improved. I continued using it and to-day I am better than I have been in years. No sign of erysipelas has shown itself and I heartily recommend it to suffering humanity as the greatest and best blood purifier in existence. Yours truly,

HENRY MARVIN.

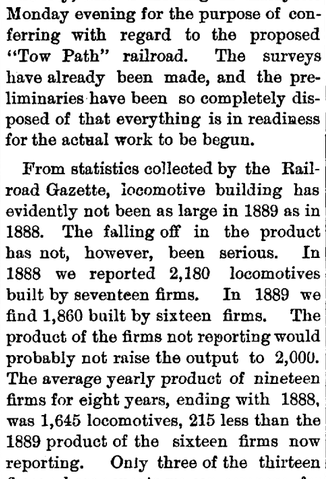
For sale by Drier & Bros.

Bradfield's Female Regulator

Should be used by the young woman, she who suffers from any disorder peculiar to her sex, and at change of life is a powerful tonic; benefits all who use it. Write the Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Have you got your diary for 1890? It and your New Year's resolution will end at about the same time.

PEARLINE IS THE FRIEND OF THE WORKINGMAN



With Pearline, he can make his face and hands as white as a woman's.

His wife can make his finest linen or coarsest overalls as *clean* and *sweet* as the linen of a gentleman of leisure.

She can keep the home as *clean* and *sweet* as any palace; and more besides, it saves her one-half the time required by ordinary soap; and by doing away with most of the rubbing it does away with the worst of the wear and tear on the woman, the clothes—in fact Pearline makes a paying saving all around; it's economical no matter how you look at it.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and 159 JAMES PYLE, New York.

BOSTON STORE.

Challenge Hams,
English Breakfast Bacon,
Silver Leaf Flour,
Fresh Roasted Coffee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

No. 20 W. BERRY ST.

TELEPHONE 152.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

MENIER CHOCOLATE

Paris Exposition, 1889 { 3 GRAND PRIZES. 5 GOLD MEDALS.

LARGEST CHOCOLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

YEARLY SALE EXCEEDS 30,000,000 POUNDS.

PUREST, HEALTHIEST AND BEST.

ASK FOR YELLOW WRAPPER MENIER CHOCOLATES AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

40 CENTS A POUND. *For Sale Everywhere.*

BRANCH HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

J. G. THIEME & SON,
Clothiers and Tailors.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS!

FOR FALL ARE NOW

READY FOR INSPECTION.

Our stock of Suitings, Overcoat Patterns and Trowserings is more complete than ever.

COR. CLINTON & COLUMBIA.

L. O. HULL,
WILL SELL
WALLPAPER
FOR
TEN DAYS
—AT—
LESS THAN COST.

Now is the time to Get a Bargain.

No. 90 Calhoun Street.

HIGHEST SPEED ON RECORD.

New Improved
The ALLIGRAPH
Writing Machine

Most Popular Typewriter in the World.
The Best for All Kinds of Work.
Most Durable, Most Rapid.

Every machine fully warranted. Call or send for circulars and specimens of work. Full line of best paper, supplies, office furniture, &c.

H. T. CONDE IMPLEMENT CO.,
General Agents for Indiana, Indianapolis, Ind.

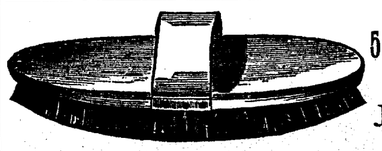
W. E. McDERMUT, LOCAL AGENT,
Corner Calhoun and Berry streets, Fort Wayne.

JOHN

HENRY

Our rapidly increasing business makes us feel very happy and we feel thankful to the general public for their liberal patronage. It is a convincing proof to us that a large majority of the PEOPLE will BUY GOOD HONEST GOODS. We have the largest assortment of HOLIDAY SLIPPERS, all styles and sizes, for the smallest child and largest man. Call and see us. You will find almost everything in the line of BOOTS AND SHOES in our stock. We do not deal in shoddy goods.

E. VORDERMARK & SONS,
32 Calhoun Street.
SIGN OF BIG RED BOOT.



Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,
5-A HORSE BLANKETS!
Rubber Horse Covers and Rubber Coats.
JOE. W. BELL,
13 East Columbia Street.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

From Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time.

Leave and Arrive at Fort Wayne, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 20, Mail Express.....	1 20 p m	1 40 p m
No. 8, d, East Line.....	7 40 p m	8 00 p m
No. 2, d, Penn'a Limited..	8 53 p m	9 00 p m
No. 4, d, Atlantic Ex.....	5 10 a m	5 20 a m
No. 58, Chicago Accom...	10 50 p m	.....
No. 62, Plymouth Accom.	8 55 a m	.....
No. 10, Crestline Accom..	.....	7 00 a m
No. 60, Chicago Express..	11 55 a m	.....

GOING WEST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 3, d, Pacific Express..	1 35 a m	1 45 a m
No. 5, d, Penn'a Limited..	5 38 a m	5 45 a m
No. 1, Fast Line.....	11 20 a m	11 40 a m
No 9, d, Western Ex.....	5 10 p m	5 15 p m
No. 11, Crestline Accom..	6 45 p m	.....
No. 61, Plymouth Accom.	.....	4 00 p m
No. 59, Chicago Accom....	.....	6 30 a m

†Daily except Monday; all other trains daily except Sunday.

NORTH DEPOT.
[MUNCIE ROUTE]
FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD. Dec. 1, 1889.	No. 5. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-S'dy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne..lv	6:00 a. m.	10:25 a. m.	6:05 p. m.
Indianapolis.ar	10:30 a. m.	3:50 p. m.	10:50 p. m.
Cincinnati...ar	—	5:20 p. m.	—
Louisville....ar	—	7:00 p. m.	—
RETURNING:	Daily.	Ex-S'dy.	Daily.
Louisville....lv	—	7:30 a. m.	—
Cincinnati....lv	—	7:59 a. m.	—
Indianapolis.lv	7:00 a. m.	11:10 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Fort Wayne.ar	11:35 a. m.	3:45 p. m.	7:40 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via. any other line.

WABASH RAILWAY.
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex. daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail.....	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule imited daily.....	5 05 a m
Cannon Ba except Sunday.....	1 36
Limited Expr daily	6 25
Lafayette accon. †rives 11 a m.	

INDIANA LIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m	10 30 a m
1 45 p m	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Ft Wayne
7 15 a m	1 20 p m
1 10 p m	6 19 p m
7 00 p m	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Nov. 10, '89

GOING NORTH.

*For Grand Rapids and North.....	Lv 3 50 a m
" " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids.....	" 2 40 p m
From Richmond.....	Ar 6 10 p m

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati.....	Lv 5 45 a m
" "	" 1 00 p m
" "	" 12 10 a m
From Grand Rapids.....	Ar 6 30 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

Headquarters for Harness.

A complete outfit in the Harness line at Bottom prices. No. 39 Harrison St.

P. E. COX,
PRACTICAL
Sanitary Plumber,
Has opened a shop at
No. 29 West Main Street.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT
Reasonable Prices
—FOR YOUR—
Hay, Straw, Oats,
Corn, Mill Feed
And Poultry Supplies,
—GO TO—
W. E. MINER'S,
45 EAST COLUMBIA ST.,
(900 6m) TELEPHONE 253.

SCHONE, WELLMAN & SCHOPPMAN,

Undertakers & Enbalmers
OFFICE: 39 W. BERRY ST.
Open day and night. Orders can be left at the office, or at No. 225 East Washington street, or at No. 44 Pritchard st. dec.6-dawlm
TELEPHONE 278.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. *Is successfully used monthly*—Safe, Effectual. Price $1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG

FREE TO ALL MEN. Sealed Treatise explaining absolute and perfect CURE without stomach drugging for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Lack of Vigor and Development, Premature Decline, Functional Disorders, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, etc.

THE MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

DR. T. J. DILLS,
NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890.

THE STAGE.

"All the World's a Stage; the Men and Women Merely Players."

GREEN-ROOM NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

Fresh News, Idle Gossip, and Amusing Stories About Actors and the Histrionic Art.

REHAN'S ROSALIND is the talk of all Gotham.

BLAKELY HALL has written a play for Miss Kate Forsythe.

LOUISE DILLON, now Mrs. Chapman, has retired from the stage.

SARAH BERNHARDT calls herself "the most ethereal of women."

MISS MARIE VAN ZANDT says that she took her earliest lessons from the singing birds that were kept in cages in her parents' home in New York City.

SARAH BERNHARDT has been waited upon by a committee of French matrons, who have asked the actress to appear in some proper play that they may bring their daughters to, and she has consented.

MARY ANDERSON is reported to have so far recovered from her recent illness as to be making plans for the production of "The Tempest," with Weedon Grossmith, of "Pantomime Rehearsal" fame, as Caliban.

MAY YOHE is said to have married again, and this time to a rich Californian. The father of this news says about the winsome May: "She is the greatest element of disturbance I ever saw behind the scenes. She can throw the best organized company in the country on its beam ends in less time than it takes to tell about it. She is far from good looking, but there is something about her that infatuates the boys, and sometimes the old men."

TOMASO SALVINI, the great actor, has a luxurious town house in Florence, and a country ville on a high hill a few miles from the city, from which there are glorious views of the valley of the Arno and the Apenniness. When in town he is very hospitable, and gives fine dinners to his male friends, and when in the country he leads a patriarchal life among his children and grandchildren. He is passionately fond of music, and is a good singer, while his strength and athletic skill are proverbial.

COL. SINN says that he has secured for next season for Miss Cora Tanner one of the strongest emotional plays which he thinks has been presented in America for years, entitled, "One Error." It is just fitted to Miss Tanner's abilities, in fact more so than any play she has ever had, and, although an emotional play and with a very strong love story, it is well relieved by bright and sparkling comedy. The company to be engaged will be the best that money can secure, and fully as strong, in every respect, as her company now playing in "Facination."

JO HOWARD says in the New York *Press:* "I first heard Patti and her brother Carlo in 1849 in Brooklyn. She sang and Carlo played on the violin. Patti sang in Tripler Hall in 1850, parts of her amazing repertoire being 'Casta Diva' and 'Una Voce.' I have a picture of Carlo and her taken in 1851, and a quaint, roguish little thing she was with her jet black braids down her back. From that time until 1859 she sang in concerts, and from Nov. 24, 1859, when she made her operatic debut, she has been, as she is to-day, queen of the lyric realm."

ONE of the best of the old Dan Rice stories concerns one of the celebrated showman's many temperance lecturing tours. Dan had been on the platform about six weeks and seems to have accomplished much practical good. One day he found himself in St. Louis, Mo. There he met Eph Horn, the witty minstrel, whom he had not seen in years. Both being delighted at meeting, they retired to Dan's room, where, over numerous bottles of "rosy," they related reminiscences of show life. When Dan started for the hall where he was billed to lecture he found that he had imbibed to much. Dan's great weakness when under the mellowing influence of John Barleycorn is to talk garrulously upon every subject, from theology down to civil service reform. Upon facing his audience Dan, feeling that he ought to give them the best at his command, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I'm here to enlighten yo', so name your subject."

MARIE WAINWRIGHT'S wholly charming Viola has won universal admiration in New York.

ANNA TERESA BERGER, the leading woman cornetist of the world, is now performing in London. At her lodging she has a small room fitted up with padded walls and ceiling and draped doors, and there she practices night and day on gold and silver cornets that have been presented to her by her admirers.

MARIE JANSEN, whom Coquelin, during his visit, presented with his photo inscribed "To the Leading Soubrette — America," reduced her weight largely by taking fencing lessons, and keeping up the exercise with systematic regularity.

LOUISE PAULIN was asked to produce "Nora" three years ago, when Ibsen was not so fashionable as he has since become. She thought the play lacked dramatic power, and rejected it. Now Beatrice Cameron has made a hit in the title part.

JANAUSCHEK has announced that her day is done on the American stage.

THE Langtrys have been reconciled, as they have been seen together frequently in the same box in the opera at London.

DISSATISFIED STAR—I believe Boston is the safest harbor in the United States for ships to enter. Manager—What makes you think so? Dissatisfied Star—Because we have played to so many light houses there.

LEO GOLDMARK, the owner of all the operas of Richard Wagner, including "Parsifal" and "Die Feen," for the United States, has also acquired from Frau Cosima Wagner the sole right of production of these works for Great Britain and its colonies.

GEOEGE BARRETT is socially even more popular than his brother Wilson. He is a capital story teller, and the stories he tells are chiefly at his own expense. One of the best relates to his part in "Claudian." When in the original cast in the London production he was cast for a bad part, and he felt doleful. Their wasn't a funny line in it, and the simple idea of having to wear a toga filled his mind with grief. He was, however, cheered somewhat by the author, who gave him carte blanche to introduce any comic speeches he liked. So Barrett went over to the British museum in search of some historical gags. To no purpose, however. He smelled of the mummies and pored over old manuscripts until he could stand it no longer, and then gave it up and went to the club. His friends asked him what troubled him, noticing his downcast demeanor. George told his tale of woe, and said: "What am I to do? How in time can I get any wheezes that fit the period 300 B. C.?" "That's easly done," replied his friend. "Just run in some of your own—they are ancient enough."—*Boston Globe.*

WHILE Lawrence Barrett wasa member of the Chestnut Street Theater Company in Philadelphia many years ago a curious incident transpired. At that time (the winter of 1863) Edwin Forrest was in retirement, living quietly at his home on Broad street. The great tragedian was a regular attendant and attentive listener. He observed young Barrett with peculiar and approving interest, and on several occasions went behind the scenes before the close of the play, called for the young actor and spoke words of commendation or offered valuable suggestions as to some bit of acting. Forrest's criticisms were often so exact as to take note of pronunciations. One evening he sent a card from his box on which was written simply: "Extrordinary, not extra-ordinary." Mr. Barrett, of course, being a self-educated man, had the failing of speaking words as they are spelled. He thought, however, that this time he had a point against his curt but friendly advisor, to whom he sent the reply: "But it is extraordinary," having in mind, of course, the question of orthography instead of orthoepy. Forrest confined his answer to four words: "Consult your pronouncing dictionary."

OWEN FAWCETT tells how the late E. A. Sothern recouped himself on an important occasion. It was the first time he played the "Crushed Tragedian," at the Walnut Street Theater, in Philadelphia. A sneak thief stole his wig from his dresing-room, and the loss was not discovered until about 3 o'clock. "I must have a new wig by 7 o'clock," was the comedians calm reply to the perturbed messenger, who had brought him the news of the mishap. The wig-maker nearly fainted when he got the order. "It is impossible," he declared, and rushed into Sothern's room to protest against the unprecedented command. "Fix your own price for the work, but have that wig here this evening," said Sothern, without a change of inflection. "But, Mr. Sothern—!" The perspiring wig-maker could get no further. "It must be here. I depend upon it. You are wasting time," was the pitiless reply. The wig-maker obtained a description of Fitz Altamont's flowing locks and hastily departed. Five minutes before 7 o'clock, he appeared at the theater with the finished wig. "What's your bill?" Sothern asked. Thirty-five dollars." "There's fifty," said the comedian, handing over the amount. "Now, never tell another actor that you can't make a wig in four hours."

NO MISTAKE POSSIBLE.

No matter what language a man employs when he wants liquor he generally makes himself understood. The Maysville *Bulletin* says:

"One of Maysville's grocers received a jug Saturday from the country, with the following request written on a piece of pasteboard:

"'Plees seel this gug up.'"

"The 'gug' was 'seeled' up, and it wasn't empty when it was returned to its owner."—*Courier Journal.*

IN Iceland there are no prisons, and no officers answering to our policemen. In 1874 it celebrated the one-thousand anniversary of its colonization, and at the same time became independent of Denmark, though subject to the King of Denmark as the head of the Icelandic Government. Iceland's new Government is thoroughly republican in spirit, all citizens having equal rights and perfect religious liberty.

THE water lily is largely used in some parts of India as food stuff. The fruit of one species that grows plentifully in the lakes of Cashmere is rich in starch and has much the flavor of a chestnut. If the nuts are dried they will keep for a long time, and when ground may be made into cakes or porridge, or they may be soaked for some hours and then boiled.

MORE than twenty-five tons of paper were used in printing the ballots for the recent election in Massachusetts.

PLEASANTRIES.

A LATE riser—Poor yeast.

EXTREMES in the laundry—Bad irons and merry girls.

IT is a sailor's experience that seas generally wash in dirty weather.

THE wheels of matrimonial life run more smoothly where there is a little juven-ile.

YOUNG lady—Waiter, have you any brie cheese? Waiter—None, ma'am, but the ones I have on.

"MY life has been a chased one," remarked the hardened criminal when he had been run down at last.

THOUGH it blooms on many a patriot's nose, the rum blossom can not quite yet be called the national flower.

"BE thim all your chillern, Mrs. McSorley?" "Phwat! Thim all moin! D'ye take me fer an incubator?"

"KNOW thyself?" may be all right in theory, but it would lead to a great many suicides if fully followed.

TEACHER—How many states are there? Bright boy—Please, ma'am, I haven't seen the morning papers.

SHE (between the acts)—Where are you going? He—Out to see a man for a moment. She—Is he going to buy it, or are you?

AFRAID of example—It would be better if you would drink at home, instead of at the saloons. "What! Before wife and child?"

A MONRONG, Cal., man has left $20,000 to his daughter, to be inherited only upon the birth of her first child. Case of C. O. D.

A FREQUENT case of color blindness is shown where our new black silk umbrella is taken, and an old brown cotton one is left in its place.

IRATE German (to stranger who had stepped on his toe)—Mine frent, I know mine feet vas meant to be valked on, but dot privilege pelongs to me.

FARMER'S wife—You're sure this medicine is good, John? Farmer—Certainly. The wrapper says it's good for man or beast, and I took some last week."

PROFESSOR—As I was saying, these air currents are caused by variations of temperature. Now, Mr. Jones, what do we notice on a windy day? Mr. Jones—Stockings.

NEW man—What shall I say about Mr. Goodman's project? Able editor—See what the miserable sheet across the way says about it, and then take the other side.

MCBRICKBAT was told that a prosperous neighbor's darling had presented him with triplets. "No wonder that fellow gets along," growled Mc., "for he's got a steady birth."

DEVOTED lover—You shiver, darling! Are you cold? Delicate darling (with chattering teeth, whose musical rival is at the piano)—Yes, Charles; I think it is the air from the piano.

MAMMA (at the doll counter)—Now, Flossie dear, here is a very large assortment to select from. What kind of a dolly would you like to have? Flossie—Twins, mamma, if you please.

BRAGGS—This is a little late for you to be out, isn't it, Peck? Aren't you afraid your wife will miss you?" Mr. N. Peck—I hope she will. She can fling things pretty straight, though.

SHE—This is your first year at college, isn't it? He—Yes. How did you know that? She—I knew by the way your arm felt around me. The muscle's are not as fully developed as a senior's.

JOHNLY—Yes, we often regret the words we have left unsaid. For instance, I wish I had said the words that would have made Annie Temper my wife. Jackly (sincerely)—I wish you had. I married her.

MASTER TOMMY was strutting about very proud of his first pair of pants. "And now," remarked a member of the family, "you're quite a man." "Yes," added the youngster, "and I can swear just likepapa."

"'Tis happiness," he said, "to let
My heart its bounty tell,
To breathe the dulcet nt'rances
That speak my love so well;
'Tis happiness to freight the tongue
With passion's every need"—
And then she softly interposed,
"'Tis sappiness indeed!"

HE WASN'T AFRAID.

In view of the fact that the United States man-of-war Chicago has had a collision with a tug-boat and escaped destruction, we feel so much encouraged as to venture the assertion that should this sort of vessel become epidemic in the American navy no foreign power could safely come at us with a birch-bark canoe. By the way, this incident recalls a story we recently heard. A well-known naval officer called at the house of a friend in this city, and was no sooner seated than the friend's 5-year-old boy appeared at the parlor doorway with his thumb in his mouth and fright and curiosity mingled on his face.

"Come in," said the naval officer, "come and see me."

But the child drew back behind the door,

"Come in, Harry," said the father, smiling; "it's only a naval officer, an American naval officer at that."

"Oh," said Harry, and he walked boldly up to the guest and seemed not to know what the men were laughing at.—*Washington Post.*

A POSER FOR THAT AUTHOR.

Editor—I do not think we can use your article.

Contributor—Press of other matter and all that twaddle, I suppose?

"Oh, but you don't seem to understand what you are writing about."

"Surely, you are mistaken, sir."

"Not much. Here you speak of Mars with his stern front."

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? you blankety-blank idiot, can anything have its stern in front?"—*Binghampton Republic.*

Something New.

With the compliments of the season, we find on our table a very attractive little volume which contains very many useful items of information, besides the novelty of a large collection of autographs of prominent men, and also humor and rhyme well illustrated. A special attraction is its offer of "Free Music," which offer is set forth therein. The little book is the annual St. Jacobs Oil Calendar for 1889-90, which is in every way as good as the best published in this line, and is gotten out in the interest of The Great Remedy for Pain, St. Jacobs Oil, and the other valuable specifics for the cure of disease which THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md., the publishers and proprietors, have placed on the market. These great remedies are by reputation standards in trade. The book is to be found at druggists and dealers', for free distribution, or, it can be had by sending a two-cent stamp to the publishers.

Bootblacks Who Ring Up Their Shines.

As the Philadelphian stepped down from the chair and surveyed his well-polished boots with satisfaction, the bootblack rung up the price of the shine on a primitive-looking concern, an imitation of the cash registers that ornament the city's bar and lunch counters.

Philadelphian—What in the world is that?

Bootblack—Dat is de register, boss. Dat tells how many shines I does.

Questioning brought out the statement that this particular "shiner" was one of several who were working for an employer, and the crude register was an invention of the capitalist to prevent his employes from "knocking down," as the bootblack put it.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Merry Children.

Mrs. Murrayhill — Celeste, what is Master Harold crying for?

Celeste—I happened to say, madam, that I lived with a boy who had 104 presents one Xmas.

Mrs. Murrayhill—Well?

Celeste—Why, then he insisted upon counting his, and he has been kicking and crying like this ever since; because he has only ninety-eight.

Mrs. Murrayhill (soothingly)—There, Harold, dear, you shall have some more if you want them. I should think, Celeste, you could get on peaceably with the little fellow to-day of all days.—*Life.*

He Told Her So.

"There goes another of those dress reformers, Brown. Did you ever see anything so ridiculous? Just look at it?"

"Yes; I told her it wasn't becoming, and would cause remarks."

"You told her? Why, what do you mean? Told who?"

"Told that woman yonder. She's my wife."—*American Commercial Traveler.*

"WHY need it be?" we say, and sigh
When loving mothers fade and die,
And leave the little ones whose feet
They hoped to guide in pathways sweet.

It need *not* be in many cases. All about us women are dying daily whose lives might have been saved. It seems to be a widespread opinion that when a woman is slowly fading away with the diseases which grow out of female weaknesses and irregularities that there is no help for her. She is doomed to death. But this is not true. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is constantly restoring women afflicted with diseases of this class to health and happiness. It is the only medicine for these ailments, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* from the manufacturers of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial; one a dose.

True Friendship.

She (whispering)—You see that Mrs. Youngboy playing at the piano? I do feel so sorry for her husband—she flirts so outrageously, and they fight like dogs and cats!

He (interested)—Indeed!

She—Yes; and their poor children are so neglected! They both have vile tempers, you know, and I don't suppose anyone could get along with either of them.

He—But how do you come to know all this?

She (surprised)—I?—Why, I am their best friend, don't you know!—*St. Paul Eye.*

Deafness Can't Be Cured.

By local application, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Why Are Hotel Cooks so Often Fat?

"Did you ever wonder why most cooks are fleshy?" asked the chef of a well-known hotel. "Well, I have a theory that is held by many people to be correct. The unusual amount of flesh is undoubtedly due to the absorption through the nostrils, mouth, and pores of the skin of the aroma, or what ever you call it, of food which is being cooked. The man or woman who, day after day, lives in an atmosphere permeated with savory odors of cooking food soon begins to get fleshy. Think this over and you will agree with me."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Wonderful Flesh Producer.

This is the title given to *Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. *Use it, and try your weight.* Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists.

"HAVEN'T you finished scaling the fish yet, Sam?" "No, master; 'tis a very large one." "Why, you have had time to scale a mountain."

WHAT an irascible father says: As the twig is bent the boy is inclined to shoot out at the door.

Many imitate "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

WHAT weed does a gardener seldom object to? A cigar in his own mouth.

Helpless 40 Days

"For twenty-five years I have suffered with sciatic rheumatism. Last November I was taken worse than ever, and was unable to get out of the house. I was almost helpless for forty days, suffering great agony all the time. In December I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the second bottle I was able to be out and around and attend to business. I took five bottles, and am now so free from rheumatism that only occasionally I feel it slightly on a sudden change of weather. I have great confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla." CHARLES HANNAH, Christie, Clarke Co., Wis.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID, or highest commission and 30 DAYS' CREDIT to AGENTS on our NEW BOOK. J. S. ZEIGLER & CO., Quincy Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

HOME STUDY Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by *mail*. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N.Y.

CATON'S FRENCH VITALIZERS. A Quick and Positive Cure for Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, and the only Reliable Female Pill. Prepaid Sealed and plain wrapper. A Marvelous Invigorator, restoring lost vitality in old or young. Either sex. $2.00 per box. Circulars free. Sold by druggists. Caton Medicine Co., Chicago, Ill.

The Grave Gets Tired Yawning,

Seemingly, for certain wretched invalids who toddle feebly along, though always looking as if they were going to die, but omitting to do it. They dry up, wither, dwindle away finally, but in the meantime never having robust health, know nothing of the physical enjoyment, the zest of that existence to which they cling with such remarkable tenacity. They are always to be found trying to mend by tinkering at themselves with some trashy remedy, tonic or "pick me up" to give a fillip to digestion, or "help the liver." If such misguided folks would resort and adhere to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it would be well with them. This superb invigorant supplies the stamina that the feeble require, by permanently re-enforcing digestion and assimilation. It overcomes nervousness, insomnia, malaria, kidney complaints, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism and neuralgia.

Seemed Strange.

Willie—That's an awful pretty doll of yours, Gracie. I wonder what's the reason they always make dolls to look like little girls.

Gracie—'Cause girls are prettier than boys.

"I know it but it seems to me mighty strange they don't make a boy a doll sometimes. Now this one of yours can roll its eyes up and down, and sort of talk, you know, Gracie, and—"

"And call out 'papa' when you squeeze it."

"Yes, that's what makes it seem so strange. Girls don't do that, you know."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Copy of Original.

VAN WERT, Ohio, July 11, 1889.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

GENTS—This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

ALBERT KING.

We certify to the above testimonial.

HINES & SON, Druggists.

Forcibly Struck.

"Did you read my play?" said Penley to Banks.

"Yes."

"How did it strike you?"

"Forcibly; I couldn't restrain my emotion."

"That's true," broke in Banks' wife; "I was in the next room when he read it and I never heard a man swear so in my life."—*Washington Capital,*

To-Night and To-Morrow Night,

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists' Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle *to-day* and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price 50c and $1.00. Sample bottle free.

The Ball at Johnson's.

"I regret to say, gents," said Mr. Johnson, stopping the dance in "partners to the center," "de ice cream man's here, but he won't leave de viand till he's paid, an' as all my cash uz los' in the nex' room on de dice, ef it is de wish o' de comp'ny dat de ice cream be lef', it'll be my duty to collec' a small sum from each gent."—*New York Sun.*

THOSE who use Dobbins' Electric Soap each week (*and their name is legion*) save their clothes and strength, and let *soap* do the work. Did *you* ever try it? If not *do* so Monday *sure*. Ask your grocer for it.

A NEGRO minstrel, when asked what his rade was, responded that he was a caulker.

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY.—BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.

A MECHANIC'S wife rarely wears a tulle bonnet, and yet her bonnet is usually the result of the use of the tool.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

A FIRE-PLACE has a grate opportunity.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

ASTHMA.
Popham's Asthma Specific
Relief in TEN MINUTES.
PETER D. SWORES, M. D. Fritztown, Pa., writes: "I have had Asthma for 20 years; found no relief until I tried your Specific, which relieved me immediately." Sold by all Druggists. $1 per box, by mail, post paid.
TRIAL PACKAGE FREE.
Address, T. POPHAM,
PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

PENSIONS If you want your pension without delay, put your claim in the hands of JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Attorney, Washington, D. C.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. Sold by all Druggists. Sherwell & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

A MAN at Genoa, Ohio, has a clock two hundred years old. That must be one of the old times we read about.—*Tid-Bits.*

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

DID you ever notice how they struggle to conceal the identity of hash on a bill of fare by putting it in French?

LUMBAGO.

Lumbago is a form of the chronic stage of rheumatism, in the lumbar region or muscles of the back, which is readily cured by rubbing the parts freely with St. Jacobs Oil. It is commonly known as:

BACKACHE.

Victoria, Tex., June 22, 1888.

I was in bed two months with backache; suffered about three months. I was cured by St. Jacobs Oil permanently; no return in 14 months. G. W. JEFFERSON.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED. A trial bottle sent Free to anyone afflicted. DR. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

THE SAILOR'S DARING.

"Man overboard! Stand by to lower away the boats!" With what alacrity every man on board springs to his post at the dread cry, knowing a fellow creature's life is at stake! Yet that life is in no more danger than that of the man or woman who trifles with what may seem "a simple blood disorder," but which in reality is fast sowing the seeds of a fatal disease, when the early use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery would cleanse the blood, restore impaired digestion, tone up the vital organs and ward off consumption. It should take the place in the family corresponding to that occupied by the life preserver on shipboard. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, "Golden Medical Discovery" is **guaranteed** to cure. This it will do if taken in the earlier stages of consumption, but after a large part of the lungs have broken down, no medicine can stay its fatal progress. How important then that the earliest premonitory symptoms be heeded! Short breath, spitting of blood, occasional chilly sensations creeping up the spinal column, hacking cough, variable or poor appetite, feeble digestion, with gradual loss of flesh, cold feet, lassitude or general debility, should admonish one that all is not right.

You can't afford to fool away precious time if suffering from any considerable number of the above significant symptoms of approaching danger! It's madness to trifle and experiment with *uncertain* means of relief and cure when thus afflicted! Don't forget, at such a critical time, that the only medicine possessed of such positive curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it, through druggists, under a **positive guarantee** of its benefiting or curing *in every case*, is the world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery." For all Bronchial, Throat and Lung Affections, Weak Lungs, and kindred ailments, it is an *unequaled* remedy.

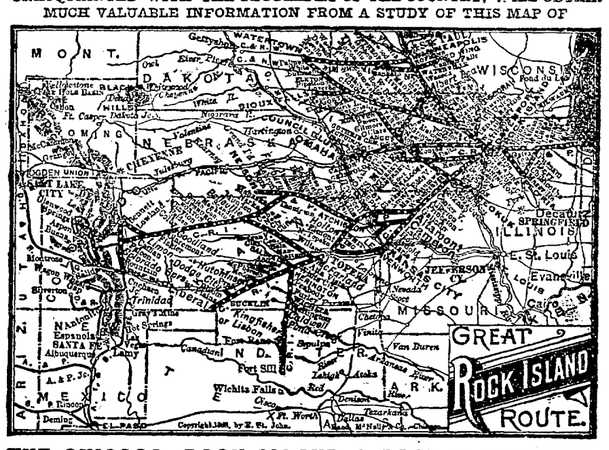
For a Complete Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, or for one on Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, enclose ten cents, in stamps, state which book you want and address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels (furnishing meals at seasonable hours) west of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.
CHICAGO, ILL.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

When you dare to say that Jones of Binghamton, Binghamton, N. Y., doesn't sell the very best

FIVE-TON WAGON SCALES

Beam Box, Tare Beam, for $60. Free pamphlet, every size, $60. "Jones, he says the freight."

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

YOUNG MEN Wanted to Learn Telegraphy. Situations furnished. Circulars free. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

N. U., F. W. ..... No. 1—90.

When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

SABBATH READING.

SABBATH DAY REFECTIONS.

Palm Tree Religion—There Is One Who Can—Spurgeon's Hornets' Nest —Gems of Thought.

It Has Been Said That a Holy Life Is a Continual Sermon.

Spurgeon's Hornets' Nest.

It is not an easy thing to kill out a sin, even the smallest one. Every evil habit, disposition, appetite or passion roots itself deeply, and it is slow work to get rid of them.

What is needed is not so much new resolutions as a new heart; not so much a new determination as a new man to make a new determination.

In speaking of the gospel of Christ as the great cure for intemperance, Mr. Spurgeon said:

"There was a hornets' nest in my garden. I tried to kill the hornets singly, but it took me a long time to dispose even of one. At last on a fine night I heated a poker red hot, and dropped it in the hole where they were. I never saw another hornet! The living fire of the gospel is wanted to burn not one special sin only, but all sins, from the human heart."—*Armory.*

Gems of Thought.

GOD is truth, and light His shadow. —*Plato, B. C. 427.*

RELIGION is not a dogma, nor an emotion, but a service.—*Rev. R. D. Hitchcock.*

WE are lifted up less by what thou givest than by what thou takest.—*Dr. Goodell.*

MEASURE not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.—*Fuller.*

FAITH evermore overlooks the difficulties of the way, and bends her eyes only to the end.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE brave only know how to forgive —it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at.—*Sterne.*

AS WATER runs down from the swelling hills, and flows together in the lowly vale, so grace flows not but into humble-hearts.—*Augustine.*

I ALWAYS find that there is more hazard in sailing upon smooth water. When the winds blow and the seas rage, even the sleepers will rise and call upon God.—*John Wesley.*

IF you cannot pray over a thing, and cannot ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart.

"There Is One Who Can."

In a conversation with Mr. Moody, a few years ago, he related the followed incident, illustrating the power of Him who is mighty to save:

At the close of an evening meeting in the church at Chicago, a well-dressed young man came in from the street and inquired for Mr. Moody. After a little search Mr. Moody was found, and coming forward he greeted the stranger cordially and inquired his errrand. With much earnestness the young man said:

"I have come to ask you to save me. I am going to ruin from the use of drink, and unless you save me I shall go down."

Mr. M. still warmly held the outstretched hand, as he said earnestly, "*I can't!*"

With evident disappointment his caller said, "Why, you surpr ise me, Mr. Moody, it is at a great sacrifice of my pride that I have come to you; my mother and sister told me you could save me, and now you say you can not."

"No," said Mr. M., "indeed I can not; but *there is One who can!* Come, and I'll lead you to Him."

They went into a side room, and there with simplicity and loving earnestness Mr. Moody told him of his lost condition,—of the mighty love and power of Jesus, and of His deep personal interest in him. They knelt in prayer—the prayer of penitence, faith, and acceptance; the burden rolled off, and there was joy in Heaven over another soul converted.

Yes, "*There is One who can!*" Blessed be God for the simplicity of the Gospel method of salvation.

Palm Tree Religion.

"A palm tree will grow anywhere." I've heard people say they could not be a Christian, and be a merchant; could not be a Christian and be a lawyer. A man who can be a first-class business and professional man can be a first-class Christian. I've heard a woman say: "I can't be religious and keep house. The servants trouble me nearly to death." It's mighty hard for a husband to live with that sort of a woman and be a Christian. I expect there's more religion in the kitchen than in the parlor in that house. It's often the case. One of the best men I ever saw was a doctor in full practice. One of the best men I ever saw was a lawyer in full practice. One of the best women I ever saw had six children. In every walk of life there are glorious Christian characters. When I see one good lawyer, one good doctor, and one good house-keeper, good Christians, it is proof that those of that and every other class can be first-class Christians. It's like an old man down South who got religion at a camp-meeting one night. He got up the next morning, he said, and went down in the field and found that the mules had it, that the cows had it, that everything had religion. Sister, you put on green glasses and everything looks green. Put on blue goggles and everything looks blue.

The palm tree not only grew everywhere, but other palm trees grew up around it. If there is one good man in any community, others will spring up around him. Another thing about a palm tree, crush it down to the earth and it will shoot its top right up straight toward Heaven again. Righteousness is like the palm tree, and every adversity of life could never break faith."—*Southern Evangelist.*

GOOD TASTE.

"You may name this boy, Mary," said a man to his wife, when their fifth child was a few weeks old, "only you must call him John." The father had had his own way with the other four, and it was no more than fair that he should consult his wife's taste for once. It is a pleasure to see husbands thus considerate. The Detroit *Tribune* records a simular instance:

An elderly couple entered a dry goods store on Woodward avenue. He was slim and tall, and she was round and short.

"My wife and I have come to do some shopping," he said to the clerk.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; my wife wants a new dress to take home."

"Ah!"

"Just show her what you have. Let her select whatever she wants."

"What line of goods will you have, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, something in silk," answered the husband for her.

The clerk took down a roll of bright colored patterns.

"How does that please you, madam?" he asked.

"No, that is too bright," said the husband.

"How do you like this, madam?" asked the clerk, displaying another roll.

"No, my wife doesn't like that," he returned. "It is too dark."

Again and again the clerk displayed his wares before them, always appealing to the taste of the wife, and being answered by the husband.

"Well," he said at length, "I guess this piece will do. Wrap it up."

When they were on the street he said to his wife:

"That's a nice piece of goods you selected, Mary."

A look of quiet humor stole into the old lady's eyes, but she merely answered, quietly, as she glanced affectionately into his face:

"Do you think so, John?"

DEPEW'S STORY OF HORACE GREELEY.

To interrupt Horace Greeley when he was in the throes of bringing forth an editorial—an editorial which has never been equaled in the journalism of America—an editorial which was a slogan for his party, a thunderbolt for his foes—was a danger which no friend, no enemy, none but a fool dare encounter. I was once in his editorial sanctum when the fool was there. To relieve your apprehensions, I was not the fool. But he was one of those itinerant and persistent gentlemen with a subscription book. He kept presenting it while old Horace was writing—as most of you remember, with a pen away up to his chin, like this (illustrating), and Horace had a habit, when any one would interfere of kicking, and so he kicked at the subscription fiend. Finally, when he saw he could not get rid of the intruder by this means, he stopped in the middle of a sentence, tured round, and said raspingly in that shrill voice of his:

"What do yo want? State it quick, and state it in the fewest possible words."

"Well," said the subscription fiend, I want a subscription, Mr. Greeley, to prevent thousands of my fellow beings from going to hell."

Said Mr. Greeley: "I won't give you a damned cent. There don't half enough go there now."

COLOR BLINDNESS AMONG SEAMEN.

A parliamentary paper is issued containing a report of the Assistant Secretary of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade upon the color tests used in the examination of candidates for masters' and mates' certificate of competency, and others, in the British mercantile marine. In the examinations in color, in the general examination for a certificate as master or mate there were 4,128 candidates examined, of whom eighteen were rejected for mistakes made in colors. The number of persons examined in colors only, without reference to further capacity, and among whom were a large number of seafaring persons who do not intend to become officers, but are, for some reason, desirous of testing their capacity to distinguish colors, was 789, of whom thirty-six were rejected, or 4.56 per cent., as compared with 2.94 per cent. last year. The failing colors are black, red and green. It was shown that thirty-two of the unsuccessful candidates described red as green, six described green as red, sixteen described green as pink, seventeen described black as red, and fourteen described black as green.—*Scotsman.*

IT WORKED BOTH WAYS.

Colonel Mosby relates the following amusing incident, which occurred in a cavalry charge in the Shenandoah Valley in 1864:

In the midst of a sharp cavalry engagement with Sheridan's men, in a charge near Berryville, there came riding into our lines, like a whirlwind, a Yankee soldier on a black horse.

A score of men tried to stop horse and rider, but the old black's blood was up, and he went on, clean through our lines before he was under control. The rider was sent to Libby Prison, and we mustered the black charger into the Confederate service.

A few days later we charged some of Custer's men, and that old horse was ridden into the engagement by one of our soldiers. The old black evened up things, too, for he carried his rider into the Federal lines and never came back.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle Anent Matronly Mothers, Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

A Fortunate Woman Physician.

The daughter of the late Dr. Bliss, the famous old physician who was the medical adviser of several presidents and whose name has been a household word in the capital for forty years, is one of the rising physicians of the city. She is a fair type of that large class of brainy, earnest women who take up the battle of life practically alone, but with unfailing courage. Dr. Clara Bliss-Hinds is not only winning popularity in Washington as a practising physician, but is becoming famous throughout the country as an advocate of woman's life insurance and of the systematic collection of statistics bearing upon the birth, life, and death of the human race. At his death Dr. Bliss, after a long and very successful practice, left little except an account-book containing $20,000 of unpaid bills. I have heard it said that Dr. Bliss prolonged the lives of a greater number of public men than any other physician of his time. The late S. S. Cox used to say that Dr. Bliss had saved his life half a dozen times.—*Washington letter.*

Mme. Boulanger.

No more pathetic spectacle now confronts the eyes of the world, says the Boston *Traveler*, than that of Mme. Boulanger, wife of the flighty-fancied General, who for so long has lived alone with her two daughters in retiracy in Paris. Hers is a sad though handsome face, in which pain has cut more lines and grooves than time, while to listen to her low, sweet voice is to wonder how the General can endure passing any of his days beyond the reach of its subtle music. She is a gentle, little, heart-broken lady, from whom the iron hands of ambition have clutched all that she found best in love.

And she has not even the satisfaction of knowing that the man who turned the sunshine of her earlier days into the bleak desolation of the present ever gives her a single thought. Still she does not condemn him. "It is not for me to judge him," she sometimes says when some one accosts her concerning him; "we loved each other once. Some day," she usually adds, "he will need my love again. I do not wish to be divorced from him, because I want to retain the right to care for him when all the world forsakes him—when, save his wife, he has no friend." History tells us of few more beautiful characters than hers. How unworthy of her is the roystering, blatant demagogue to whom she remains so true.

Detroit Maids Who Carry Revolvers.

A respectable appearing lady walked into the office of Chief of Police Pittman, of Detroit, and inquired;

"Can I have a permit to carry a pistol?"

"No, madam, you cannot," answered Gen. Pittman, elevating his eyebrows in surprise. "It is not in my power to give you one."

"But I will be arrested if I carry one without a permit, and it is necessary to protect myself with in dangerous parts of the city at late hours."

"If you are a law-abiding citizen and only carry a pistol in case of being molested, the law will not interfere with you," answered the Chief; "but if you show the weapon to your friends on the street or allow an officer to know that you carry it you will be arrested. This is the first time I have ever been asked for a permit by a woman."

As the lady left the office she remarked to a *Free Press* reporter:

"I shall carry a pistol when I go into dangerous parts of the city or am alone at late hours. Nearly half the teachers of Detroit carry either stilettos or toy pistols. I know model young ladies who never go out without a loaded revolver in their pockets 'or sachels. They are given to them by fathers, husbands and lovers to protect themselves with. And in many a cellar and secluded back yard there is a target where the girls practice shooting. With the Chief of Police on my side I shall hereafter go armed."

Where Women Came From.

Woman's first appearance has been a fruitless subject for the legend mongers. The Phœnician myth of creation is found in the story of Pygmalion and Galatea. There the first woman was carved by the first man out of ivory and then endowed with life by Aphrodite. The Greek theory of the creation of woman, according to Hesiod, was that Zeus, as a cruel jest, ordered Vulcan to make woman out of clay, and then induced the various gods and goddesses to invest the clay doll with all their worst qualities, the result being a lovely thing, with a witchery of mein, refined craft, eager passion, love of dress, treacherous manners, and shameless mind. The Scandinavians say that as Odin Vill, and Ve, the three sons of Bor, were walking along the sea beach, they found two sticks of wood, one of ash and one of elm. Sitting down the gods shaped man and woman out of these sticks, whittling the woman from the elm and calling her Emia.

One of the strangest of stories touching the origin of woman is told by the Madagascarenes. In so far as the creation of man goes, the legend is not unlike that related by Moses, only that the fall came before Eve arrived. After the man had eaten the forbidden fruit he became afflicted with a boil on the leg, out of which, when it burst, came a beautiful girl. The man's first thought was to throw her to the pigs, but he was commanded by a voice from heaven to let her play among the diggings until she was of marriageable age, then to make her his wife. He did so, called her Baboura, and she became the mother of all races of men. The American Indian myths relative to Adam and Eve are numerous and entertaining. Some traditions trace back our first parents to white and red maize; another is that man, searching for a wife, was given the daughter of the king of muskrats, who, being dipped into the waters of a neighboring lake, became a woman.

In the Ladies' Parlor.

No one who is obliged to wait in the ladies' parlor of one of our large stores need be at a loss for amusement. To any person with an observant pair of eyes, entertainment is provided free. There is no better place in which to see and enjoy different types of feminine nature.

There is the old lady from the country, up for a day's shopping. She is arrayed in rusty black, with a big plaid shawl, and carries a brown carpet-bag, with a green parrot swinging in a yellow ring worked upon it.

When she opens her bag and innocently begins to munch her doughnut—seated as she is immediately beneath the notice, "Luncheons Must Not Be Eaten Here"—even the woman in charge of the place, noting how carefully she collects every crumb in the paper on her knee, has not the heart to disturb her.

As she rises to go, the two gay young girls who have been chattering in a corner while one of them coaxed a pair of new gloves upon her plump hands rise also. The old lady speaks to them; and they are heard to say in reply:

Oh yes; they are going the same way, and they will put her into the right car with pleasure.

One of them takes her bag; the newly-gloved fingers of the other daintily lift the paper containing the remains of the doughnut and turnover; she flits across the room and tosses it into the fire, then runs laughing to catch up with the others. The three pass out together, the little drama ends, and the observer looks about to find some other persons worthy of his attention.

There is the rosy young lady with the music roll, warming her numb hands at the fire, and keeping one eye on the clock to see if she must start yet for her class—a country girl, evidently, come thirty or forty miles in this bleak weather to take her lesson in the city.

There is the pale woman with a headache, her eyes closed, lying back with her head against a rolled-up shawl; and the pleasant matron who goes to her with a vinaigrette and a glass of water.

There is the distracted woman who has lost something, and keeps emptying her shopping-bag into her lap, opening and counting all the parcels; putting them back; sitting still a few minutes with an expression of dismal resignation, and then, apparently thinking that after all perhaps she has overlooked it, repeating the same process from the beginning.

There is the near-sighted girl holding a Greek grammar close to her face and muttering conjunctions.

All these are interesting, but the observer is more attracted toward two young women in the dimmest and remotest nook of the room, who are laughing a good deal while one of them tries to place herself so as to conceal what the other is doing.

For some time this remains a mystery, but, presently, stepping across the two valises at their feet, the young women come forward, and one of them is seen to be bareheaded.

She goes to the glass, and there ties on a very pretty little bonnet, evidently just trimmed, and turns to her companion for inspection. It is approved, and they return to their seat, with whispering and more laughter, and appear to be making up a bundle there.

The observer makes a shrewd guess at what it is; he thinks they are from out of town, and are starting on a journey, and that she needed a new traveling bonnet, and had had no time to get it before.

There! they are going; they are gone.

A parcel lies on the seat they had occupied. The woman in charge comes up; smiles; smiles more broadly; opens and displays it. Sure enough, it is the shabby, old, discarded hat, labelled, in large, pencilled letters, on a conspicuous tag:

"For the worthy poor!"—*Youth's Companion.*

REMARKABLE INTELLIGENCE OF A HORSE.

One of the characters in the play of "Shenandoah" is a horse whose duty it is to put his head in at a window in the first act and to dash across on the stage, later on, with Sheridan on his back. On one night, while Mr. Howard, was looking on behind the wings, he saw the horse toss up his head, erect his ears and display every other sign of equine excitement. "What on earth is the matter with the beast?" Mr. Howard asked. "He has just gotten his cue," said Mr. Frohman; "after the first few nights he recognized a certain line that has just been spoken on the stage, as a signal to be ready for his performance, and now when he hears those words, though they are quietly spoken, in the course of an ordinary dialogue, he gets ready in this way." This led to a further conversation about the horse, in which Mr. Howard expressed his admiration of that particular animal, though Mr. Frohman said that any horse would do equally well, so intelligent is the animal as a rule.—*New York Sun.*

WHEN a man learns from experience that wickedness is more uncomfortable than goodness—and it is—reform may be expected.

RELICS OF TECUMSEH.

His Powder Horn and a Piece of His Skin Presented to a G. A. R. Post.

An interesting bit of Indian war history of this vicinity is brought out by the presentation to Huff Post, G. A. R., at Lawrenceburg, Ind., of a powder horn, once the property of the Indian Chieftain Tecumseh. This horn was carried slung across Tecumseh's shoulder in the famous battle of the Thames in 1813. It was presented to the post by Henry Morris, of Lawrenceburg. He is a son William Morris, better known to Ohio Valley pioneers as "Indian Bill," who figured in many savage and bloody encounters. After the great fight, seventy-six years ago, "Indian Bill" found the body of the slain warrior. The powder horn, still attached to the string around Tecumseh's neck, lay on his breast. The scout removed it and preserved it as the most sacred of his relics. At his death, a few years ago, he presented it to his son Henry. The horn was cut from the head of the first buffalo Tecumseh killed. He carefully scraped and polished it, and displayed a great deal of skill and ingenuity in fitting a bottom to it and shaping the mouth. The entire surface of the receptacle is covered with Indian characters and legends. Mr. Morris has another and more gory and ghastly trophy of that famous battle. It is a strip of skin cut from the middle of Tecumseh's back. The old settlers felt about the same savage satisfaction in cutting up and mutilating the bodies of their slain red foes, as the Indians did in scalping. After taking the horn off Tecumseh's body, old "Indian Bill" turned the chieftain on his face, and with his scalping knife cut a strip of skin several inches wide off the warrior's back down the entire length. This strip was "cured," and for the remainder of Bill's life did service as a razor strop. Indian Bill Morris at the time of his death, in Switzerland County, Ind., a few years ago, was 104 years old. When only 7 years old, living with his parents near what became the site of Lexington, Ky., he was stolen and carried into captivity by the Indians. Two white men were taken prisoners with him. When the party reached what is now Chillicothe, O., then a great Indian encampment, the two white men were skinned alive by the squaws of the village and then slowly roasted to death. The boy was made a slave by an old squaw and suffered incredible hardships. When she died Bill fell to the lot of another old woman, who devised even more fiendish treatment for him than his first mistress. Bill was washing hominy at the river one day when he was about 15 years old, when the old woman struck him with a club. The infuriated lad wrenched the weapon from her and dealt her a blow that knocked her senseless into the stream and she drowned. The boy was followed for three days and nights by the savages and finally escaped by hiding himself in a hollow log that was floating down the Ohio River with other driftwood. When he finally reached the settlement of Cincinnati, he narrowly escaped being shot for an Indian, so closely did he resemble one. He finally got back to his parents, who had long mourned him as dead. From that long captivity among the Indians, he got that implacable hatred of the red man which distinguished him in after life. For years, in company with Daniel Boone and other noted pioneers, Bill followed little else than Indian trails, and no less game than a savage redskin satisfied his hatred. He was one of the bravest soldiers under Col. Dick Johnson, and killed nine Indians himself in the battle of the Thames. When he saw Tecumseh fall under the unerring aim of a comrade, he rushed forward and secured the powder-horn and the strip of skin off the dead chief's back.

HINDOO SUPERSTITIONS.

Hindoos eat, drink, sleep and breathe in an atmosphere of superstition. There is not a single action in every day life that does not savor of good or bad luck. They must be continually on their guard, either to propitiate a bad spirit or return thanks to a good one.

The Hindoos are early risers. In the warm season—extending from April to October—they sleep either upon the housetop or in the court-yard, or in the veranda if rain should be threatening, and are usually up at five o'clock or earlier in the morning.

In the cold weather, when they sleep within doors, they rise later, but they are out before seven. Rising in the morning while but half awake, the Hindoo repeats the name of Rama several times. Happening to yawn, he immediately fillips his thumb and middle finger, though he does not know why.

He prepares for his morning toilet. He plucks a twig from a tree, breaks off a span length of it, crushes one end between his teeth and extemporizes a tooth-brush. He next draws up water from a well in the yard with an iron bucket, and prepares to wash his hands and face. This is quickly done. He then throws on an extra garment, the thickness and texture depending on the season and weather, lights his hooka, takes a few pulls with his euphonious hubble-bubble, and is ready to go out.

With a passing "Rama, rama!" to friend or acquaintance, and a neighborly gossip by the way, he repairs to his place of business. While going, he will sedulously avoid those signs and sounds which may augur ill for the day.

Should one sneeze, or should he hear the cawing of a crow or the cry of a kite, or should he meet an old man, or one blind or lame, or see a cat cross his path, he would be greatly distressed as to the day before him. On the other hand, if a fox crosses his path, if he hears a gong or shell summoning him to worship, or if he meets a Brahman with his head uncovered, he would rejoice, hailing it as auspicious. Some are so superstitious that if any evil portent occurs on the way, they return home, have a smoke or chew a betel-leaf, and proceed afresh.

SLAUGHTER OF TREES IN CALIFORNIA.

A California saw-mill is always run on a large scale, says a writer in *Garden and Forest.* Labor is high priced, transportation is difficult, owing to the size of the logs, and so the only way to make money is to rush things. Every two or three minutes a log comes in, is squared, sliced into planks, ripped into laths, turned into broom-handles, shaved into shingles or split into scantling. It is gigantic work from dawn to dark, and sadly, strangely impressive. I have visited many of the most famous saw-mills of the coast, from the Navarro Redwoods—a million-dollar estate in Mendocino, where I have seen logs fifteen feet in diameter turned into railroad ties—to the great mills of the Pine-belt of the Sierras, and I know of nothing more calculated to make an American citizen pause and ask himself where it will end. I asked a mill-owner about it the other day, and his answer was: "When we have cut it all off we will go to Alaska."

"But the people want these forests left."

"The people don't care. Every settler within ten miles of my mill wants to sell me trees at a dollar apiece. The State doesn't care or it would have saved at least the school sections. The country don't care or we should hear from it. There is money in the lumber business, and every tree has to go. Sorry for the feelings of the fellows who didn't know enough to get timberland when it was cheap."

In the Mount Shasta region there are twenty-two species of conifers, and an observer from the Smithsonian listed 103 species of birds. There are great glaciers, hot, cold, and mineral springs, mountain lakes, extinct craters, and all that goes to make the region "the keystone mountain mass" which upholds the northern arch of coast range and Sierra. The "Shasta Park" idea was a fine conception, but no one has taken a step toward its fulfillment. Is it indeed true that "nobody cares," and that nothing can be done to save these forests until another generation has been educated by hard necessity to a knowledge of the issues involved?

TOM CORWIN'S AUDIENCE.

A recently told story about Judge John A. Corwin, of Ohio, calls to the mind of a valued friend an incident in the career of the Judge's famous brother, says the Washington *Post.* Tom had written a lecture, in which he had given full play to his robust humor, and in order to try it on a dog, as it were, went to a little sober-sided town in Ashtabula County. The people of the town were very seriously affected by the prospect that so great and so famous a man was coming among them, and the hall was well filled.

As the lecturer entered a hush fell upon the audience. The poor country people were deeply and solemnly impressed by the presence of such a man. In his very best spirits Tom began his lecture. It was his intention to set his audience into a roar of laughter at the very beginning, but his effort was in vain. The people sat there in open-mouthed wonder, swallowing his tremendous fiction as a great and beneficial truth. For an hour and a half he labored to produce a smile. He twinkled, scintillated, effervesced, but all to no purpose. The audince was as solemn as a sexton.

When he had concluded his lecture and was leaving the hall quite convinced that he should never succeed with that lecture, he was met by an old man who, gravely said:

"Gov'ner, I'm much obleeged fer that lectur, and I want to make a leetle apology fer me an' some o' my neighbors, fer I guess you noticed some on us looked like we sorter wanted to laugh. 'Twan't no feelin' uv disrespect fer you, Gov'ner, but they was two or three times there that we couldn't hardly help snickerin' right out."

UNEASY.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." One wonders that the Czar of Russia does not follow the example of Charles V., and free himself from a life of continual apprehension. Is the life worth living which must be sustained by such precautions as those narrated below? Yes, if thereby one serves his generation. London *Truth* says:

It was given out that he would be the guest of the German Emperor at the Marble Palace, Potsdam, and when all kinds of expensive preparations had been made there, he decided that he would be safer in Berlin, and a large sum was expended in arranging for his reception at the Schloss.

Finally, only one day before the Emperor arrived, Count Schouvaloff received a telegram from Copenhagen to intimate that his Majesty would alight at the Russian embassy, and the message was quickly followed by the arrival of the imperial workmen, seven in number, who now go in advance of the Emperor whenever and wherever he travels.

There are two carpenters, two masons, two locksmiths, and a foreman. They most carefully examine the chimneys, locks, flooring, walls and furniture of the house which the Emperor is to occupy, and his own apartments are subjected to a most rigorous search.

The chimneys are objects of special attention, and every flue which leads to a room which the Emperor is likely to enter is thoroughly barred both top and bottom, and, as if these precautions were not sufficient, police agents from St. Petersburg patrol the roof both night and day.

BROWN—You know I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now, Mrs. Golightly. I've just taken a little house near the river. Mrs. Golightly—Oh! well, I hope you'll drop in some day.

A SCHEME is on foot to construct a railroad up the Jungfrau.

ABSURD REQUESTS.

Have dead men any right to talk? asks the *Detroit Free Press.* Yes, if they don't talk too long or too much. It has been legally decided in England that dead men cannot be libelled, because they have no rights and can suffer no wrongs." Why, then, should a dead man be allowed to tie up property for ends that are useless or worse than useless, as has so often been seen in the past, and is likely to be done in the future? It is forbiden by law that a man can entail his property beyond the third generation, because it is inconsistent with public interests. It is not quite as inconsistent with the best public interests that property be left for purposes and ends in the future that cannot be fulfilled, or that, if fulfilled, works only for evil?

The papers state that Mr. Vassar left $180,000 to provide for the education and support of the orphans of the county in which he lived. But it is found that there is only two orphans in the county. An English bequest was left to give, every year a certain number of dinners to the poor of a given town, and the effect has been to draw paupers from every quarter to the town, while the fund has so increased that not a tenth of it can be used, and it goes on accumulating. Another bequest was left to the parish that the clergyman might once every year give a Bible to the person who, in throwing the dice several times, should throw the highest number. Bibles then were costly, now they are cheap, and the fund is now said to be great enough to buy hundreds of Bibles, while the bequest authorized raffling for only one. And it is said there are 40,000 cases in England where bequests that once seemed reasonable are now, by the progress of time and change of circumstances, found to be impossible of execution, or absurd and worse than useless.

Why should the dead be allowed thus to shackle the living, and to bind up property for generations, for ends which, if they were living, they would never dream of approving? And why should not courts or legislatures have power to put an end to such absurdities, and give properties so left to the legal heirs, or so apply it as to meet the spirit of the bequests to the exclusion of the letter.

A GREAT MAN.

The late Dr. Norman M'Leod tells of a Highland sheep farmer who performed a feat which might have puzzled even the Iron Duke.

The old man could neither read nor write, but he had managed to amass a considerable fortune, and was deciedly open to flattery.

A purchaser, knowing his weakness, and anxious to ingratiate himself with him, ventured one evening, over their whisky toddy, to remark:

"I am of opinion, sir, that you are a greater man than even the Duke of Wellington!"

"Hoot, toot!" replied the sheep farmer modestly, hanging his head with a pleased smile and taking a large pinch of snuff. "That is too much—too much by far—by far!"

But his guest, after expatiating for a while upon the great powers of his host in collecting and concentrating a flock of sheep upon a Southern market, suggested blandly, "Could the Duke of Wellington have done that?"

The sheep farmer thought a little, snuffed, took a sniff of toddy, and replied, "The Duke of Wellington was, no doot, a cleffer man—very, very cleffer, I believe.

"They tell me he was a good sojer; but then, d'ye see, he had reissonable men to deal with—captains an' majors and generals that could understand him—effery one of them, both offishers an' men. But I'm not so sure, efter all if he could manage, say 20,000 sheep, besides black cattle, that could not understand any word he said—Gaelic or English—an' bring effery hoof of them, to Falkirk Tryst! I *doot* it, I *doot* it! But I have often done that myself—ay!"

The inference was evident.—*Yankee Blade.*

HOW IS THIS?

We recently heard a public speaker of some note say to an uncommonly intelligent audience, "The constitution of the United States says that 'all men are born free and equal.'" When the speaker had concluded his harangue a brother took him aside and said: "Don't quote the constitution again as saying 'all men are free and equal.'" "Why, not?" asked the orator. "Because the constitution does not say anything of the kind." "Well," said the speaker, "I made a blunder; then I should have said the Declaration of Independence." "No you shouldn't." "Why not?" "Because the words are not in that document. Mr. Jefferson wrote that paper, and he owned a great many negroes, and knew that none of them was born free."—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

AN INDUCEMENT.

"What is it you want?" she asked as he stood in the doorway, cap in hand.

"I am the milkman, ma'am."

"Well, the cook has the tickets and knows how much to get."

"Yes'm, but I'm the cook's beau."

"Well?"

"She says you object to her having a beau."

"Well?"

"Milk is six cents a quart. Suppose I make it five and you keep quiet on Mary?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

RICHES, public favor, leisure, comfort, ease and luxury, all good in themselves, are not good for life purposes. They may afford opportunities for higher things; but, in the efforts to attain them, the true ends are often lost sight of, and they become the only aims of life.

THE easiest way for a good wife to get along pleasantly is to practice what her husband preaches. — *Atchison Globe.*

ROOT & COMPANY

Our Great Annual Sale

—OF—

HOUSEKEEPING LINEN

Has commenced—every yard, every article of Linens has been marked at

A BIG REDUCTION

From Regular Prices—you will get Linens cheap during this sale. Piles of the goods are new—bought for this sale. It takes time to get together such a lot of Linens and for a long time we've been getting ready. An exceptional opportunity for housekeepers.

TABLE DAMASKS,
NAPKINS,
Towels, Toweling
LUNCH CLOTHS,
QUILTS,
SIDEBOARD COVERS,
Tray Cloths,
TURKEY ❋ RED ❋ DAMASKS,

All at the Big Reductions.

Table Covers, Stand Covers,
Irish Point Covers and Scarfs,
Turkish Embroidered Novelties,
Squares and Scarfs,
AT THE BIG REDUCTION.

Great Clearance Sales all over the Store.

GOODS MARKED DOWN.

Great Reductions in Dress Goods.

ROOT & COMPANY.

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Dental Office in Shoaff's Gallery,
21 W. BERRY St,

Time Tried and Fire Tested.

JANUARY 1, 1890.

PHŒNIX
INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD, CONN.

71st Semi-Annual Financial Statement.

Cash Capital	$2,000,000 00
Outstanding Losses	254,523 43
Reinsurance Reserve	1,749,245 41
Net Surplus	1,301,235 39
Assets	$5,305,004 23

As compared with last year:

Increase in Assets	$243,757 06
Increase in Net Surplus	128,819 96

Western and Southern Department, S. W. Cor. Race and George Sts., CINCINNATI, O.
H. M. MAGILL, General Agent.
THEO. F. SPEAR, Ass't Gen'l Agent.

S. F. SWAYNE,
Agent, 16 West Main Street.

D. L. HARDING, Agent.

Your Gain---Our Loss---But they must go. The Great Trade we have been having! Some lines of Suits and Overcoats have been reduced to 1 or 2 sizes. Now, to close them out, altho' they are among our best goods, we will not consider cost, but make a substantial reduction below it. We are determined, if price will move them, that they shall go before our removal.

The Early Comers are going to get the biggest values of their lives.

FRIEND'S ENTERPRISE
CLOTHIERS, 26 Calhoun street.

REALLY REMARKABLE REDUCTIONS.

All lines of Ladies' Shoes which are broken in sizes we have marked down in order to close them out. Come and see them. If we have your size in these lots you can buy them at sacrificing prices. These lots include Ladies' French Kid Shoes in hand-turned and machine sewed, Fine Dongola Kid Shoes, in Opera and Common sense lasts, and of different widths.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS GOODS.

Redlick Bros.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1890.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Chas. Paul is ill with quinsy.

There was no police court this morning.

The Women's Relief corps met this afternoon.

The Rod and Reel club will hold a meeting to-morrow.

Mr. Peter Baltes, of West Wayne street, is on the sick list.

George Kennan will lecture at the Y. M. C. A. next Wednesday.

The child of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Cour, of the east end, is dangerously sick.

Mr. Dave K. Creighton has returned to Chicago, after a pleasant visit in this city.

Frank W. Willis has entered upon his seventh year as editor of the Waterloo Press.

Mrs. Eugene B. Smith has returned from a visit with her sister at Constantine, Mich.

Henry Bullerman and wife and Mrs. Otto Herbst, are visiting friends at Huntington.

Sam Albrecht, who has been ill, will be able to resume his duties in the Old bank next week.

Mrs. James Humphrey, of the Aldine hotel, is convalescing after a severe attack of throat trouble.

Mr. L. Kanaga, Pittsburg conductor, wife and daughter have returned home from a visit at Indianapolis.

Miss Eliza Goodes, of Brackenridge street, who has been visiting friends at Palmyra, Mich., returned home to-day.

Miss Mamie Shoaff gave a reception at her home on Spy Run avenue, yesterday afternoon, and it was a delightful affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Will White, jr., of 49 East Lewis street, who have been visiting friends at Chicago, returned home last night.

The funeral of John, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Graney, will occur to-morrow afternoon, at 12:15 o'clock, from the Cathedral.

Mr. H. C. Rathert left this morning for Indianapolis to visit his son, Mr. Will Rathert, who owns one of the finest drug stores at the capital.

Mrs. Dr. Thomas Hubbard, of Toledo, nee Charie Graves, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Graves, returned home last evening.

R. M. Hays will preach from the pulpit of the Third Presbyterian church tomorrow, Rev. J. M. Boggs, the pastor, being sick and unable to perform the task.

The late August Siemon left no will. His property at his verbal request will be distributed so that the widow will have one third and the children two thirds.

Mr. Chas. Wayne (Sorg) the Fort Wayne actor, has closed his engagement with Mestayer's Tourists company, and is now in New York, with his partner, James Tierney, with whom he used to do specialties.

Yesterday, Frederick Gibson, one of the boys who has been held for stealing pigeons, was taken before Judge O'Rourke, and on the application of his mother and sister, was sentenced to the reform school, at Plainfield.

The committee on arrangements for the reception given at Miss Lillie Sanborn's by the Nonpareil club on New Years night, were Misses Donahue, Ferckel and Gouty, and Messrs. Frank Ehinger, O. S. Jones and Fred Borneman.

A philosophical exchange observes and that truly that instead of complaining so much the people should feel thankful for the recent warm and wet weather. Many empty streams and wells were replenished and the growing wheat has been assisted to a strong growth.

The Monroeville brass band has elected officers as follows: President, J. F. Niezer; vice-president, J. F. Dickerson; secretary, George Baker; treasurer, N. H. Whittern; leader, J. F. Dickerson; assistant, J. T. Baker; trustees, J. D. Allegar, J. F. Niezer and J. T. Baker.

Miss Maud Graham went to Huntington last evening to visit.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Goetz will go to housekeeping at 61 Broadway.

Mr. A. F. Shock celebrated his fiftieth birthday in a pleasant manner to-day.

Mrs. G. J. E. Mayer and son, Master George, came home from Chicago last night.

Mrs. Adam Hoffman and family, of Crestline, are visiting with friends in the city.

Mr. George Ouk, of Payne, Ohio, is a guest of his brother, John Ouk, of 78 Barr street.

Mr. Bates, of the electric light works, is at Cincinnati superintending the erection of a plant.

Next Wednesday Fort Wayne Chapter R. A. M. will have a public installation of officers.

Miss Ella Jones, of Chicago, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. M. Moderwell, of West Superior street.

Mrs. Mary and Lizzie Rieman are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mr. Henry Bode, at Avilla.

The new officers of Loyal lodge, K. of P., were installed last evening. They will serve for the ensuing six months.

Miss Eva Cash, of Antwerp, Ohio, is in the city, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Philip Harter, of 202 West Washington street.

Mr. Robert Stetson, the Spy Run avenue grocer, will go out of business and will shortly branch out as a tonsorial artist.

Miss Bertie Bowen, who for some time past has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Stout, of Sac City, Iowa, returned home to-day.

The county commissioners yesterday appointed Stephen A. Thornton justice of the peace in Perry township, to fill a vacancy.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wickliffe will shortly go to St. Louis. Mr. Wickliffe, it is understood, has secured a position on a Pullman car.

Mr. Solomon DeRome, of 75 West Washington street, had a severe attack of heart trouble last night and a physician was summoned.

Supt. George F. Felts says the enrollment of the county schools shows an increase of about twenty per cent. over the number of pupils last year.

Mr. G. Muhlenbruch has retired from the hardware firm of Harries & Co., and has accepted a position in the wholesale house of W. L. Carnahan.

Miss Nora Alleman, who has been spending the vacation with her mother at 60 Prince street, will resume her studies at DePauw university next Monday.

On account of the Kennan lecture, the Rev. Dr. Emil Hirsh, the eminent divine of Chicago, will not lecture on Wednesday, the 8th, but on Thursday, January 9.

Emmet commandery No. 123, of the Knights of St. John, will hold a meeting at Library hall this evening to arrange for attending the funeral of Mr. G. W. Graffe.

On account of the Kennan lecture the Rev. Dr. Emil G. Hirsh, the eminent Jewish divine, of Chicago, will not lecture on Wednesday, January 8, but on Thursday, January 9.

Miss Jennie Weiss, of Cleveland, who was visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacobs, has returned home. Mrs. Jacobs gave a party in the young lady's honor a few nights ago.

The children of Mr. Mark Nelson, of the Newspaper Union, have returned from Lily Lake, Wis., where they have been living with relatives for some time. They will live at their new home on Wilt street.

Mr. E. A. Tousley, foreman at the east end street car stables, was kicked by an unruly horse yesterday. The animal inflicted a wound on the man's left ear, which was lacerated so that several stitches had to be taken.

Miss Mary Farnan and Mr. Ed Cartwright tendered a reception to their friends and pupils last night in the Foster block to inaugurate the season's work in teaching the ball-room art. About thirty-five couples were present.

Architect H. W. Matson is preparing plans for a building with three store rooms, to be erected by the Schroeder Bros., on the property adjoining their Broadway drug store. The building will be two stories high and the second floor will be one large hall.

Mr. Jesse R. Straughn and wife, after two years or more absence in Idaho, returned home to-day, and will re-occupy their residence at 87 East Berry street, where Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Howey have been keeping house during their absence. Mr. Howey and wife will have apartments at the Aveline for some time.

The funeral of the late G. W. Graffe will occur to-morrow at 1 p. m. from the cathedral. The obsequies will be conducted under the auspices of the Catholic Knights. The organizations attending will be St. Joseph Benevolent society, the Emmet commandery, C. B. L., the Knights of St. John and the Knights of St. Charles. The City band has been engaged to lead the cortege.

A general order just issued by Commander-in-Chief Griffin, of the sons of veterans, shows that during December 163 camps of that order were mustered in, with a membership of 2,937. The order now has 125,000 members and is growing at a tremendous rate. Mr. Griffin appointed W. E. DuFour, of Williamsport, an aide-de camp, the appointment to take effect January 1. This morning a telegram was received announcing that Mr. DuFour died yesterday.

Miss Ida Bates, of East Wayne street, is ill.

Mr. C. S. Wharton, of G. W. Seavy's, is on the sick list.

Mrs. Julius Pottlitzer has returned from a pleasant visit at Lafayette.

Mr. George C. Hoffman, of 393 East Wayne street, is down with asthma.

Mr. J. Talbot, of the electric light offices, has returned from Cincinnati.

Mr. Fred Kimball, proprietor of the Drummer cigar store, is on the sick list.

The river, which was high on account of the heavy rains, is receding rapidly.

Misses Alice and Susie Dennis, of Myhart, Ind., are visiting their sister in this city.

Mr. Frank Wattle, of Goshen, Ind., is in the city the guest of his sister, Mrs. P. Baker.

Miss Laura Gouty, of Mergentheim's Bazaar, has returned from a visit at Frankfort, Ind.

Miss Lizzie Cour and niece, Helen Simonton, have returned home from a visit to Chicago.

Miss Lida Conrick, of Bluffton, who has been visiting at 60 Prince street, returned home to-day.

Dr. K. K. Wheelock operated on Miss Loa Leininger, of Beaver Dam, Ind., yesterday, for cataract.

Mr. Jack Kuhns was taken suddenly ill with chills last night and was confined to the bed to-day.

A young son of Professor Miller, of Adams township, suffers from injuries received in a straw cutter.

Mr. John Porter, formerly of the Porter & Bloom, has entered into the real estate business with R. L. Romy.

The employes of the county auditor's office smoked Havanas to-day, at the expense of J. W. Hippenhamer. Its a girl.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Thrall, of Hector, Ohio, were registered at the Aveline today. They left this afternoon for Chicago.

Mr. Frank Welling has been negotiating to enter into several business opportunities, but has decided upon neither at present.

Mr. Enoch Cox, store-keeper in the Pittsburg shops, will erect a residence on Park Place, South Calhoun street, in the spring.

No more wells will be bored in the Salimonie company's field until next spring. There are twenty-five wells bored altogether.

Frank Potter, a deaf and dumb man called upon Trustee Brackenridge for assistance toward Chicago to-day. The applicant was gratified.

Miss Carrie Straughn, a teacher in Chicago, is in the city to meet her parents, who have been absent in the west for two years past.

Mr. Ed. Kuntz and cousin, Miss Carman, of Greensburg, Pa,, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kuhns, left for home last evening.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger is confined to the bed with pneumonia. Dr. J. M. Dinnen, the attending physician, says his patient is a little better to-day.

Constable Skelly went out near New Haven to-day to arrest three young men named Sines, Keiler and Vandewater on the charge of stealing goods from William Rockhill.

The funeral of the late Samuel O. Warner, the Perry township pioneer, occurred yesterday afternoon, from the Huntertown church. A number attended from this city.

Gottlieb Sardonias, Fred Fiegel and William Miller were arraigned before 'Squire Ryan to-day on a charge of assault and battery on Joseph W. Miller. The racket occurred in Bloomingdale.

A large body of Knight Templars will go to St. Mary's, Ohio, to morrow, to attend the funeral of their late member, Sir Knight W. J. Bremington. The obsequies will be conducted under the auspices of the commandery.

Mr. George Carey, of Chicago, has been employed in the office of Coombs & Co. He, with Mr. Henry Beurst, will perform part of the duties formerly attended to by Frank Welling, but Mr. J. M. Coombs will himself manage the business.

Dr. A. J. Laubach, the retiring president of the Morton club, tendered a reception to the organization last night at the parlors. Reineke's orchestra furnished music. The doctor received congratulations unanimous from the entire club for the manner in which he filled his position of honor. On Monday evening will occur the annual nomination of officers. Upon the following Monday the election will be held.

EXCITEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

At the Greatest Bankrupt Clothing Sale on Earth,

Now in full blast at 29 Calhoun street. One of the largest retail clothing houses in this country has failed, Lewis Bros. & Sons, Broadway, New York, and part of the remnant stock is right here in the store rooms at 29 Calhoun street. The stock has been appraised at over $35,000 valuation of new fall and winter clothing, consisting of suits, overcoats, ulsters and trousers for men, youths, boys and children's suits and overcoats and gents' furnishing goods. This stock is entirely complete and will be sold at 33 per cent. on the dollar.

Reduction on Butter and Eggs.
Butter Down 2c--Eggs Down 4c.

Best Roll Butter, 18c lb.
Good Jar Butter, 10c lb.
Fresh Eggs, 18c dozen.
Choice Breakfast Bacon, 8c lb.
Best Sugar Cured Hams, 10c lb.
Best Picnic Hams, 6c lb.

Thorn Harris.

McDermut & Whiteleather's business college reopens Monday, Jan. 6. The proprietors have taken advantage of the vacation and have made a number of improvements. First class advantages for the study of shorthand, bookkeeping, type writing, arithmetic, penmanship, spelling, &c. Day and evening sessions. Students admitted at any time.

Miss Emmins, special teacher in public schools, will return from Boston, January 6, and will re-open her studio in the Pixley-Long block, Saturday, Jan. 11. Pupils received in drawing and painting. jan2 4

The cheapest and best place for fancy work and stamping is at Miss Carroll's, 222 Calhoun. Give her a call. 30-tf

McDermut & Whiteleather's business college affords thorough instruction in bookkeeping, shorthand, type writing, arithmetic, penmanship, spelling &c. College reopens Monday, Jan. 6. Day and evening sessions. Students may enter at any time.

The officers of Loyal lodge 182, K. of P. were installed in their respective offices last evening, by Deputy Grand Chancellor John H. Adams. After the installation the lodge in a body, adjourned to a restaurant for a supper, at the expense of C. D. Tillo and M. L. Jones.

Laxador cures *Liver Complaint, Bilious Affections and Costiveness.* At druggists. Price 25 cts.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25 ¢

SALVATION OIL
(Price only 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.)
Relieves quickly Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Sores, Backache, &c.

CHEW LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

WANTED—Three or four unfurnished rooms for a family of two, not more than seven squares from M. E. college. Address, at once, W., M. E. college, city. 4-2t

The firm of Hayden & Douglass has been dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Hayden will remain where he is and Mr. Douglass will open an office in the Schmitz block, continuing in the same business.

TERRIBLE STATISTICS.

What the New York Board of Health Reports as the Figures for the past Five Years.

The average number of deaths in New York City for the past five years, has been 690 each week. Of this number 283, or nearly one-half, have been from pneumonia, consumption or some pulmonary trouble. This is not theory, but actual figures made by the board of health. Nearly eighty thousand people in five years in New York City a one have died from throat and lung troubles! When we think of the thousands who had throat and lung diseases and who have recovered, how terrible an array of facts does this present.

Doctors have said in the past that most of these troubles were incurable; they are now finding such is not the case. The best physicians declare that a man or women even in an advanced stage of consumption, can live for years and even to old age by a careful and constant use of pure whiskey, but it should be remembered that the word pure, is always used by physicians. There is but one absolutely pure whiskey, free from fusel oil, now in the market, and that is Duffy's Malt. In its purity rests its great power, although it has other qualities possessed by no other whiskey. A child can take it without any evil effects, and for restoring partially consumed lungs, building waste tissue and giving health and strength in the place of disease and weakness, it stands absolutely without a rival. Care should be taken to secure only the genuine, as its popularity has brought unworthy imitators into the market. Do not trust any dealer who tries to substitute something in the place of Duffy's, but insist on having what you call for.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8th.

THE EMINENT ARTISTS,
MILTON AND DOLLIE

The Flash came from the Post Office Window.

NOBLES

In Milton Noble's Last and Greatest Play, Called.

FROM SIRE TO SON!

Pronounced by able critics the best Modern Play yet written by an American.

Picturesque Scenic Effects! Startling Dramatic Climaxes! Wholesome Comedy! Exquisite Music! Faultless Toilets.

A POWERFUL DRAMA! SUPERBLY ACTED!

Prices as usual. Seats on sale at box office Monday.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6th, 1889.

Only One Performance in Fort Wayne!

Special Engagement of the Famous

NIGHT OWLS

Burlesque and Specialty Co.,

Presenting the Novel Vanette, Entitled

L·O·R·D
FAUNTLEROY'S
RECEPTION!

Introducing Refined Specialties and

Grand Operatic March,

THE OLD VOLUNTEERS

20 PRETTY GIRLS 20

Select Olio, interpreted by Sisters LaPorte, Natta, Topack and Steele, and Anna Wilmuth, Sam Bernard, Frand O'Brien and Lillie May Hall.

The New Modern Burlesque, The

SCULPTOR'S DREAM

Introducing Shapely Queens of Burlesque!
New and Catchy Music from the Latest Popular Operas!
Elaborate Wardrobes and Effects!

The Sculptor's Studio of Living Statuary!

Prices as Usual. - - Seats now on Sale.

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

—IS THE—

Popular Place
TO BUY
DRY GOODS
Fancy Goods,
NOTIONS,
Ladies, Misses
—AND—
Children's
CLOAKS!

Always the Lowest Possible Prices.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

INSPECTION AND COMPARISON OF PRICES RESPECTFULLY INVITED.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,
Pixley & Long Block
Berry street.
Dozois, Beadell & Co.

CHOP FEED

And All Kinds of Feed Very Cheap

—AT THE—

Mayflower Mills,

20 W. COLUMBIA ST.

TELEPHONE NO. 63

IMPORTANT!
Just Received
A Large Stock of
Extra Fine Roses
Come and see them before ordering elsewhere.
T. E. COVINGTON,
Green House corner Washington and Harrison sts.

MRS. SMITH'S
HAIR BAZAAR.
Hair Dressing and Bang Cutting.
80 CALHOUN-UP STAIRS

XCEEDINGLY CEESNABLE.

Ladies' Rubbers, = = .25
Men's Rubbers, = = .40
Men's Rubber Boots, = $2.00

NEW - YORK - SHOE - STORE,
36 Calhoun Street, Scheifer & Davenport's Old Stand.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

NOW OPEN

—A—

Full and Complete Line

—OF—

HOSIERY,
FANCY KNIT WOOLENS,
HOODS, TOBOGGANS,
Cardigan Jackets,
Misses' and Children's
WOOL MITTENS.

GEORGE -:- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

Capital, $300,000. Surplus, $70,000.

The Old National Bank!

OF FORT WAYNE.

STEPHEN B. BOND, President.
OLIVER P. MORGAN, Vice President.
JARED D. BOND, Cashier.
JAMES C. WOODWORTH, Ass't Cashier.

As an addition to its general banking business, this bank has opened a Dollar Deposit Department for the accommodation of patrons desiring to deposit small sums of money. Books will be provided for this class of depositors, bearing the words, "Dollar Deposit Department Old National Bank." 20-2w

FANCY GOODS

—AT—

MISSES RICH & HOADLEY,

No. 170 CALHOUN ST.,

We keep a full line of Embroidery Silks and Ornaments for Fancy Work.

Also give instructions in all

Kinds of Painting.

Commencing TO-DAY!

We will inaugurate the Greatest Clearing Sale of

LINENS!

Ever seen in Fort Wayne.

Here will be a great opportunity for you to procure Table Linens, Napkins and Towelings at a Bargain.

A Special Feature of this sale will be our Low Prices on

BED SPREADS!

Don't you miss it. They will all be Bargains and Marvels of Beauty.

Do You Need Any

Muslins or Sheetings!

If you do, here is a chance for you that you cannot afford to miss, as our Entire stock, and it is big, goes in with this sale.

COME EARLY!

COME QUICK!

—AND—

AVOID THE RUSH!

Bargains to be Found in Every Department of Our Store.

Our Entire Line of Cloaks and Furs will be Sold at COST.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

54 Calhoun St.

DEATH AT ANY MOMENT!

Life is Full of Dangers and Death Oftimes Comes Sudden and Unexpected--Read This List.

HALLETTSVILLE, Texas, Jan. 4.—A freight train of twenty-two cars, on the San Antonio and Arkansas Pass railroad, went through the bridge at this place Thursday night. There were a dozen men on the cars. Up to last night seven had been taken out, four of them not seriously injured. Four more bodies have not yet been recovered. It is reported that two or three bodies have been found about seven miles below here in the river.

WICHITA, Kan., Jan. 4.—S. T. Kellogg and wife, near Sedgwick City, twenty miles north, were killed yesterday by a runaway team. Where the roads crossed was a large harrow, turned teeth upward, and the runaway team, reaching the crossing, turned abruptly, throwing Kellogg out, with his head hitting a piece of timber of the harrow. His wife was thrown on top and was pierced by many of the teeth, one entering the head and causing instant death.

CRESTON, Iowa, Jan. 4.—The boiler of a locomotive on the Burlington road exploded Thursday night near Prescott. Fireman David Hines, aged eighteen, jumped and was instantly killed. Engineer McBarnes and Brakeman Wilson were severely scalded.

PADUCAH, Ky., Jan. 4.—Four loggers were burned to death at Beebe's camp, up the Tennessee river seventy-five miles from Paducah, Thursday night by their cabin taking fire. Two of them were brothers named Dyer, and the others named Colton and Somers. It is supposed they were all intoxicated when the cabin ignited from the chimney.

CRAZED BY RELIGION.

A Brother and Sister Become Insane During a Revival.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Jan. 4.—The vicinity of High Prairie, ten miles from this city, has lately been the scene of a religious revival that greatly excited the people of that community. In some instances persons have gone crazy with enthusiam. Word was received here yesterday of two cases of insanity and the insane persons came near losing their lives.

During the revival, about two weeks ago, a brother and sister, Frank and Minnie Boland, became so enthusiastic and excited over religion that they lost their reason. They were living alone and no one noticed their condition.

Thursday evening a couple of persons passing Boland's house, noticed smoke issuing from it. On gaining entrance they found a well kindled fire on the floor of one of the rooms, with brother and sister in an almost nude condition, singing religious songs and dancing around it, seemingly getting ready for cremation. The fire was finally put out and the brother and sister overpowered. When questioned about the fire Minnie replied that the Lord had made the fire and they would not put it out. Late yesterday afternoon they were placed in the jail, where they will remain until a method of treatment for their case has been decided upon.

THE MONTANA SITUATION.

Efforts Being Made to Bring About a Compromise.

HELENA, Mont., Jan. 4.—The interest in the political situation in Montana now centers about the democratic position. The democratic house and three senators met in joint convention yesterday, and after taking one ballot, again adjourned for lack of a quorum.

Marcus Daily, one of the big democratic chiefs, arrived in Helena Thursday night from Philadelphia, making the trip especially to see if he could not aid the party to come to an agreement on the question of the election of senators.

He was in consultation yesterday with the older leaders, and left last night for Anaconda. It is announced that as a result of his visit there will be a quorum in the legislature to-day, and that Clark and Maginnis will get the full vote. The republican senators have not yet applied for their certificates.

THE PAPER TRADE.

An English Syndicate Seeking to Form a Monopoly.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—There have been rumors in the paper trade for months of big sales of manufacturing plants to form a combination representing English capital. It is now stated positively that four companies have agreed in this state to furnish the greater part of the newspaper used in the city, and have signed agreements to sell to an English Investment company.

It was understood in the trade that Warner Miller's Hudson River Paper company, of Palmer Falls; the Glens Falls, of Watertown; Geo. West's mills, of Saratoga, and the Remington Paper company, were the ones alluded to, but Vice-President Faltz, of the Remington, denied yesterday that his company had signed such an agreement.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—For Indiana—Threatening weather and rain; slightly [illegible] southeasterly winds.

AMONG THE DEAD.

Lindenwood Cemetery Growing More Beautiful by Nature's Resources.

Active improvements have been going on at Lindenwood cemetery during the past year, and are still in progress. The water in all the lakes was drawn off early in the season, and during the dry summer, all mud and sediment that has been accumulating for some years, was removed, the lakes deepened, and the muddy water supply that flowed into the lakes from the railroad and farm lands during heavy rain storms, has been cut off by means of extensive culverts and sewers, so that now they are filled exclusively with spring water, of which there is an abundant supply.

One hundred large gold fish were put in Glen lake on New Years day, and a similar number of trout will probably be put in the Twin Sister lakes on the west side of the grounds this winter or next spring.

Other expensive improvements have been made, and will be continued as far as the funds will justify, namely, grotto or water fall, the foundation of which has been laid; two large wells and several water closets, and other conveniences for the use of visitors and lot owners who desire to improve their lots by cultivation of plants, and who have heretofore felt the necessity of water for the purpose. A large force is at work removing forest trees that have become cumbersome and dangerous to monuments.

WEEK OF PRAYER.

Order of Services by the Evangelical Alliance.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5.—Subjects of sermons. The Church of Christ.—Eph. i, 15-23.

MONDAY, JANUARY 6.—Personal Confession and Supplications. Psalm xxxii; Nehemiah ix, 1-21; Eph. iv, 1-16; Hebrews xiii, 7-21; 1 Timothy iv; 2 Cor. iv; Eph. iii, 14 21; Psalm lxxxv.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7.—Nations and Their Rulers.—1 Peter ii, 13-25; Proverbs xxix; Judge's Epistle; Psalm cxlvii; Isaih xxv.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8.—The Rising Generation.—John xii. 35 50; Col. iii. 1-17; 2 Tim. i. 1-13.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9.—For Jews and Mohammedans.—Prayer that God would bless all missions to the Jews, and especially that he would bless the circulation of the New Testament in Hebrew among them. Prayer for Africa and its millions of Mohammedan inhabitants. That slave hunting and slave trading may be utterly suppressed.—Romans xi.; 2 Cor. iii.; Jeremiah xxxi. 1-14, 31-40; Isaiah l.; Joel ii. 15-32.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10.—The Heathen.—Prayer that faithful men may be led to proclaim the gospel everywhere in the power of the Holy Ghost.—John iv. 31-43; Matthew ix. 27-32; 2 Cor. v. 8-21.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11.—Thanksgiving.—Psalm cvii.; Luke xi. 5-13; Phil. iii.; Deut. xxvi.; Isiah lv.; Psalm cxxxv.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12.—Subject of Sermons.—The Future Glory. Prayer that Christians may be more on their watch tower, looking for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Thess. v. 1-10.

IN MORE TROUBLE.

Graham Earle, the Actor, Arrested on the Charge of Bigamy.

Graham Earle, the actor, is in more trouble. Following his disappearance from Steubenville, is the announcement of his arrest in Indiana on the charge of bigamy.

The following from Wabash to the Cincinnati Enquirer, tells of his new trouble: "Graham Earle, the well-known actor, who last week left his wife and company in the lurch at Steubenville, Ohio, was arrested last night at Albion, Noble county, on a charge of bigamy. Earle skipped with all the money of the troupe, leaving the members with unpaid salaries. He also took the manuscript of several plays, the property of Mrs. Earle. Earle came to Albion to organize a new company, but was traced up. Earle's trial for bigamy was to have taken place this afternoon, but Agatha Singleton, late leading lady of Earle's troupe, arrived this morning, and an investigation revealed the fact that she was not the wife of Earle. The charge of bigamy was dismissed and prosecution for fornication instituted. Earle was held for trial at the next term of court."

Earle is a Van Wert boy and is known in this city.

NEWS OF THE TRACK.

A Central Trotting Circuit to Include Fort Wayne Contemplated.

On the 15th inst. an effort will be made to organize the Central Trotting Circuit of Indiana. The meeting will be held at Indianapolis. Delegates will be in attendance from Cambridge City, Indianapolis, Columbus, Edinburg, Rushville, Fort Wayne, Peru, and perhaps Richmond. The circuit will compose the best horses in Indiana, and will pay the same money as is paid at Terre Haute. Indianapolis, however, will not join the circuit unless she is given the date following Terre Haute.

BURIED UNDER SNOW.

Seven Persons Killed and Buildings Ruined by the Snow Thundering Down the Mountain Side.

SIERRA CITY, Cal., Jan. 4.—An enormous quantity of snow suddenly thundered down the mountain side here yesterday, tearing everything before it and causing the death of at least seven persons.

For a day or two past fears had been entertained that a huge mass of snow, which had accumulated at what is known as Butte's flume, might give way should a further fall take place. The weather had, however, remained clear and the people were slowly becoming reassured.

Just before noon yesterday, however, the citizens suddenly heard a subdued rushing sound, as if of a strong wind among the trees. On looking up toward Butte's flume they saw their danger and everybody took to flight. Those in the immediate track of the land-slide, however, had not sufficient time to make their escape and of these seven were overwhelmed.

The victims are as follows: Mrs. Rich, with her little son and daughter; Miss Ryan, of Downieville; Mrs. J. T. Mooney and daughter, and Miss Ethel Langton.

The force of the [illegible] slide was so great that big trees in its path were snapped like twigs. Four houses were crushed flat and the Catholic church was also reduced to ruins.

Besides those whose names are given, several were caught by the land-slide, and one Chinaman and a little girl are still buried. It is not known whether they are dead. Several others were injured. Two of the victims were alive when dug out of the snow, but died very soon.

It is feared that another tremendous bank of snow near Butte's flume may give way. Should it do so still greater disaster is certain to ensue.

MUCH SNOW AND COLD.

SEATTLE, Wash., Jan. 4.—The overland trains are all delayed in eastern Washington by snow storms. Northern Pacific trains are about eighteen hours late. The weather is the coldest known here for years.

28 DEGREES BELOW ZERO.

DEADWOOD, S. D., Jan. 4.—The thermometer registered 28 degrees below zero here yesterday morning, the coldest of the winter. Business is practically suspended owing to the intensity of the cold.

THIS IS COLDER YET.

HELENA, Mont., Jan. 4.—Thursday night was the coldest so far this season in Montana, the thermometer going as low at some points as thirty-five degrees below. There is but little snow reported in eastern and central Montana, but there is some delay in traffic in the western part of the state. Considerable suffering is already reported on some of the ranges, though confined to limited areas. Last night there was a rise in the temperature and the indications were that before morning a heavy snow storm will be raging.

SIXTEEN FEET OF SNOW.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Jan. 4.—The fall of snow in the Sierra Nevada mountains along the line of the Central Pacific railroad, according to reports received, is unprecedented. There is sixteen feet on the level at Summit and twelve feet at Emigrant Gap. The road has kept comparatively clear by the use of the immense rotary plows of the company. There has been but little interruption to travel thus far this winter. The recent fall of snow has blocked the road in some parts. Eastern trains are overdue two days, but are expected to reach here in a few days.

MISSOURI FLOODS.

Farms Inundated and Travel Delayed by Heavy Rains.

PIEDMONT, Mo., Jan. 4—The heaviest rains have prevailed in this section. Black river is higher than it has been for fifteen years and covers all the bottom lands on either side to a depth of from four to ten feet. Every farm is entirely inundated, fences washed away and much stock destroyed.

The mills of the Wayne Lumber company, located on the river four miles south of this place, were entirely under water. They lost much of their lumber.

A trestle 150 feet long was washed out of the railroad track, five miles south, and no trains have passed either way for forty-eight hours. There are now in Piedmont thirty car loads of passengers, waiting to be carried south. Most of them have been here thirty-six hours.

Every hotel, private boarding house and restaurant has been taxed to its utmost to feed the hundreds of people that have been dumped into this place the last two days. It was rumored on the streets yesterday that the St. Francois was out of its banks and the water three feet deep in the streets of Greenville.

MADE A RAVING MANIAC.

La Grippe Places a New York Educator in an Insane Asylum.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Dr. Paul Hoffman, assistant superintendent of schools, was taken to Bellevue hospital early this morning a raving maniac from the effects of an attack of la grippe with which he has been suffering for several days. He was taken to the insane pavillion at Bellevue, where he is now confined a raving maniac.

Frederick Hall, a brother of Pauline Hall and a member of the "Brigans" company, died at his home this morning from pneumonia, which began in an apparently slight attack of influenza.

THE YEAR'S FIRST SUNDAY.

The City Pastors Announce Their Services for To-morrow.

Read Talmage's sermon.

See that your children attend Sunday school.

Come and welcome to the First Baptist church.

Services to-morrow at the "Christian Chapel" at 10:30 and 7:30. Evening subject, "Ought Christians to Dance."

Services at the Third Presbyterian church at the usual hours, 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Preaching by Rev. R. M. Hays.

The Wayne Street Methodist congregation will observe the "Week of Prayer." Services each evening at 7:30. All invited.

Commence the first Sunday of the new year by attending church, and keep it up during the year. You will be happier and better.

Usual services to-morrow at the Wayne Street M. E. church. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. by the pastor. A cordial welcome.

Madam Silvers, of 190 Montgomery street, is meeting with good success in fortune telling, and will tell you the past and future. Prices, 25c and 50c.

Young man, if you are in the habit of taking an occasional drink of that which destroys the soul and body, commence on the first Sunday of the new year by trying how long you can do without it.

To-morrow morning and evening Dr. Moffat will preach as usual in the First Presbyterian church. Meeting of Society of Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited.

Berry Street M. E. church, preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. M. Van Slyke, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:15 p. m. The "Week of Prayer" will be observed each evening at 7:30 p. m.

Revival meetings at First U. B. church, corner Harmer and Lewis streets. Services this evening, and each evening this week. All kindly invited. Regular services to-morrow at 10:45 a. m., and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:30.

The pastor of Grace church will be glad to see you at all of his services to-morrow, the first Sabbath in the new year. Morning service at 10:30. Topic for the evening service at 7:30: "The Espousal and Marriage." Sabbath school at 9:30.

Young man, this is a personal invitation for you to come to the men's meeting at the City Y. M. C. A. Sunday at 4 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Moffat will conduct the services. You can expect good things, so let there be a large number, and you may carry some of the good things away with you.

Union service of the Congregational and Second Presbyterian churches will be held in the Congregational church on Sunday, 5th inst. Morning service at 10:30; Sunday school at 12 m.; evening service at 7:30; young people's prayer meeting at 6:45. Services to be conducted by Rev. J. P. Lloyd.

The Railroad department of the Y. M. C. A. will hold a prayer and praise service at their rooms in place of the usual gospel meeting, at 2 o'clock, standard time. All men cordially invited to spend an hour in this way on the first Sabbath of the new year. A cordial welcome will be extended to all, and a profitable service assured.

EXIT, HOLZWORTH.

A Man Who Terrorized the Neighborhood and Then Skipped.

John Holzworth, a young man whose mother lives at the corner of South Wayne and Cottage avenue, is missing.

A few days ago Holzworth went home and whipped his mother and step-father unmercifully. He then left and has not been heard from since.

The South Wayne marshal has the case in hand.

Session of the Second Church.

At a meeting of the session of the Second Presbyterian church it was decided to observe the week of prayer by holding service every evening in the Sunday school room of the new church on West Berry street.

An unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to the directors of the Y. M. C. A. and to the deacons and members of the Congregational church for their great kindness in permitting the congregation of the Second Presbyterian church to worship in their building.

It is rumored that Mr. O. J. Willson has resigned as chief clerk in the master mechanic's office of the Wabash. To a SENTINEL reporter Mr. Willson would neither confirm or deny the rumor.

The Ryan brothers purchased a $200 horse to-day.

PIONEER WOMEN GONE!

Death of Mrs. Calvin Anderson and Mrs. Margaret Foellinger, of This City, at a Ripe Old Age.

On Friday, January 3, 1890, at 10:45 o'clock, p. m., Rebecca Anderson, wife of Calvin Anderson, of 123 West Wayne street, passed away without a struggle.

Her death, caused by heart trouble, came suddenly and unexpectedly, she having only yesterday been about the house in usual health and spirits.

Her last day on earth was one of sublime peace and sunshine, her cheerfulness indicating renewed hopes of life for days to come. But the all-wise Providence willed otherwise, and now friends mourn over her body, which lies cold in death.

The deceased was born in West Moreland county, Pa., June 25, 1803. She removed with her parents at an early age to Ohio, finally settling at Mt. Vernon.

On April 13, 1828, she was married to Calvin Anderson, esq., of 123 West Wayne street, and removed to Fort Wayne in the spring of '46. They have lived together happily during the sixty-two years of their married life, she having been a most faithful companion.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were among the first members of the First Presbyterian church in this city.

It had been customary for this old couple of late years to hold family reunions upon each wedding anniversary. Their golden wedding was celebrated April 13, 1878, and the years since have always been marked with the anniversary events to such an extent as to receive prominent notice in some of the metropolitan papers.

Besides the husband, four daughters and two sons survive the deceased, as follows: Mrs. Laura Daily, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Lydia Shanklin, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Edwin Evans and Mrs. George W. Ely, of this city; the sons being Calvin A. Anderson, now in the south, and E. G. Anderson, of the Pittsburg freight office.

The funeral will probably occur Tuesday. Further announcement will be made hereafter.

MRS. J. FOELLINGER.

Mrs. Margaret Foellinger, wife of Mr. J. Foellinger, sr., of Fairfield avenue, South Wayne, died Friday, January 3d, 1890, at 10 p. m.

The deceased was a native of Prussia; born March 17th, 1818, and came to Fort Wayne in the frontier days of 1837, where she since resided. Her father, mother, sisters and brothers came at the same time and located in Adams county, near Decatur.

It was in this city she met and wedded Mr. Foellinger. She was the mother of ten children, six sons and four daughters, six of whom have died: four daughters and two sons. Four sons, Jacob, Martin, Adolph and Louis, and her husband survive her.

She had seventeen grand-children and one great grand-child. She would have reached the age of seventy-three years the 17th next. Mr. and Mrs. Foellinger have indeed led a happy and eventful life.

Having a kind Christian nature she overcame disappointments and difficulties. To her children indeed that peaceful mother's love can never be replaced.

Mr. Foellinger, his family and relations have met with an irreparable loss and they have the sympathy of a large number of friends in their bereavement.

The funeral will occur Monday, at 1:30 o'clock, from the house, on South Fairfield avenue, and at 2 o'clock, from Emanuel Lutheran church, Rev. C. Gross officiating.

TEMPLE TALK.

The Night Owls Monday Night--The Nobles and Charles Verner.

The Night Owls burlesque company, presenting the pretty banetta, "Lord Fauntleroy's Reception," and the burlesque, "The Sculptor's Dream," will be the attraction at the Masonic Temple Monday evening, January 6. The company is composed of talent and is now playing a successful engagement in Chicago, where the best people of the windy city flock nightly to see the performance. Those who admire the female form divine should not miss seeing the Night Owls, for in their performances it is displayed in all its loveliness and candor.

The Nobles engagement at the Masonic Temple Wednesday next will not only be a remarkable one but will be the artistic success of the season. Mr. Nobles' characterization of Alfred Armitage in "From Sire to Son" is one of the most delightful pieces of work now before the public. Robert Laird Collier, the California critic, in a long and complimentary notice of the play, pronounced Mr. Nobles' delineation equal to the best work of Charles Wyndham.

Charles Erin Verner will produce his highly successful Irish drama, "Shamus O'Brien," at the Masonic Temple Friday evening, January 10, with all the details as presented at the Windsor theater, New York. The performance and company are good, and we are confident they will receive the patronage they so well deserve.

A SECRET MARRIAGE.

A Marion School Girl and a Fort Wayne Gentleman the Contracting Parties.

Miss Shehan, an accomplished and pretty pupil in the high school of Marion, Ind., was secretly married September last to Mr. J. T. Langle, who is connected with the extensive music house of D. H. Baldwin & Co., in this city.

The bride is one of Marion's charming daughters and is highly connected. She was eighteen years old upon her last birthday. The marriage is not known even at this time by the young lady's schoolmates or parents.

She has been attending school as usual to avert suspicion from her parents, who were opposed to her marriage until she had graduated at the next commencement. The young man won his bride in this way. They met, they loved and the culmination was the romantic alliance. It is the same plain truth wherein is woven the romance of love at first sight. Their plighted troths were sealed at a modest parsonage while the young couple were attending the Warren fair last September, away from the greedy eyes and ears of a wagging world.

Mr. Langle has furnished an elegant new home in Bloomingdale, where he and his fair young bride will begin housekeeping next week. The parents have not yet been apprised of their daughter's action, and when they are they will in all probability forgive and forget and say "Bless you, children."

THE SENTINEL extends congratulations.

IN OUR MIDST.

Death Continues and Starts the New Year with Seventeen Victims.

The following deaths have been reported at the undertakers for the week ending January 4:

Mrs. Calvin Anderson, 87 years, old age.

Sarah Anderson, 68 years, old age.

Margaret Foellinger, 72 years, old age.

Edwin Reese, 2 years, brain fever.

William James, 2 days, exhaustion.

Mabel Monk, 4 weeks, exhaustion.

Margaret Wenninghoff, 40 years, inflammation of bowels.

George W. Graffe, 50 years, heart trouble.

Samuel A. Warner, 67 years, heart trouble.

John J. Graney, 2 months, whooping cough.

William A. Shears, 28 years, consumption.

M. J. Mangan, 35 years, accident.

Martin Rhenen, 28 years, typhoid pneumonia.

Ernest W. Gellert, 4 months, marasmus.

Child of C. E. Brownsberger, 3 days, exhaustion.

Milton Becker, 11 years, malarial fever.

LOCAL LINES.

The Fort Wayne Medical college will re-open next Tuesday.

The car loads of iron for the new Columbia street bridge arrived to-day.

A man named Pierce was injured in a runaway in Bloomingdale this afternoon.

Henry Raho was awarded a verdict of $8.15 against Wm. Moellering in the superior court.

Prof. Winters, of the M. E. college, has returned from Fayette, Ohio, accompanied by a bride.

The funeral of the late M. J. Mangan will take place at 3:30 o'clock to-morrow afternoon, from the Cathedral.

The farmers held a meeting in the circuit court room this afternoon to perfect the organization of a farmers' alliance.

T. H. Hodge, the forger, was taken to the prison north to-day, where he will serve two years. Victor Cavilier, of Arcola, had him in custody.

The funeral of Edwin, young son of Capt. and Mrs. Chas. Reese, will take place at 1:30 o'clock to-morrow, from the St. Paul Lutheran church.

Miss Jessie Smith and Miss Rose Griffith, who spent the holidays with friends and relatives at Bruce Lake, returned home yesterday afternoon.

At the regular meeting of Geo. Humphrey post No. 530, G. A. R., held on Thursday evening, the newly elected officers were installed. This post expects to send six delegates to the department encampment in March.

Frederick Smith, who runs a saloon on the Bluffton road near the county asylum, has been arrested on a charge of selling liquor to a minor son of John Strain. Smith is a member of the Liquor Dealers' association and Jake Bittinger, the organization's attorney, will appear for the defendant before 'Squire Scarlett next Tuesday.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 4.—Wheat: January, 78; February, 79; May, 82½@82¾. Corn: January, 29½; February, 29¾; March, 30½; May, 31¾. Oats: January, 20½; February, 20½; May, 22@22½. Pork: January, $9.22½; February, $9.32½; March, $9.15; May, $9.62½@9.65. Lard: January, $5.77½; February, $5.85; March, $5.90; May, $6.00@6.02½. Short ribs: January, $4.52½; February, $4.62½; March, $4.72½; May, $4.82½.

INDIANA HAPPENINGS.

EVENTS AND INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crime, Casualties and General News Notes.

Minor State Items.

—Logansport traveling men have formed a branch of the T. P. A., with C. M. Taylor as President.

—Mrs. Jessie Brandyberry, residing near Decatur, fell dead from heart disease at the breakfast table.

—Samuel Lamire, aged 16, was accidentally shot and killed by his brother, while out hunting near Jackson.

—Jesse Miller an aged and well-known citizen of Goshen, was struck and fatally injured by a railway engine.

—Hiram Bermish, aged 16, of Jennings County, fell under a moving train, at North Vernon, and both legs were cut off.

—Seymour business men have formed an association with Charles Leininger as President and F. S. Collins, Secretary.

—Mrs. Mary Guion made an unsuccessful attempt to hang herself at Noblesville. She is a widow with four children.

—J. T. Fethers, of Anderson, was caught between projecting saw-logs, while coupling cars, and his head was fatally crushed.

—Charles Schenck was badly burned about the head by the premature explosion of a charge, while blasting stumps near Seymour.

—Howard Green, of Kokomo, aged 18, was accidentally shot in the leg while out hunting, the wound rendering him a cripple for life.

—Mrs. Ruth Phifer, of Dublin, went out to kill a chicken, and in five minutes was dead herself from the effects of a violent hemorrhage.

—Mrs. David Fitzgibbon, of Franklin, was fatally injured by falling to the floor. A chair was pushed from under her as she was sitting down.

—The Connersville Knights of Labor held their semi-annual election under the Australian system, as a means of teaching their members the new law.

—George Hardemeyer, a prominent man of Warwick County, dropped dead of apoplexy, in the court-room at Boonville, just after having testified in a case on trial.

—Berry Gwin, an old and well-known citizen, dropped dead of heart disease at Vincennes, aged 74 years. Deceased was an uncle by marriage of Gen. W. Q. Gresham.

—Martin Edmunson, aged 60, an old soldier, of Hyatt, dropped dead at his home. He had just remarked to his sister that she had just come in time to see him die.

—Mrs. Rayburn, residing in Kokomo, had a cancer removed from her arm last week caused by a bite from an infant child. It is one of the most curious medical cases on record.

—Rev. Gilbert E. Farr, for the past three years pastor of the First Baptist Church of South Bend, has received and accepted a call to the First Baptist Church of Dubuque, Iowa.

—"White Cloud" and his band of patent medicine Indians were attacked by a mob of roughs at St. Paul. Several shots were exchanged, and a number of the attacking party were seriously injured.

—Lee Gray married a girl born without hands at Indianapolis this week. He has since been arrested on a bastardy charge preferred by a woman who is aged 40, married, and the mother of ten children.

—Mr. Clem Nutter, aged 63 years, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Martinsville, was stricken with apoplexy, and died. Mr. Nutter has been a resident of that city for many years, and was an exemplary man.

—At Martinsville, Martin Hammons drove over his little boy Howard, thinking him in the wagon. The little fellow's right arm and leg were broken, and he was dreadfully injured, from which he can scarcely recover.

—There is a cistern in the cellar of the German Lutheran Church, on the South Side in Indianapolis, and over it lay boards seemingly securely placed. Henry Vahle, the sexton stepped on this covering, fell into the water and was drowned.

—James A. McDonald, of Greene Township, St. Joe County, grew a cucumber nineteen inches long and fourteen inches in circumference, taking with it the $100 prize offered by a Philadelphia seed merchant for the largest cucumber in the United States.

—The Menominee Transit Company, which is made up of leading citizens of Cleveland, was incorporated with a capital of $2,000,000. It will have six steel steamers built next year, and more later, with which to transport ore from the Escanaba region to Lake Erie ports.

—Twelve years ago, when but a small boy, James Stewart, colored, left Martinsville for parts unknown. From that time nothing was heard of him, and his friends in Martinsville had given him up as dead. Imagine their surprise, the other evening, when James came back on a visit. The strangest part of the whole story is that the boy had been in Danville, Hendricks County, all the time, only twenty-five miles away.

—Pendleton decided, by a vote of ten to one, to make the four pikes entering the city free in the future. The Commissioners have made the appraisement, and the old-fashioned toll-gate will soon be a relic of the past.

—George Schrack, residing southeast of Montpelier, while at a shooting-match, was fatally shot. He had just shot his revolver and had gone to look where he had shot when his friend shot and hit him in the lower part of the bowels accidentally. It will result fatally.

—Henry Messman, a brick-layer, and Henry Hilderman, a cutter, of Richmond, have received $8,000 each in cash from the estate of a deceased relative in New York City. They were two of nine heirs to an estate of $85,000.

—Fred Horn, aged 17, caught his right hand in a cording machine at the Muncie Bagging Company's mills, and the member was slowly chopped to pieces by the sharp steel teeth. In attempting to free himself he pulled the muscles out of his arm to the shoulder. It was a horrible sight, and the boy suffered frightfully.

—The Valparaiso City Council has raised the liquor license to $260 a year, from next June.

—Adolph Gallese, aged 13 years, was watching a brush fire in the woods north of Brazil. He was standing on a log when he lost his balance and fell headlong into the roaring fire. When rescued, his clothes were burned almost from the body. His hands and face were terribly burned. The doctors consider his injuries fatal.

—The cases of Jonathan Everhart and George Patton asking damages from the Pennsylvania Company for personal injuries received by a train striking their wagon at a crossing near Scottsburg, has been compromised. They sued for $10,000 and $5,000 respectively, and by the compromise are to receive $1,000 and $1,200, respectively.

—The largest plate-glass ever cast in the United States, was cast at the Diamond plate-glass works at Kokomo. In dimensions it was 122x202 inches, or 170 square feet. Its weight in the rough was 1,530 pounds, and when finished 582½ pounds. Think of a pane of glass ten feet two inches wide and seventeen feet long, weighing 1,500 pounds.

—William Hargrove, a colored barber, met his wife on the street in the upper portion of Evansville while on her way to spend the evening with some friends, and, calling her into an alley, commenced slashing her with a razor. She received two horrible wounds, one in the neck and one in her left breast, from which her physicians say she cannot recover. Hargrove escaped.

—The citizens of Montpelier, having never been fully satisfied as to the extent of drilling for oil in that vicinity, have concluded to give the field a fair test, and have just completed an organization known as the Northern Indiana Oil Company, with a paid-up capital of $5,000. Drilling will be commenced soon, with a determination to sink five wells, even if nothing good is found.

—William Stilley, Lynn Smith, and Harley Moore, of New Castle, were out hunting, when Moore was accidentally shot by Stilley. They were hunting in a thick woods, where they became separated. Stilley got up a covey of quails, which flew in the direction of young Moore, who was near by. He fired at the birds, the shot striking Moore in the face, inflicting serious wounds, and it is thought that one eye is permanently injured.

—A few weeks ago James A. Williams, of Hartford City, was awarded $500 damages against the Salamonie pipe-line, which supplies Fort Wayne with natural gas. The pipes of the company were laid through Williams' farm. The company appealed and decided to remove its line from Williams' farm. A force of men were engaged in that work when they were arrested by Williams for malicious trespass. Farmers are watching closely the result of Williams' struggle with the corporation.

—Patents have been granted to the following residents of Indiana: Herbert Barnard, Lotus, thill-coupling; Geo. W. Freeman, Frankfort, combined buckle and snap-hook; Brenzon Doud, Chili, wire-tightener; Theodore H. Haberkorn, Fort Wayne, combination valve for air-brakes; John H. Hinds, Palmyra, napkin-holder, table attachment; Joseph M. Rhodes, assignor to S. S. Rhodes, Covington, combined plate-holder for cameras.

—Mrs. Edgar French, of Fort Wayne, had prepared a Christmas tree for her children, and had dressed herself to represent Santa Claus. While walking about the tree her flowing robes caught fire from the candles, and in an instant she was enveloped in flames. The children ran screaming out of the house, and before Mr. French could put out the fire his wife was horribly burned about the face, hands, and body. She suffers exceeding pain, and it is thought her injuries will prove fatal.

—The Indiana State Teachers' Association elected the following officers: President, W. W. Parsons, of the State Normal school; Vice Presidents, Miss Julia Bierbauer, of Evansville; W. S. Almond, of Salem; Miss Kittie E. Palmer, of Franklin; W. R. Nesbit, of Sullivan; Miss Mattie Lough, of Lebanon, and L. O. Dale, of Wabash; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Annie E. Lemon, of Bloomington; Treasurer, D. E. Hunter, of Bloomington; Railroad Secretary, Nelson Yoke, of Indianapolis; with D. W. Thompson, of Elkhart, heading the Executive Committee.

—John Hicks, the oldest convict in the United States, was released from the State Prison South, at Jeffersonville, last week. Hicks was born in Montgomery County, Virginia, in 1806, and came to this State with his brother when quite a young man, locating in Wayne County. The first crime of which he gives any account was larceny, for which he was committed at Salem, this State, in 1809. He was sent to the Prison South, and served out his time. He has since served six terms in prison at Jeffersonville, one at the Michigan City prison and two in the Ohio penitentiary, making a total of forty-eight years, he has spent behind the bars. He left for Indianapolis, where the State Board of Charities has promised to provide him a home. His last term in prison, which has just ended, the old man declares, winds up his career of crime, as he is determined to lead a better life and earn an honest living for himself.

—As Allen Sanderson, a well-to-do farmer, with his wife and two children, were going to Muncie in a wagon, a tree fell across the road on the vehicle, instantly killing the father and one of the children. The mother and other child were unharmed.

—While curling her hair, Miss Mary Miles, daughter of Auditor John W. Miles, one of the prettiest young ladies of Marion, accidentally drew a hot curling-iron across her eyes, scarring the eyes. The sight of the eyes is undoubtedly destroyed.

—Zacharia Eberly, a maniac, entered the law office of H. Z. Zimmerman, at Albion, and threatened to kill him for a fancied injury. He was with great difficulty dissuaded until help could be procured. Two loaded revolvers were found on his person.

—The west-bound vestibule train on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Indianapolis Railroad collided with a freight engine which was partly on the side-track, at Morristown, Shelby County, wrecking both engines and piling up several cars. No one was killed and no one dangerously hurt.

HOW I RAN INTO MATRIMONY.

BY CHARLES S. BLACKBURN.

I WAS setting type in a Southern State. The editor of the paper was a "Know-nothin'" fellow who made up for his lack of knowledge by the free use of big words. He knew nothing of the printing business, and could learn nothing; if alive now, he could not tell a foot-slug from a column-rule. He was tall and exasperatingly lean, wore a plug hat and a sack coat, and prided himself on doing the drinking of the establishment. But he was a good man, for he trusted me once, of which I shall tell.

One afternoon in June, when the dark-green hills and shady valleys looked unusually tempting and made me long to be a fish, or a squirrel, or a grasshopper, anything than a printer at $10 a week, he came into the office, stuck his elbow on a half galley of small pica, and pied a stick-full of his leader, "The True Solution of the Negro Question." I wet the matter and began straightening it up. He said:

"Say, Eph, I've got an idea."

"If you have you stole it," said I to myself; to him I answered:

"What is it?"

"You're a good printer and can write purty well. When I left town last spring to keep way from the Gran' jury, your work you done then was well spoke of by the patrons of the *Eagle*."

"Well, what's the idea?" I said, as I distributed the pi.

"This new town out here, where they've put the cotton factory, needs a paper. I've got more stuff here than I want. S'pose you take some of it, and one of them presses, and give 'em one?"

I went. Begonia was the name of the place. It was in the woods, seventy-five miles from a railroad.

The "city" was not incorporated, and hilarious people had therefore a wide field for the exercise of their predilection. The *Border Sentinel*—that was the name of my paper—did not assume a pious role, but it occasionally admonished the boys to keep their practical jokes for the vulgar multitude. This admonition was first wrung from me by the fact that one evening they made a target of my signboard. They laughed at my warning, and said something about dumping my old shop into the road. On a certain Saturday when they had been unusually atrocious they wound up their entertainment by shooting an old negro's mule and sending me the ears. The next issue of the *Sentinel* contained this paragraph:

> Hank Best, Jim Gosling, and another mule become engaged in a personal altercation in front of Tobe Canfield's saloon last Saturday evening. The trouble grew out of a wager between them as to which could bray the loudest. We could not get all the particulars of the affair, but it seems that the other mule make some funny remark about Hank and Jim and got the laugh on them with the crowd. They got mad, pulled their pops, and in less time than it takes to tell it the poor other mule fell mortally wounded and died in a few minutes. But it seems that Hank and Jim lost each an ear in the fracas, for a friend of ours, who went over the ground soon after the fight, picked up two ears—and they are both left ones. They are now in our possession, and having been previously "well done" in alcohol, there is no need for us to submit them to the preserving process. If Jim and Hank want their ears, they can get them by calling at our office.

Working in the spinning department of the factory was a little red-headed girl, with filbert-colored eyes, and a peach-blow complexion, partly hidden beneath a layer of brown freckles. I boarded with her mother, who was a widow, and fell in love with her—the girl, I mean. One night I was "making-up"—not to the girl but the forms, at the office. The weather was clear and cold, with starlight. I had justified the last column, and was washing my hands, when there was a knock at the door. I have as much grit as the ordinary printer man, but that knock scared me. The door was locked. Pistol in hand, I walked to the front, and, in the most composed voice I could assume, asked:

"Who's there?"

"It's me."

If a man loves a woman, her grammatical inaccuracies are pleasing eccentricities. When he hears them at midnight, instead of the assassin's whisper he is fearing, they are sweeter than music. The voice was Ella's—that was her name. I laid down my pistol, opened the door, and took her in my arms.

"O, good gracious, Mr. Lester, do you think I came all the way from home this time of night to let you hug me?"

"No, Ella, but——"

I stopped short, for I saw she was very pale.

"What's the matter, Ella?" I asked.

"It's jes' this, Mr. Lester. You're in awful danger. Hank Best and Jim Gosling's fixin' to kill you. Mamma's sick, an' I went to the comp'ny store to git some medicine. When I passed the blacksmith shop I heard your name spoke. I stopped and listened. Jim Gosling, he said: 'All right, boys. I'll sot fire to his office to-night, and we kin git the drap on 'im termorrow ef he 'sinuates anything erbout it.'"

"The constable lives two miles from here," I said. "My nearest neighbors are of the Hank and Jim kind. You go home, Ella, and I'll stay here and see Jim set fire to the *Border Sentinel* office."

"No, no," she pleaded; "if you stay here, I will, too."

"But, think. What will people say——"

"I don't care what they say, when I know I'm right."

A gust of wind blew the door open and put the light out.

"Now, you must go," I said, after having rummaged the office in search of a match.

"Hush!" she whispered, after a pause. "There they are."

The house was a pine box structure, and stood on the edge of the wood. I stole out, bidding Ella stay within, and turned the corner. The undergrowth rustled and a dark form appeared. It walked up to the rear of the building and fixed a big mass of stuff beneath the sill. Then it struck a match. I fired. A shot answered mine and my pistol dropped from my hand. My arm was broken. Simultaneous with this came a report from behind me, which was answered with a groan from the wood. Then all was still.

The next and last issue of the *Sentinel* contained the report of the Coroner's jury. It showed that I killed Jim Gosling, and that Ella had put a bullet through Hank Best's knee. Hank's wound kept him from running way, but it did not keep him from running into the penitentiary. Ella and I ran into matrimony.

DR. TALMAGE IN SYRIA.

A SERMON SUGGESTED BY THE LOCALITY AND SEASON.

There Are Many That Will Be Saved, for the Great Triumph Is Yet to Come—The Earthly Armies of the Living God—"The Sky Anthem."

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, was at Beyrout on the 24th of December, and preached to a group of friends on "The Sky Anthem." His text was Luke ii, 14: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," on which he delivered the following discourse:

At last I have what I longed for, a Christmas eve in the Holy Land. This is the time of year that Christ landed. He was a December Christ. This is the chill air through which He descended. I look up through these Christmas skies, and I see no loosened star hastening southward to halt above Bethlehem, but all the stars suggest the Star of Bethlehem. No more need that any of them run along the sky to point downward. In quietude they kneel at the feet of Him who, though once an exile, is now enthroned forever. Fresh up from Bethlehem, I am full of the scenes suggested by a visit to that village. You know that whole region of Bethehem is famous in Bible story. There were the waving harvests of Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned for herself and weeping Naomi. There David the warrior was thirsty, and three men of unheard of self-denial broke through the Philistine army to get him a drink. It was to that region that Joseph and Mary came to have their names enrolled in the census. That is what the Scripture means when it says they came "to be taxed," for people did not in those days rush after the assessors of tax any more than they now do.

The village inn was crowded with the strangers who had come up by the command of government to have their names in the census, so that Joseph and Mary were obliged to lodge in the stable. You have seen some of those large stone buildings, in the center of which the camels were kept, while running out from this center in all directions there were rooms, in one of which Jesus was born. Had his parents been more showily appareled I have no doubt they would have found more comfortable entertainment. That night in the fields the shepherds, with crooks and kindled fires, were watching their flocks, when hark! to the sound of voices strangely sweet. Can it be that the maidens of Bethlehem have come out to serenade the weary shepherds? But now a light stoops upon them like the morning, so that the flocks arise, shaking their showy fleece and bleating to their drowsy young. The heavens are filled with armies of light, and the earth quakes under the harmony, as, echoed back from cloud to cloud, it rings over the midnight hills: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace good will to men!" It seems that the crown of royalty and dominion and power which Christ left behind him was hung on the sky in sight of Bethlehem. Who knows but that that crown may have been mistaken by the wise men for the star running and pointing downward?

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that indigence is not always significant of degradation. When princes are born, heralds announce it, and cannon thunder it, and flags wave it, and illuminations set cities on fire with the tidings. Some of us in England or America remember the time of rejoicing when the Prince of Wales was born. You can remember the gladness throughout Christendom at the navity in the palace at Madrid. But when our glorious Prince was born, there was no rejoicing on earth. Poor and growing poorer, yet the heavenly recognition that Christmas night shows the truth of the proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

In all ages there have been great hearts throbbing under rags, tender sympathies under rough exterior, gold in the quartz, Parian marble in the quarry, and in every stable or privation wonders of excellence that have been the joy of the heavenly host. All the great deliverers of literature and of nations were born in homes without affluence, and from their own privation learned to speak and fight for the oppressed. Many a man has held up his pine knot light from the wilderness until all nations and generations have seen it, and off of his hard crust of penury has broken the bread of knowledge and religion for the starving millions of the race. Poetry, and science, and literature, and commerce, and laws, and constitutions, and liberty like Christ, were born in a manger.

All the great thoughts which have decided the destiny of nations started in obscure corners, and had Herods who wanted to slay them, and Iscariots who betrayed them, and rabbles that crucified them, and sepulchers that confined them until they burst forth in glorious resurrection. Strong character, like the rhododendron, is an Alpine plant, that grows fastest in the storm. Men are like wheat, worth all the more for being flailed. Some of the most useful people would never have come to positions of usefulness had they not been ground and pounded and hammered in the foundry of disaster. When I see Moses coming up from the ark of bulrushes to be the greatest lawgiver of the ages, and Amos from tending the herds to make Israel tremble with his prophecies, and David from the sheepcote to sway the poet's pen and the king's scepter, and Peter from the fishing net to be the great preacher at the Pentecost, I find proof of the truth of my proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

My subject also impresses me with the thought that it is while at our useful occupations that we have the divine manifestations. Had those shepherds gone that night into Bethlehem and risked their flocks among the wolves, they would not have heard the song of the angels. In other words, that man sees most of God and Heaven who minds his own business. We all have our posts of duty, and standing there God appears to us. We are all shepherds or shepherdesses, and we have our flocks of cares and annoyances and anxieties, and we must tend them.

We sometimes hear very good people say: "If I had a month or a year or two to do nothing but to attend to religious things, I would be a good deal better than I am now." You are mistaken. Generally the best people are the busy people. Elisha was plowing in the field when the prophetic mantle fell on him. Matthew was attending to his custom house duties when Christ commanded him to follow. James and John were mending their nets when Christ called them to be fishers of men. Had they been snoaring in the sun Christ would not have called their indolence into the apostleship. Gideon was at work with the flail on the threshing floor when he saw the angel. Saul was with great fatigue hunting up the lost asses when he found the crown of Israel. The prodigal son would never have reformed and wanted to have returned to his father's house if he had not first gone into business, though it was swine feeding. Not once out of a hundred times will a lazy man become a Christian. Those who have nothing to do are in very unfavorable circumstances for the receiving of divine manifestations. It is not when you are in idleness, but when you are, like the Bethlehem shepherds, watching your flocks, that the glory descends and there is joy among the angels of God over your soul penitent and forgiven.

My subject also strikes at the delusion that the religion of Christ is dolorous and grief infusing. The music that broke through the midnight heavens was not a dirge, but an anthem. It shook joy over the hills. It not only dropped upon the shepherds, but sprang upward among the thrones. The robe of a Savior's righteousness is not black. The Christian life is not made up of weeping and cross bearing and war waging. Through the revelation of that Christmas night I find that religion is not a groan, but a song. In a world of sin and sickness and sepulchers, we must have trouble; but in the darkest night the heavens part with angelic song. You may, like Paul, be shipwrecked, but I exhort you to be of good cheer, for you shall all escape safe to the land. Religion does not show itself in the elongation of the face and the cut of the garb. The Pharisee who puts his religion into his phylactery has none left for his heart. Pretfulness and complaining do not belong to the family of Christian graces which move into the heart when the devil moves out. Christianity does not frown down amusements and recreations. It is not a cynic, it is not a shrew, it choaks no laughter, it quenches no light, it defaces no art. Among the happy, it is the happiest. It is just as much at home on the playground as it is in the church. It is just as graceful in the charade as it is in the psalm book. It sings just as well in Surrey gardens as it plays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live. Christ walked that we might ride. Christ wept that we might laugh.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that glorious endings sometimes have very humble beginnings. The straw pallet was the starting point, but the shout in the midnight sky revealed what would be the glorious consummation. Christ on Mary's lap, Christ on the throne of universal dominion—what an humble starting! What a glorious ending! Grace begins on a small scale in the heart. You see only men as trees walking. The grace of God in the heart is a feeble spark, and Christ has to keep both hands over it lest it be blown out. What an humble beginning! But look at that same man when he has entered Heaven. No crown able to express his royalty. No palace able to express his wealth. No scepter able to express his power and his dominion. Dripping from the fountain that drips from the everlasting Rock. Among the harpers harping with their harps. On a sea of glass mingled with fire. Before the throne of God, to go no more out forever. The spark of grace that Christ had to keep both hands over lest it come to extinction, having flamed up into honor and glory and immortality. What humble starting! What glorious consummation!

The New Testament church was on a small scale. Fishermen watched it. Against the uprising walls crashed infernal enginery. The world said anathema. Ten thousand people rejoiced at every seeming defeat, and said: "Aha! aha! so we would have it." Martyrs on fire cried: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Very humble starting, but see the difference at the consummation, when Christ with his mighty arm has struck off the last chain of human bondage, and Himalaya shall be Mount Zion; and Pyrenees, Moriah; and oceans, the walking place of Him who trod the wave cliffs of stormed Tiberias, and island shall call to island, sea to sea, continent to continent, and, the song of the world's redemption rising, the heavens, like a great sounding board, shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of God, and all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters. Oh, what an humble beginning! What a glorious ending! Throne linked to a manger, heavenly mansions to a stable.

My subject also impresses me with the effect of Christ's mission upward and downward. Glory to God, peace to man. When God sent his Son into the world, angels discovered something new in God, something they had never seen before. Not power, not wisdom, not love. They knew all that before. But when God sent His Son into this world then the angels saw the spirit of self denial in God, the spirit of self sacrifice in God. It is easier to love an angel on His throne than a thief on the cross, a seraph in His worship than an adultress in her crime. When the angels saw God—the God—the God who would not allow the most insignificant angel in Heaven to be hurt—give up His Son, His Son, His only, only Son, they saw something that they had never thought of before, and I do not wonder that when Christ started out on that pilgrimage the angels in Heaven clapped their wings in triumph and called on all the hosts of Heaven to help them celebrate it, and sang so loud that the Bethlehem shepherds heard it: "Glory to God in the highest."

But it was also to be a mission of peace to man. Infinite holiness—accumulated depravity. How could they ever come together? The Gospel bridges over the distance. It brings God to us. It takes us to God. God in us, and we in God. Atonement! Atonement! Justice satisfied, sins forgiven, eternal life secured, Heaven built on a manger.

But it was also to be the pacification of all individual and international animosities. What a sound this word of peace had in the Roman Empire that boasted of the number of people it had massacred, that prided itself on the number of the slain, that rejoiced at the trembling provinces. Sicily and Corsica and Sardinia and Macedonia and Egypt had bowed to her sword and crouched at the cry of her war eagles. She gave her chief honor to Scipio and Fabius and Cæsar—all men of blood. What contempt they must have had there for the penniless unarmed Christ in the garb of a Nazarene, starting out to conquer all nations. There never was a place on earth where that word peace sounded so offensively to the ears of the multitude as in the Roman Empire. They did not want peace. The greatest music they ever heard was the clanking chains of their captives. If all the blood that has been shed in battle could be gathered together it would upbear a navy. The club that struck Abel to the earth has its echo in the butcheries of all ages. Edmund Burke, who gave no wild statistics, said that there had been spent in slaughter thirty-five thousand millions of dollars, or what would be equal to that; but he had not seen into our times, when in our own day, in America, we expended three thousand millions of dollars in civil war.

Oh, if we could now take our position on some high point and see the world's armies march past! What a spectacle it would be! There go the hosts of Israel through a score of Red seas—one of water, the rest of blood. There go Cyrus and his army, with infuriate yell rejoicing over the fall of the gates of Babylon. There goes Alexander, leading forth his hosts and conquering all the world but himself, the earth reeling with the battle gash of Arbela and Persepolis. There goes Ferdinand Cortes, leaving his butchered enemies on the table lands once fragrant with vanilla and covered over with groves of flowering cacao. There goes the great Frenchman, leading his army down through Egypt like one of its plagues, and up through Russia like one of its own icy blasts. Yonder is the grave trench under the shadow of Sebastopol. There are the ruins of Delhi and Allahabad, and yonder are the inhuman Sepoys and the brave regiments under Havelock avenging the insulted flag of Britain; while cut right through the heart of my native land is a trench in which there lie one million Northern and Southern dead.

Oh, the tears! Oh, the blood! Oh, the long marches! Oh, the hospital wounds! Oh, the martyrdom! Oh, the death! But brighter than the light which flashed on all these swords and shields and musketry is the light that fell on Bethlehem, and louder than the bray of the trumpets, and the neighing of the chargers, and the crash of the walls, and the groaning of the dying armies, is the song that unrolls this moment from the sky, swept as though all the bells of Heaven rung a jubilee, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Oh, when will the day come—God hasten it!—when the swords shall be turned into plow-shares, and the fortresses shall be remodeled into churches, and the men of blood battling for renown shall become good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and the cannon now striking down whole columns of death shall thunder the victories of the truth.

When we think of the whole world saved we are apt to think of the few people that now inhabit it. Only a very few compared with the populations to come. And what a small part cultivated. Do you know it has been authentically estimated that three-fourths of Europe is yet all barrenness, and that nine hundred and ninety-one one-thousandths part of the entire globe is uncultivated? This is all to be cultivated, all inhabited and all gospelized. Oh, what tears of repentance when nations begin to weep! Oh, what supplications when continents begin to pray! Oh, what rejoicing when hemispheres begin to sing! Churches will worship on the places where this very hour smokes the blood of human sacrifice, and wandering through the snake infested jungles of Africa Christ's heel will bruise the serpent's head. Oh, when the trumpet of salvation shall be sounded everywhere and the nations are redeemed, a light will fall upon every town brighter than that which fell upon Bethlehem, and more overwhelming than the song that fell on the pasture fields where the flocks fed, there will be a song louder than the voice of the storm lifted oceans, "Glory to God in the highest," and from all nations and kindred and people and tongues will come the response, "And on earth peace, good will toward men!" On this Christmas day I bring you good tidings of great joy. Pardon for all sin, comfort for all trouble and life for all dead. Shall we now take this Christ into our hearts? The time is passing. This is the closing of the year. How the time speeds by. Put your hand on you heart—one, two, three. Three times less it will beat. Life is passing like gazelles over the plain. Sorrows hover like petrels over the sea. Death swoops like a vulture from the mountains. Misery rolls up to our ears like waves. Heavenly songs fall to us like stars.

I wish you a merry Christmas, not with worldly dissipations, but merry with Gospel gladness, merry with pardoned sin, merry with hope of reunion in the skies with all your loved ones who have preceded you. In that grandest and best sense a merry Christmas.

And God grant that in our final moment we may have as bright a vision as did the dying girl when she said: "Mother"—pointing with her thin white hand through the window—"Mother, what is that beautiful land out yonder beyond the mountains, the high mountains?" "Oh," said the mother, "my darling, there are no mountains within sight of our home." "Oh, yes," she said, "don't you see them—that beautiful land beyond the mountains out there, just beyond the high mountains?"

The mother looked down into the face of her dying child and said: "My dear, I think that must be Heaven that you see." "Well, then," she said, "father, you come, and with your strong arms carry me over those mountains into that beautiful land beyond the high mountains." "No," said the weeping father, "my darling, I can't go with you." "Well," she said, clapping her hands, "never mind, never mind; I see yonder a shining one coming. He is coming now, in His strong arms to carry me over the mountains to the beautiful land—over the mountains, over the high mountains!"

A Good Memory.

Lawyers are generally supposed to be sharper than the rest of the human race, but occasionally a witness tips them up. An eminent barrister once received a severe repartee from a witness that he was trying to browbeat. It was a critical point in the case, and in order to save his cause from defeat it was necessary that the lawyer should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age, when a lively dialogue ensued, opened by the lawyer's saying to the witness:

"Sir, your age?"

"Seventy-two."

"Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant as it was twenty years ago, is it?"

"I think it is."

"State some circumstances which occurred, say, twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you remember."

"I appeal to Your Honor if I am to be questioned in this way; it is insolent," said the witness, turning to the Judge.

"You had better answer the question," replied His Honor.

"Yes, state it," said the lawyer.

"Well," answered the witness, "if you compel me to do it, I will. About thirty years ago you studied in Mr. Parchment's office, did you not, Lawyer L.?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my shop and saying to me, 'Mr. D., my son is to be examined to-morrow, and I wish you would let him have a suit of clothes on credit.' I remember also, sir, that from that day to this he has never paid the bill. That, sir, I remember as though it were but yesterday."

"That will do, sir," returned the lawyer, considerably abashed.

"I thought it would."

The Prayer Book Dodge.

Traveler—Oh, kind sir, take all, take all, but leave me this, my pocket Bible, a parting gift from my mother when I was a boy?

The Highwayman (as he gathers up a very poor haul)—Keep your prayer book an' begone.

The Traveler (ten minutes later)—Well, that was a pretty close shave. If that chump had known that Bible covered $2,000 in bank notes, he wouldn't have been so quick to let me keep it.—*Town Talk.*

The Line Must Be Drawn.

St. Louis man—I will bet you a new suit the fair will be held in St. Louis.

New York man—Where is the suit to be made?

St. Louis man—In St. Louis, of course.

New York man—I must decline the bet.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

If you want your favors to be remembered, show them to people when they need them. A man with more money than he knows what to do with cares nothing for an extra dollar, but the man who needs a dollar to save his life will never forget the man who gives him the coveted coin.—*Atchison Globe.*

A WOMAN over 100 [illegible] old, an incorrigible, who had spe[illegible] Christmases she can remem[illegible] son, has been sent to a year's [illegible]nent for theft.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

NECK OR NOTHIN' HALL,
KILKENNY CORNERS.

MR. EDITUR: Would you beleave it, we'd no sooner sot down in the keers than Sally begin to look aroun' fur her fate.

I shud a thot thet the lessing she'd got from the batcheldor would a ben of sum sarvis to her, but it seams it want, fur no sooner hed she clapped her eyes on to a tall, slim, saller-lookin' man dressed in black than she sed to me, all of a flutter:

"Thare he is, Mis' Scooper; thare he is, rite over thare by the wood-box. I feal thet it is he. I drempt last nite thet I met my fate an' thet he looked at me out of jest such sad, mornful eyes as his'n. O, I hope he'll hev curage to cross all formile barrows an' not wate fur an' interduction."

"Grate Governer! Sal, yure the craziest parson fur a man I ever did see," ses Willam Henery, an she wus thet tuck up with a lookin at the stranger with all her eyes thet she never pitched into Wm. Henery es I'd sorter expected she wood.

The stranger sot thare es big es who but he, tho he didn't pay no intention to nobuddy. Finally the widder she coodn't stan it no longer.

"Les go over thare an sit," ses she. "I beleave thare is a draut hear, an I'd kindy hate to ketch cold into my tooth an sot it to akin agin, fur it feels real cumfitable now."

An I went along with her to sort o' portect her, an one seat wus jis the same es another to me. Well, we hedn't ben a sittin thare 2 minits tel she leans over the seet an teches him on to the yarm, an smiles awful sweet, an ses:

"Parding me, sir, but will you please be so kind es to tell me what time o' the day it is? My watch hez run down." An' thare she hain't got no watch, nor never did hev. "Laws! thet's a whopper!" thinkses I to myself.

"Certainly, madam. It air 15 minits till 4 o'clock," ses he, es perlite es you please.

"O thanks, a thousan' times, sir; but you no the time passes so awfully slow when one is a travellin' all alone, es it war."

"I, to, am travelling alone, not only on the keers, but in the jurney of life," ses he, solumly.

"How misfortunate; an' yet how simalir yure fate is to my own hard lot. fur I am all alone in the cole, hard world," an' she put her hankercher to her nose, an' looked es solum es she cood on seeh short notis.

"It must be fate thet hes throwed us together in this fashing, miss, an I feal alreddy a deap an abidin' interest in you. You must be my fate," ses he, a takin her han an kissin' it.

"Hain't he romantick?" whuspered Sally to me.

"May I baig thet youl kim an sot by my side, sweet vision of feline loveliness?" ses he.

"O, you dear, sweet feller!" ses she, an she went an sot in to the sete with him, an es thay wus only one sete ahed of me I coodn't help hearin most thay sed.

An it wus all about infinities, congenial sperits an seeh like uther trash at furst, but he finally got to arskin her all about whare she wus frum an about peeple to the Corners. I thot he wus wunderfully interested in the folks to the Corners, an didn't no but what he did hev sum intentions; but happenin to glance over to Willam Henery I saw him soun asleap with his mouth wide open, an jest then his teath drapped down an he started to swaller 'em, but I jumped up an hit him a few welts on to the back thet nocked 'em out, an by thet time we wus to the depot, whare Mary Tabithy met us. Yourn as ever,

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

Two Millionaires Confide.

Two rich men of Chicago were waiting for their suburban train. They were on one side of a window, a listener was on the other. The listener was not there as an "eavesdropper." He had taken his position there first. The sons of Crœsus had come after. If they chose to talk why should the listener move?

"I wonder what we will be asked to do next?" one of them said.

"I don't know, but it does get tiresome. There is hardly an hour that some sort of subscription paper, or petition for money, or committee doesn't wait upon me. I acknowledge my gratitude to Almighty God for what He has given me, and I consider it my duty to Him and to society that I should contribute, and I do contribute, but the cry for more is incessant."

Said the other one: "It is all right to solicit charities and grant aid for the same, but these solicitations do not stop there. A committee calls upon me from the Council and asks me to help on some sort of blow-out. I say to them, 'Gentlemen, your project will not put a dollar into my pocket, but for the glory of Chicago I give.' The next day another committee waits upon me for something else. Then come the really deserving. I must give to them. And so it goes all day long. I suppose there are people in this world who envy me as I go to my home. I have everything heart can wish for, they say. I know how they talk. But you know how it is, George."

"I do," said George. "I have gone through with this same thing all day long, and having reached my home I have retired feeling as tired as any day laborer in Chicago. And then in my dreams this ragged beggar, this respectable committee, those charitable people—all pass before me in a procession, and I get up in the morning as tired as when I lay down. But I couldn't explain this satisfactorily to the world."

"No," the other replied, "if you were to give up every dollar you had the chaps who failed to receive anything would call you a —— fool."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Practical.

According to the philosophers everything has two uses, a lower and a higher. Some very common people find this out for themselves, so far, at least, as the practical application of it is concerned.

The daughter of the rector of a parish in East London-over-the-border taught the choir boys a new tune at a Monday evening's rehearsal, to be sung on the following Sunday. Sunday morning came.

"Well, Johnny," said Miss X—, "I hope you haven't forgotten the new tune, for we depend much on you."

"Naw, mum, not a bit. I've been a skeering the crows with it all the week."

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE.COM

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A Choice Selection of Interesting Items.

ONE million dollars of gold coin weighs 3,685 pounds avoirdupois and $1,000,000 of silver coin weighs 58,920.9 pounds avoirdupois.

IN Cashmere, thirty thousand shawls are made yearly. It takes three men a year to weave a pair. It takes ten goats to furnish the material for one and a half yards square.

A FEW years ago some New Jersey anglo-maniac imported a lot of English hares, so as to 'ave a real English 'are 'unt, you know. There are now so many English hares in New Jersey as to be pests.

GENERAL TECUMSEH SHERMAN is of the opinion that we have got all the territory we want in the United States. His opinion on the subject is something worth having. He is an adept in the art by which foreign territory is usually acquired.

A MAN who had not a little to do with making our Civil War a Union success, has just died. It was Wm. G. Chamberlain, for nearly fifty years connected with the Springfield armory. During the war he was foreman of the gun-making department.

THE electric light is making its way in London, the wires being laid under ground, and the streets all over the city will soon be illuminated by it. In interior use, however, there is a growing distrust, the numerous accidents in this country having directed attention to its dangers.

LORD WOLSELEY wants to command the British Army in India upon the retirement of Sir Frederick Roberts. Lord Wolseley, it will be remembered, is the man who knows least about our civil war of all educated Englishmen and the man most inclined to write about it.

A REPORT comes from the lumber regions at Portage Lake, Me., that a huge panther came out in a clearing and walked around some men who were yarding logs. The men were much terrified, but kept perfectly quiet, and the beast disappeared without doing them any harm. It is very rare, now, that these animals are seen in Maine.

IT is so wise as to seem almost providential that the great American Fourth of July comes at a time remote from the fall elections. It would be embarrassing for an Independence Day orator to elbow his way through the crowds of citizens yelling fraud and corruption at each other and take the platform to declare this the grandest, the noblest, the most glorious nation of all time.

AT Henderson, Ky., the other day a countryman entered the drug store of Charles F. Kleiderer and called for some article, giving in exchange a piece of money which the proprietor of the store at the time supposed to be a 25-cent piece. On taking his cash out of the drawer he was struck with the oddity of the coin. An application of soap and water revealed a beautiful Roman gold coin bearing the date of 1058.

AN intelligent physician has discovered that color blindness is very rare among girls, though it is common among boys. From this fact, he draws the conclusion that, in most cases, color blindness is due to want of early education in discriminating colors. Girls are taught to become familiar with every shade of colors, while boys receive no instruction whatever on the subject. Hence, boys frequently exhibit an ignorance in colors which is confounded with true color blindness, which girls rarely show.

ATHENS has a modern Aristophanes, who is one of the best known characters in the Greek capital. His name is Suris, and he is proprietor and editor of the comic paper, *Romios*, every line of which, including the advertisements, he writes himself in verse. The issues are irregular. Some times two copies appear in one week, at other times, when news is scarce or his inspiration flagging, a week or two may pass without a new number. Consequently he has no regular subscribers, but whenever a new number appears the news agents buy all the copies by special arrangement.

RAILROAD conductors dissipate very little nowadays. The man who drinks, even when off duty, is not the proper party to intrust with the lives of a great number of people. It is a rare thing to see one of them in a bar-room, and if seen there he does not tarry long. "A man will often hesitate before doing a wrong which will send him to the penitentiary when he has a wife and children at home to look after and care for," remarked a railroad superintendent recently. This led him to say that the fatigues of a long run made the conductors anxious for the peace and quiet of home, and when they have one they can nearly always be found at it.

THE Sultan presented Emperor William with the famous saber of Sultan Murad IV., which originally belonged to Emperor Frederick of Hapsburg, who reigned in the early part of the fourteenth century. It is a cross-handled sword with handle and sheath of solid silver, superbly chased. The Damascus blade is engraved with German inscriptions and the imperial eagle is carved upon the handle. In the sixteenth century the saber, which was an heirloom in the Hapsburg family, was given by Emperor Mathias to Count Hunyadi of that day, who was killed in battle fighting against the Turks, who captured the weapon. For more than three hundred years it has been a prominent object in the imperial armory of Constantinople.

THE sequel to a rather peculiar incident has just been brought to light in which a fish and an engagement ring were the principal actors. Some months ago a man living near Wellsville caught a large catfish in the Ohio River. On cutting it open a gold ring with an opal setting was found in its stomach with the initials M. S.—F. D. on the inner face of the band. By an accident this came to the notice of Frederick Dunham, of Springfield, Ill., and on examination he pronounced it the engagement ring which he had given to his wife twelve years before and which she had lost on a Missouri River steamer a few years after their marriage.

AN eccentric character who had acquired a fortune in Australia recently died in England. He spent his money very freely. He purchased valuable articles and invariably destroyed them. A gold watch was smashed up the moment it was bought; the back of a silver watch was wrenched off so as to be more convenient for winding up; the straw was taken out of a new mattress for pig bedding; springs taken out of a new easy chair; shelves taken out of the house for firewood; clocks broken up and thrown away; bread burned daily in the oven; legs of mutton and sides of bacon were buried in the garden; valuable trees and plants were bought and chopped up. He built a greenhouse and knocked it to pieces. He died poor and was buried by the parish.

ODD things sometimes happen on the Alsace-Lorraine frontier. The other day a family in Lorraine, near the border, expected a party of relatives from over the line to lunch with them. The French family didn't think it necessary to get a passport for such a short visit, but the German officials refused to let them cross without it. They therefore turned back for a few yards into France and alighted. In the meanwhile their Lorraine relatives, who had seen their retreat, had gone home, and returned with knives, forks, plates, glasses and a hot dinner. The cloth was laid across the frontier, upon a patch of smooth grass, and a merry picnic was held, each party sitting on its own soil. The German officials stood by the whole time, ready to arrest the strangers in case they overstepped the imaginary line, but they were careful not to do so.

PROF. AUSTIN PHELPS, of Andover Seminary, is a careful student of currents and forces within and without the church. He has recently written to the President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, thus: "I have been so deeply interested in the new movement creating societies of 'Christian Endeavor,' that I am moved to express to you, unsought, my cordial sympathy with it. It is the only movement which has met adequately a peril to which our churches for many years have been exposed. I mean the absorption of churchly forces in methods of usefulness outside of the church, and some of them ignoring its existence. This movement of 'Christian Endeavor' seems admirably fitted to counteract that danger. I am grateful for it. The rapidity of its success is proof that it was needed. Earnest believers were waiting for it."

ONE of the most remarkable monuments in America is at San Luis, Obispo County, Southern California. A great rock rises 150 feet above the plain of Carissa, and in the distance looks rugged and forbiding. On near approach it seems to have on its eastern side an opening twenty-five feet broard, which leads into an inner temple or court, with level floor 225 feet long and 125 feet broad at it widest part. The ceiling is sixty to one hundred feet high. This great natural cathedral is a wonder to geologists, but it is more wonderful to archeologists. It was evidently used by prehistoric men as a temple of worship or a capitol of government. On the walls are paintings in red, white, and black, doubtless having a meaning. There are figures representing fields, suns, forts, spears, men and animals. The colors are apparently as bright as when laid on. The under was discovered by Franciscan missionaries 100 years ago, and there has been no change in its appearance since. When or by whom the walls were decorated no one knows. The Indian tribes had no tradition concerning the work, and regard it with superstitious reverence.

He Missed His Wife.

"Mister," said a haggard looking man as he walked into a hardware store, "can you tell me where I can buy a phonograph?"

"I guess we can order one for you, sir," said the salesman who met him at the door. His face expressed surprise but his tone conveyed assurance.

"Can you get one that'll work automatically; one that you won't have to grind yourself, but can fix it all up and let it go of its own accord?"

"I think we can arrange an attachment that will accomplish that result."

"All right; get it as quick as you can, will you?"

"You want it as a sort of amanuensis, I suppose?"

"No; my wife has gone out of town. I find that when I get home at night everything is so kind of solemn and still that I don't feel like going to bed, and when I do get to bed the silence is so oppressive that I can't stand it. So I thought that if I could get a phonograph and have the hired girl talk into it for about half an hour—something about its being a nice time of night for a self-respecting married man to be getting home, and all that sort of thing—I would set it before I went to bed and succeed in getting to sleep. It's funny how a man will miss these old familiar sounds."—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE world is unjust in its judgments, so it is in its requitals. It speedily effaces the memory of the greatest services, and, when we can repeat them no more, we are neglected and thrown aside.

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

A Very Queer Incident That Happened Recently on His Train.

Some two months ago, when I was coming east on No. 12, says S. L. Cole of Brooklyn in the New York *World*, I had as passengers an old couple—the queerest-looking couple I ever saw. They were both over 80 years old, as I learned in talking with them. The old lady was dressed just as my grandmother used to dress fifty or more years ago—poke bonnet and all—only minus the hoops. The old man had on a genuine swallow-tail coat and a stovepipe hat, tall and scarcely larger than a five-inch stovepipe.

I first saw them on going through the train after leaving Salamanca, where we make connection with the Nypano. The old lady at once commenced to ask questions, but as we make our first stop at Carrollton I am too busy to more than glance at tickets, and I told her I would see her later. Leaving Carrollton I have more time, and when I came to the old people, as they were in the rear of the last day coach, the one next the sleepers, I sat down in the seat just in front of them and had a long talk.

I found they were Scotch and had been living somewhere out in Illinois for nearly half a century. They were both remarkably intelligent considering their years, the old lady in particular, she being a great talker. They had at last concluded to see the old country once more before death claimed them, and were now on their way to Scotland.

Arriving at Hornellsville where we took supper, it was found necessary to put on an extra car. This brought the old people into the second car from the sleepers. Canisteo, four miles out from Hornellsville, is our first stop. Here we register and report back to Y. Our next stop is Addison, thirty miles east.

Leaving Canisteo I jumped on to the rear platform of the last day coach and there found the old man. It was getting dark, and there being a number of sharp curves between there and Addison I took him by the arm, and saying "Come, come, uncle, this won't do," opened the door and sent him inside.

I then went up ahead and commenced taking up my through tickets. When I came to the old lady I noticed she was alone, but as she had both tickets and said nothing I thought nothing of it. I had to go through the sleepers as well as the day coaches this time, and we had begun to slow up for Addison before I was through. Leaving Addison I again passed through the car, and this time the old lady spoke up, saying:

"Say, Mr. Conductor, have you seen anything of my old man lately?"

"No," I said; "not since leaving Canisteo. I sent him in the car there. Haven't you seen him?"

"No, not since we left that place where we stopped so long."

I then remembered about the extra car we had put on at Hornellsville, and that it was that car I had sent him into, and went back to look for him. But the old man was not there. The brakeman and I looked through the train, sleepers and all, but he was not to be found. Some of the passengers in the car I had sent him into said they noticed him as he came in and that he, after looking the car all over, evidently in search of some one, had passed into the car ahead. I then knew that he had probably undertaken to pass from car to car just as we had struck a sharp curve and been thrown from a platform. He had undoubtedly been instantly killed, for there was not one chance in a million for it to be otherwise. It was with a heavy heart I went to the old lady to tell her my fears. I had had many a tough job, but this was the hardest, and I would have shirked it if I could. Going up to her I said:

"Well, auntie, I can't find him, and fear he has fallen off the train."

"Mercy!" she replied, "I hope he isn't hurt."

Then up spoke some fool passenger: "Hurt! Well, if he has fallen off this train he is killed, sure."

The old lady looked up at me and said:

"Do you think so, Mr. Conductor?"

"I don't know, auntie. I am afraid he is," I replied.

The old lady dropped her head and for a moment or two did not reply. Then, raising it up again, she looked me full in the face and said:

"Oh, dear! Well, I don't know as it makes much difference. He was getting pretty old and couldn't have lived but a little while anyway, and then he was a great trial. He would get drunk."

I was completely thunderstruck. Do you know that old lady wouldn't get off the train and wait for news from him. She said: "Oh, it's no use. If he is dead I can't do him any good."

At Corning I telegraphed back, and the section men were sent to look for him. I left the train at Elmira, but learned afterward that at Waverly they had a telegram saying the old man had been found and was still alive. Then the old lady left the train and went back.

About a week afterward I had occasion to go to New York. As I was going on to the ferry-boat at Jersey City who should I see trudging along ahead of me but the old lady. Going up to her I said:

"Well, auntie, how is the old man?"

She looked at me a moment, and then said: "Oh, it's you, is it. Mr. Conductor? Oh, he's dead—he's dead."

"Why, when did he die?"

"Oh, last night."

"But didn't you want to stay and see him buried?"

"Oh, no. The railroad company killed him. Let them bury him," and the old lady walked off as though the loss of a life partner was a small matter.

IF rivers come out of their prison thus bright and immortal, shall not I, too, renew my spring life with joy and hope? Have I no hopes to sparkle on the surface of life's current? It is worth while to have our faith revived by seeing where a river swells and eddies about a half-buried rock.

GAMBETTA'S FAMOUS ESCAPE.

M. Spuller, Gambetta's companion in his escape by balloon from Paris, has just given, on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument at the villa of Epineuse, where the balloonists alighted, an interesting account of the historic incident. The professional aeronaut, Frichet, said the French Foreign Minister had one failing. As soon as the balloon had got well up he wanted to go down, and when they approached Chantilly a first decent was made. The country people told them that they must ascend again, as the Germans were very near them, and so they started afresh, but soon M. Frichet elected to descend, and would have landed them in a farm crammed with the enemy's troops had they not been fired at and thus warned off. Ballast had to be thrown out in profusion, and M. Spuller helped to lighten the balloon by the sacrifice of his overcoat.

At last the gas with which the balloon was inflated was visibly escaping; the travelers had no alternative but to decide on descending somewhere. They perceived a small river, but soon they heard the sound of the Prussian drum, and Gambetta told M. Frichet that they must at least make their way to the other side, where there was a wood. This was done without any accident, and they alighted on the fringe of the Bois de Ferritres at Epineuse.

Numbers of peasants went to meet them and they were received hospitably by the Mayor, M. Drebus, whose daughter was allowed to start one of the pigeons which they had brought with them to convey to Paris the news of their safe arrival. The Mayor drove them to Tricot, whence a schoolmaster took them to Montdidier. They arrived at 11 p. m., slept at the sub-prefecture and took the train next morning for Amiens. The oak grappled by the balloon for making the descent attracted many visitors till the owner, a royalist, cut it down, refusing offers of purchase.

GEN. GRANT'S LOG CABIN.

Among the deeds recently filed in St. Louis County there is one from L. H. Conn to Henry J. Weber, the nurseryman, conveying to him 121 acres of land, being part of the 160 acre tract occupied by Gen. U. S. Grant and his bride, nee Miss Julia Dent, where they lived in a log cabin which Jeff Sappington, C. D. Wolff, P. S. Lanham and other neighbors of the old commander helped him to "raise" shortly after the wedding in 1857. Mr. Conn bought the whole of the Grant property, comprising 728 acres, at $80 an acre, in June, 1888, and the historic interest connected with the place is mainly what stimulated him to purchase it. Since then he has frequently remarked that he intended to preserve every relic of the "old commander" that there was to be found anywhere upon the property, and his deed to Mr. Weber indicates his intention of carrying out that idea, for it is especially stipulated that the grantor shall have the right to remove the "little old log cabin" at any time within two years from the date of sale.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

A BRIGHT IDEA FROM BOSTON.

It will be observed that the artistic bootblack around town has within the past few months taken to the plan of using a small piece of white flannel for the purpose of giving a supplementary polish to the boots on which he operates. Everybody will be interested in knowing that this new idea in boot-blacking comes from Boston, which must now be crowned with the credit of refining and polishing the universe in a fashion hitherto unsuspected. A negro bootblack down town was asked the other day who was responsible for first using the flannel polisher, and he answered promptly: "The idea comes from Boston, sah, just a little while ago. A Boston man done invented it and it is a very good idea, sah." As a workman naturally knows something of the origin of the tools he uses in his trade, this statement may be taken as final.—*New York World.*

HE WAS ANSWERED.

"Oi say, Mike, d'ye see that windy over there?"

"Oi do, Dinny."

"An' do yez moind, noo, wot it says on that signboard over the same?"

"Oi do, Dinny."

"An phwat is it?"

"Sure, an' can't yez rade it yerself? It's 'Boory of Inf'rmation' it says."

"An' phwat does that mane?"

"It manes thet if yez want to noo anything yez are to ask about it there."

"An' thet's wot I fought, an' so I axed him wot time does the sex o'clock train come in."

"An' wot did he say?"

"Sure an' he said the sex o'clock train gits in at siven tirty. Thet's wot he said, the spalpeen."—*American Commercial Traveler.*

WHERE FRIENDSHIP CEASES.

Emeline—Mamma will give her consent only too quick when you ask her, but I'm afraid papa will hold off.

Jack—What makes you think that? He has always been very friendly with me.

Emeline—Yes, Jack; but this is a matter of business.

IN Russia women are not allowed to practice medicine before reaching the age of forty years. In free America every woman feels herself fully qualified to practice medicine as soon as she owns a baby or can borrow one of her neighbor to experiment on.—*Terre Haute Express.*

THE trouble with doing a thing very well is that you receive no credit for the things you may do afterward that are moderately good.

HE GURGLES WITH DELIGHT.

New Styles in Dress Goods That Please a Western Society Editor.

We noticed from our eastern exchanges that some of the popular shades in dress goods this winter are described as "dragon's blood," "elephant's breath," and pale pink, called "stifled sighs."

We just gurgled with delight when we heard this, because all these colors are so unique. We were real glad with a regular Pan-America gladness for the dear girls, for a girl loves to be unique, don't you know, even if she has to wear it under her wrapper. A girl dressed in elephant's breath, hung in graceful folds and looped up and fastened at the corners with stifled sighs, with a corsage of old gold, slashed with dragon's gore, would be just too lovely for anything. We have been sighing for just such a girl for years, but our sigh had hardly stifle enough in it to match the new color. We have sent for a remnant of a stifled sigh to make a necktie of it. It appears to us that elephant's breath would be rather strong for real comfort in the summer time, especially if the elephant was inclined to be dissipated.

We are induced to make these harsh remarks by observing that men who go around all night to see the elephant have a breath on them in the morning that they can hang their hats on and have enough left to start the fire with. Dragon's blood should only be worn in spots, a la polka dot, as it were, and should never be worn without being sprinkled with ashes of roses to tone it down. In the absence of roses, wood ashes or cigar ashes would answer as well. But there is a fullness and a pathos about the stifled sigh which will make it a rank favorite the moment society corals it. It is so delicate and yet so far-reaching. A sigh at any time is a delicate thing to look at, but when it is stifled and worn full in the back, with box pleating down the sides and caught up with silver buckles into a double cinche about the waist, it is simply a dream.—*Lassen (Cal.) Advocate.*

PAYING FOR HER WRINGER.

You have heard about all sorts of unique ways of keeping scores for which barkeepers are hung up, and I suppose you have heard all the stories that are afloat, but I think an old woman who lives up our way and does washing for my family has invented something new.

She is a very old woman—used to be a slave—and is as ignorant as an unshucked ear of corn. She can't read figures or anything. A short time ago she bought a wringer on the installment plan, and inasmuch as she is very suspicious of everybody, and is inclined to think everybody is trying to rob her, it puzzled her a great deal to devise some way of keeping count of the money paid at different times on her purchases. But she struck it. I was over at her house the other morning to see her about some extra work my wife wanted done, and noticed on the window-sill several lead pencil circles of different sizes, but each drawn very carefully, as though around some circular substance. I asked auntie about it, and she told me of the wringer, and that that was the way she knew how much she had paid. The small rings were the size of a quarter, and meant that so many quarters had been paid, and the large ones meant half dollars and dollars. She just counted up the rings when she wanted to know how much she had paid on her wringer, and could tell as readily as though the money were before her. And yet they say figures are a necessity.

TOLD OF A SUCCESSFUL NOVEL.

I know of an instance where a singularly good and original plot was found in a story written with a grammatical error in almost every line. The author was advised that her manuscript contained the material for a good story, but would have to be rewritten. She consented, and the manuscript was placed in the hands of a competent writer. When the book appeared the author scarcely recognized her work. The plot was there but nothing more. As the "reader" predicted, the story, as rewritten, proved a success. To-day it is one of the best known novels in the literary world, and the author, whose name appears on the title page, receives all the credit, while the real author contents himself with the knowledge that his bank account is $250 larger by the word. The truth perhaps will never be known, but I often wonder when I see the title page author receiving the congratulations of her friends at the success of her book, if her conscience ever pricks her.—*Buffalo Courier.*

TIME TO DO SOMETHING.

"Don't you think, Maria," said a fond father to the partner of his joys, "don't you think it is about time we put little Freddie into some good school?"

"Yes, indeed, John." Why, I can do nothing all day long except watch that boy. Only this morning he threw the cat into the cistern, cut the top off one of your new boots to getleather to cover his ball with, dropped your razor into the well, spilled ink all over the parlor carpet, and ——"

"Great Scott! Clean the cistern, buy a new pair of boots, a razor and a parlor carpet all for one day! Something must be done, that's sure."

"Yes, John. He is so active. We must be very careful in the selection of a school for him, dear, so much depends upon it, you know."

"Yes, I know. How would a reform school do."—*American Commercial Traveler.*

SOME men's affairs don't get straightened out until about the same time they do themselves. — *Burlington Free Press.*

NO, JOHNNY; tenpin balls are no made in rolling mills.

FAIR CASHIER'S TROUBLES.

How She Is Pestered by French Dudes and Old Men.

"Would you like to go to the theater to-night?"

"No, thank you."

"Ah, this is Charley's night I suppose?"

"Sir!!!"

Then the attractive brunette who presides at the cashier's desk at a large Chestnut street store, the customers of which are mainly members of the sterner sex, looked at herself in the mirror and pushed a refractory bang into place as the crushed dude with the theater tickets opened the door and let himself out into the cold, cruel world. Then she threw a bewitching smile at the next customer, and when he wanted to know if she got many theater invitations, she answered:

"Oh, lots of them. But I prefer to select my own company. One can't be too careful, you know. Why, a girl who once worked here actually eloped, so I've been told 756 times so far. I wonder why it is that so many men bother me with all sorts of questions. One man, who looked somewhat sensible, asked me not long ago if I knew of a good cook. Then a handsome drummer, with such a nice mustache, asked me if the pretty cashier in the biggest dining room in New York was my sister. But I don't mind the young fellows. They will flirt and talk nonsense whenever they get a show. Sometimes it's hard work to get rid of our pennies, but when a particularly susceptible 'Johnnie' appears then I get in my work with the coppers, and they form the biggest part of the change. We have to have lots of tact. The old men bring me a novel once in a while, usually by Laura Lean Libbey or some such a crank, and I give them to the boys that work here.

"Life is too short to read such trash. Then the old chaps want to tell me their troubles, and if I go out shopping for a minute or so some one is sure to think it's proper to speak to me simply because I give him his change at the store. Isn't it ridiculous?"

"I suppose you receive many offers of——"

"Marriage," interrupted the cashier; "oh! not many, considering. The boys nowadays don't seem to take kindly to that sort of thing. They say it's too hard to lay by any money. They put all their money on their backs, or else loaf around the leading saloons. I know all about it, for that innocent young man who is coming this way has told me a good bit. I'll have to ask you to go now. Here's another toothpick."

So the interested listener withdrew with great ideas of the worldly wisdom of some young women.

FAMISHED.

New England farmers are proverbial for their liking for pie. It is a staple article of food with most of them,—they "wouldn't know how to keep house without it." And indeed it is hard to get along without anything to which we have all our lives been accustomed. An old lady went from New Hampshire to visit city relations on whose table pie never appeared. Her visit had been understood to be for a month, but at the end of two weeks she announced her intention of returning home on the following day.

"Why, auntie," said her niece, in a tone of great surprise, "we thought you had come to stay at least a month, and I can't think of letting you go so soon."

"I think I must, Mattie," replied the old lady, firmly.

"But we haven't taken you to half the places we want to see, nor done half we want to do for your pleasure. Surely you're not tired of us so soon."

"Oh, no, no," protested the old lady "I've enjoyed myself very much, dear; you have all been so kind and thoughtful, I can't thank you enough for it all."

"Then stay longer, auntie. Why should you go so soon?"

With the frankness and simplicity of many aged persons the old lady said:

"Well, Mattie, if I must tell you, I will. I simply can't stay where folks never have pie, and I don't want any extra trouble taken to make it on my account, so I'd better go home where we have it common."

She did not go home for weeks, and pie appeared upon the table at every meal as long as she remained.

WANTED INDUCEMENTS.

An old fellow, after standing about the corridor of the Grand Pacific hotel nearly all day, at last found an opportunity to speak to the clerk.

"I reckon you have noticed me around here."

"I don't know that I have," the clerk answered.

"Why, I've been here all day; but no matter. I have been wanting to speak to you on business, but you have been so busy that I couldn't get a chance. I am from Michigan, and expect to stay in this town nearly a whole week, and I'd like to know what inducements you offer for folks stoppin' at your hotel."

"No inducements except that we do our best to please."

"No discount for cash in advance?"

"None."

"Don't make a man a little present when he leaves, I reckon?"

"No."

"Just let him go away as a matter of course?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't reckon we can trade. I have lived too long and l'arned too much to throw away money without any inducement."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

HUNG UP FOR A FEW DAYS.

Texan (meeting the parson on the arrival of the stage)—Jest reached town in time to preach, stranger.

Parson—Why, I came to town to spend the day with Bro. Jones. How is the brother?

Texan—Waal, yer see Jedge Lynch decided a case hyar yesterday, and the parson didn't 'zactly agree with the verdict, so he's hung up fer a few days. —*Boston Herald.*

THE NICKEL-IN-THE-SLOT.

A Peculiarly Honest Tramp Who Lives by Suction, Yet Is No "Sucker."

While sitting in the Fulton Ferry House my attention was attracted to a seedy individual who had just entered. I had no difficulty in establishing his status in life. He was a member of that profession that looks upon the world as its "oyster" and unceremoniously opens it upon the slightest opportunity. He was a tramp. His clothes were cut—or rather torn—to his calling. Hard times hung from every angle of his body. His nose was the only bright spot about him. That had been burnished by whisky until it looked like "a gilded halo hovering round decay."

"Watch that man," said an official to me. "He has got some way of getting nickels and pennies out of those 'nickel-in-the-slot' machines over there. You see the machines are often out of order and the money dropped in sticks in the slot. That man comes here regularly every morning and sucks them out. It is none of my business so I never interfere with him."

I watched. The man approached a tutti-frutti machine, stooped down and placed his mouth over one of the slots. A long, drawn out suction followed, as if the machine was delicious lemon on Katzenjammer Day, and then he straightened up with a penny between his teeth. Down he went again, as the kingfisher does for a smelt, and back again with his prey in his mouth. This was repeated until the slots had yielded up thirteen cents—one nickel and eight pennies.

When the tramp went away, I followed him outside and engaged him in conversation. I found him to have more than his share of the grim humor that characterizes the tramp brotherhood. He drew himself up with lugubrious dignity and said:

"The suction idea came to me about three months ago. I first had to satisfy myself that it was a legitimate business. The nickel, I reasoned, does not belong to the person who puts it in the slot, as he took chances with the machine and got left. It did not belong to the machine, because it had rendered nothing for the money received. Having thus satisfied my conscience I commenced operations. The business had developed beyond my greatest expectations. The interest on the capital invested is enormous. No expenditures; all receipts. I make from $1 to $2 per day. My hours are long, it is true, and most of my business engagements are at night. But it's 'way head of being on the road. I don't like the country. The haystacks are too far apart, and the careless handling of shotguns by farmers has always shocked me.

"I am glad to have a metropolitan occupation," he continued. "Here there is a field for ingenuity. The man with an idea can not be kept down. My business is almost too much for one man to control. It takes me a long time to get around to all the ferries and depots, and I am thinking of letting out part of my territory."

After a pause he said, reflectively: "I hope this thing won't get into the papers. The slot machine companies might undertake to shut me off. If they do it will be a severe blow to the trade and commerce of the country. I am the inventor of the 'snap,' and as such I am entitled to the profits. Recollect, though I make my living by suction, I am no 'sucker.'" And he faded away in the gloom of Williamsburg ferryward.—*New York Herald.*

DEATH IN A LONELY LIGHTHOUSE.

A pitiful story comes from Red Island Lighthouse, opposite the mouth of the Saguenay, Quebec. It appears that the guardian of this lighthouse was until lately Elzear Frazear, and he had spent the summer on the island with his wife and family and an assistant, Alfred Cote. Early in November, as was their wont, his wife and family left him to return for the winter to their home at Trois Pistoles. By the rules of the department he was obliged to remain on the island until December 10.

Soon after the departure of his family he was taken ill, and was about to die. Desiring to breathe his last in the midst of his family, nightly efforts were made by his assistant to signal friends on Green Island and the mainland by means of bonfires to come and take him off. Finally a few nights since the signals were noticed, and the next day a brave crew from Green Island endeavored to reach him in an open boat, which they finally succeeded in doing after much hardship and risk. Rolling the dying man in blankets, they put him in their frail craft with the intention of endeavoring to return to Green Island, but a sudden storm forced them to put back to Red Island, where Mr. Frazear expired shortly afterward. His death was no doubt hastened by exposure and excitement. The following day they succeeded in effecting a crossing with his body.—*Boston Transcript.*

AN UNKIND CUT.

Quevedo—Hello, Curt! Why, what's all this? Solomon in all his——

Curtis—I'm an advance agent now. Greatest show on earth. Left journalism for good. No money in it.

Quevedo—And wearing diamonds, too. Are they real?

Curtis—Cert. Don't wear anything else.

Quevedo—Not since you gave up paste, I suppose.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

SHE HADN'T FORGOTTEN

Mistress (to new girl)—By the by, Bridget, I forgot whether I told you or not when you came, but I do not allow my kitchen girl to have any followers.

Bridget—Yez tould me when I came, Mrs. Chucksley, an' I haven't forgot. I dhrove Mr. Chucksley out av the kitchen lasht night wid a dipperful of bilin wather, mum.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THERE is a woman who cries at every funeral, and if she misses one, she cries because she missed it.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

WANTED.

WANTED—A situation as a stationary engineer. Twelve years experience and best of reference. Address, "J," Sentinel office. 24-1yr

WANTED—Cylinder Press Feeders. Good wages and steady work. Apply to RAND, McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Ill. 1-6t

WANTED—A good house girl at 99 East Wayne street. Apply at once. 26 tf

WANTED—Energetic Accident Insurance solicitors. Call or address Geo. Ford, manager, Provident Fund Society, Windsor Hotel, Fort Wayne, Ind. 2tf

WANTED—For the stage, five men and four women, and a small girl not over ten years of age. Call this evening and Sunday between 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. Apply at 47 Barr street. Alfred A. Knapp, manager, upstairs.

WANTED—A good reliable firm to take agency for our oils in Fort Wayne and other good cities. Also, agents wanted to carry oil as a side line. Address THE MONITOR OIL CO., 4-tf Cleveland, Ohio.

DWELLINGS—Rents collected and repair of dwellings promptly attended to by SCHRADER & WILSON, Agency, 20-1m 46 Harrison street.

WANTED—Two hustlers to canvass and collect for the Prudential Insurance company. Liberal inducements. References required. Apply to Chas. Sauer, superintendent, room 20, Pixley's block. 9 1m

PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me. J. F. CURTICE, Real Estate and Loan Broker, Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Reference—Hamilton National bank. 30-2m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE OR RENT—The large store building, three stories, 150 feet long, on Columbia street, near Calhoun, occupied by Staub Bros. Inquire at 229 East Washington street.

FOR SALE—About seven acres of land with good frame house, nice fruit trees, drainage complete, just the place for a gardner, within a mile of the city limits. This property must be sold. A snap for some one. Take it quick. For particulars call at the Ervin house, 12 Harrison street. 2 tf

FOR SALE—A stock of groceries, the best location in the city. Rent moderate, will exchange for city property. Call at this office. 31-6t

FOR RENT.

TO LET—Furnished or unfurnished rooms. Inquire at No. 19 Jefferson street, three doors west of Calhoun. 31-5t

FOR RENT—A house at No. 161 Harrison street. Both water works and gas. Enquire of Ryan Bros., No. 19 W. Washington street 3-1m

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ELECTRICITY.

Burglar and Fire Alarms, Door and Call Bells, Annunciators, Push Buttons, Gas Lighting Apparatus, Speaking Tubes, Heat Regulators, Motors, Cash Registers, Watchman's Time Recorders, Electrical Dental and Surgical Instruments of all kinds furnished or put up at reasonable prices. Job work and repairing done promptly and promptly. Estimates given on application. Call on or address,

F. C. BINKLEY, ELECTRICIAN.

Rooms 11 & 12, Foster Block, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WAU-KEE'S LAUNDRY,

No. 8 W. Wayne St

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	4
Drawers	8
Undershirts	8
Night shirts	8
Socks, per pair	5
Handkerchiefs	2
Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

JOE. YOBST & BRO.

Have knocked the bottom out of prices in the Meat Business.

Round Steak, 10c., or 3 lbs for 25c.
Shoulder Steak, 8c. lb.
Pork Chops, 8c. lb.
Boiling Pork, 6c. lb.
Boiling Beef, 5c. lb.
Beef Roast, 8c. lb.
Kettle Rendered Lard, 10c. lb.
Sausage, 8c. lb.
Hog Head Cheese, 5c. lb.

Watch this column for bargains and buy where you can get the best for your money.

NO. 232 CALHOUN ST.

ROBERT SPICE.

Pumps, Pipe, Hose and Fittings.

DRIVE WELLS.

Natural Gas Fitting a Specialty.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of a 2 cent stamp. Sold by Fledderjohn & Gross, Druggists, 51 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. ROCKHILL, Editor and Publisher.

SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1890

THE winter is here only in name.

TO-MORROW will be the first Sunday of the new year.

THE year opens with but very few deaths in this city.

THE candidates for the county offices next fall are not idle.

DID last night's frost kill the fruit buds? This is January 4th—mid-winter.

THE democracy are getting into line for victory in the state next fall and in the nation in 1892.

THE United States has a debt of $1,610,569,651 as shown by the treasurer's report, issued January 2, 1890.

WITH the new year the new law in Pennsylvania appointing factory inspectors in the interest of child labor goes into effect.

EX-GOV. ISAAC P. GRAY, as the nominee of the democratic party for vice-president of the United States, would suit the Hoosiers.

THE republican conspirators in their efforts to steal the state of Montana are equaling the precedent set by their party in Louisiana in '76.

THE governor of North Dakota makes an appeal for aid for its destitute people. The farmers of the north part of the state are in a sad condition.

THE best raisins in the world come from California. Ten years ago we depended on the European fruit, but the Pacific slope has at last captured the market in a fair and open fight.

HON. GEORGE H. BOKER, poet and play-wright, who was minister to Turkey during General Grant's second presidential term, died Thursday morning, at his residence, in Philadelphia.

YESTERDAY at Indianapolis the constitutional officers of the state, the governor, secretary, treasurer and auditor, reappointed Harry S. New a member of the Indianapolis board of police commissioners.

THE electric light companies in New York now want damages from the city for the destruction of wires and the ruin of business. They claim to have occupied the streets lawfully, and that the city has acted unlawfully.

MISS HATTIE BLAINE, youngest daughter of the secretary of state, and Miss Rachel Cameron, youngest daughter of Senator Don Cameron, will be two of the handsomest debutantes to be introduced to society early this year.

FORT WAYNE is going to have a new bank. Let us have a score or more of good manufacturing establishments and a couple of additional railroads, too. The closing years of the century would then witness Fort Wayne a city of 100,000 inhabitants.

IN 1842 what is now known as "influenza" was known then as "Tyler's grip." Tyler was president of the United States, and just after he vetoed the "United States bank bill" this epidemic swept over the country and was called "Tyler's grip."

THE republicans in congress are said to be determined to increase the tariff to an extent that it will be practically prohibitory, on the theory that the result will be a reduction of the revenue. This has long been known to be a favorite idea of Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, the new leader of the house.

RABBI GUTTMACHER is preaching a very interesting series of lectures at the Jewish temple on the origin of Christianity. Last evening he spoke on the "Paulinian Church." The young Hebrew divine is a brilliant scholar and is doing good pastorial service for his people in this city. THE SENTINEL has on several occasions spoken in detail of the subject matter of some of his sermons preached at his church.

IN the whole history of political parties in this country none have withstood the shock of years save alone the democratic party. Some may ask what is the secret of its vitality? There is no secret about it. The party was founded on a principle as firm as the constitution. The party is the people. It was not conceived and born for any class, but for the whole people, and will live so long as the spirit of freedom finds an abiding place in the human breast.

JAY GOULD, it is said, pays $20,000 a year to his attending physician, Dr. William Munn, and this commands the latter's entire time. The contract is for twenty years, or until Mr. Gould's death. Dr. Munn has devoted his time since his engagement, which began two years ago, to a careful study of the human nerves and their diseases, and it may be assumed that Mr. Gould's nerves will be kept steady if the most enlightened treatment can accomplish that result.

DEATH came unexpectedly to a man of wealth, as it almost always does, and he sent out for his lawyer to draw his will. He went on willing away his property and when he came to his wife and child he said he wanted his wife and child to have the home. The little child didn't understand what death was. She was standing near and she said: "Papa, have you got a house in that land you are going to?" The arrow reached that heart, but it was too late. He saw his mistake. He had no home beyond the grave. And yet thousands will read this and go on and on, never thinking of the world they are getting closer and closer to each day.

LOCAL GOSSIP.

DR. W. H. MYERS.—The superintendent of the Barber Asphalt Paving company informs me that the asphaltum has such a strong chemical affinity for coal oil that if oil is dropped upon the pavement it will eat holes in it. If this be true the vending of coal oil from dripping wagons should be entirely stopped on West Wayne street or the utmost care should be used by those who sell and those who buy. The pavement costs too much to be thus ruined.

FARMER PETER NOTSHING.—The English sparrows have become so numerous on the farms as to be a real pest. The savage little fellows gather in flocks and attack the larger birds so furiously that they are driven off. The robin and the blue bird, always welcomed, have become very rare and the sparrows prey upon our granaries and eat up our newly planted seeds. Unless kept shut in a tight pen the sparrows will gather there and make away with the grain. I am training my boys to kill them with fine shot.

MONTGOMERY HAMILTON—The development of the natural gas belt in Indiana is sure to have a considerable political effect, injurious to the cause of democracy. Natural gas is particularly sought by workers of glass and steel and these are largely the class of manufactories that are springing up. Now all of these are protected industries, and the men who control them, and the laborers who are employed in them, are among those who never have enough of protection, high tariff and republican platform and they are bound to make themselves felt at the elections.

R. G. THOMPSON, WABASH TICKET AGENT.—The talk about establishing a joint down-town railroad ticket office in Fort Wayne, at which tickets on all lines could be had, will probably end in nothing. Such an office would be a great convenience no doubt, but to operate it in a manner satisfactory to the competing railroads would require the attendance of a clerk to represent each line. Otherwise the giving of even a slight preponderance of business to a competing point to any road would result in a squabble and the speedy discontinuance of the office. Fort Wayne is hardly large enough for a down-town ticket office.

JARED D. BOND.—After a man has acquired the reputation for shrewdness in business and as a safe investor of money his rise in wealth and position is always rapid. People who have acquired means by long continued industry and great frugality seek him out and trust to his better judgment in an investment of their all. People who see a business opportunity opening readily are willing to furnish capital to these persons and surrender to them the whole of the direction and the lion's share of the profit, contenting themselves with little. Half a dozen prominent examples of this among our fellow citizens at this moment occur to me.

A. GEISMAR—In going about the country I find that year by year there is an increase in the number of commercial travelers who work on commission and not for a fixed salary. The jobbing firms seem to have agreed on that plan of compensation as the fairest alike to employers and employes. As a consequence the patronage of the first class hotels is going to houses which charge more moderate rates. The three and four dollar a day houses were enjoyed as long as a stiff expense account was regularly "O K'd" at headquarters, but in very many instances two dollar a day and even a dollar and a half a day houses are satisfactory to the commercial traveler who pays his own way.

A. S. LAUFFERTY.—The city council should afford to the tax-paying, resident merchants of Fort Wayne some protection against the unfair opposition of the fly by-night establishments which, under the name of "Sheriff's Sale" or "Mistit," establish themselves here during the ten days in which the railroads and factories pay their employes and then leave for some other point to catch the ebb tide. Aside from bringing legitimate business into disrepute because of the worthless stuff they sell, these fellows manage to carry away a great deal of money which will never come back. I am in favor of establishing a license so high as to absolutely exclude them, and if there is no law for this there should be one enacted straightway.

JOE DOUGLASS, DEPOT SALOONKEEPER.—A good part of my custom comes from passengers on the railroads who rush in for a drink or a flask while the train waits and I meet people of very queer tastes. One night a swell-looking fellow came in and wanted a bottle of the very best whisky. I poured out some "Owl Club" for him to sample. It is as fine liquor as is sold over a Fort Wayne bar but the man set down the glass with a look of disgust exclaiming that it was vile. I keep on hand an article for just such poor judges of liquor and so placed before him, to taste, a whisky that would make a man rob his own trunk. My customer smacked his lips approvingly and paid a round price for filling his flask. I never heard whether he died before reaching Pittsburg or not.

MANAGER PERRY, WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH—The reduced rate charged by telegraph companies for ten word messages results in the handing in of some remarkably condensed telegrams. I had got used to the abbreviation "smorning" for "this morning" and "saiternoon" for "this afternoon", when a man came in and wrote "per cent." and when I told him that he had written two words together and that the message was eleven words long he objected. This, like all other similar disputes, we settled by having recourse to Webster's dictionary. I explained that per centage, on Webster's authority, would be charged as one word, but we drew the line on "per cent." A common practice is to write a message with the words run together, so that the clerk who receives it may count them less in number than they really are.

REV. S. A. NORTHROP.—In places of the size of Fort Wayne the demands that are made upon a clergyman would quite surprise one of the cloth, whose life has been spent in the large cities and where much of the work that we daily perform is either not performed at all or else is relegated to an assistant. In a great city a clergyman is admired for his learning, his eloquent preaching of the gospel and if he has but these two important characteristics, his path is made easy for him. In the smaller cities he may have to exchange some of his clerical austerity for genial good fellowship and while he may not weigh lightly learning and eloquence he must exercise excellent business qualifications to the end that more may be brought to his house of worship. Don't be shocked, but the successful minister must—to borrow a reporter's word—hustle, and hustle hard, too.

A RENTER—Since my removal from Kokomo to Fort Wayne I have spent much time looking for a house in which I might again enjoy the use of natural gas, and am surprised that so few are to be had. People who are willing to pay a fair rent are beginning to insist upon having natural gas, and landlords who would have regular tenants will soon be made to see this point very plainly.

PROF. PHIL KRINZ.—There are tricks in all trades and that of the band-master is no exception. When times are good with musicians, I mean when parades are frequent, as on the Fourth of July and other celebrations, contracts are often made for more musicians than can be supplied. Nevertheless, the bands appear with the expected number of pieces and the money is paid over without a question. It happens, however, that the band has been stuffed with "dummies." Fellows who can't blow a note are hired, dressed up in the regular uniform, and they march with the rest, placing their instruments to their lips at the proper time and otherwise taking their cue from the real performers. It looks all right and few people detect the imposture. Minstrel shows which advertise big companies, double brass bands, etc., frequently resort to this means of getting up an imposing street parade.

HON. A. P. EDGERTON—Up to the time that Cleveland appointed me a member of the civil service commission, I had not been to Washington for a very long time, not since I had represented an Ohio district in congress and had for associates Allen W. Thurman and others who have long ago terminated their political activity. Accordingly I found when I got there that the newspaper correspondents had been sending out statements that seemed to question the wisdom of my appointment, because of my advanced age. I suppose they had expected to greet an old man in his dotage. I took a real delight in exploding this notion and I believe that I was found to be quite as agreeable, able bodied and wide awake as most any public man at Washington. I used to tell Thurman that I wasn't so proud of my head as of my legs. I used to dance pretty well and think I could "wing" with some of the boys yet.

JUDGE W. H. COOMBS—It is not generally known to my friends that I played no small part in the annexation of Texas to the United States. It happened about half a century ago that I was called from Fort Wayne to Steuben county, to defend a democrat who had been indicted for illegal voting. The election had been so close that this man's vote decided the choice of state senator from the northeastern counties, and as I cleared my client, Marsh, the democratic candidate, got his seat. When Marsh went to Indianapolis, the legislature on joint ballot was a tie, and his vote elected Hon. Jesse D. Bright to the United States senate. Now, when the joint resolution to annex Texas came up on its passage in congress it prevailed by just one vote, Senator Bright voting "aye." The annexation of Texas provoked the war with Mexico. It was a queer train of circumstances, surely.

A WEST BERRY STREET LADY.—The fashion of making New Years calls has become in Fort Wayne, as well as most other cities, a thing of the past. It was a delightful custom and withstood social abuse a long time, but with all its amazing vitality it had to give way at last. It did not go willingly, but its death was hastened by the general rush of the times. I well remember, when I was a young housekeeper, what pride and pleasure I took in entertaining my friends on the first day of the new year, but when it got to be that you really were throwing your home open to a lot of young men whom you did not know, and, what was more, did not wish to know, and whose main object seemed to be in seeing how many calls they could make in one day, the pleasure to the hostess was all gone. Promiscuous New Years calling is now almost extinct in the east and is rapidly growing to be so in the west. The eastern fashion now is for a lady who wishes to receive on that day to issue cards to those who she wishes to call, after this style: "Mrs. Murray Hill, At Home, January 1st, 1890—2 to 5 p. m." If several ladies receive together they put their cards all in one envelope. So runs the eastern fashion and so, too, will run the western before long.

Jas. S. Murphy, M. D., Company's Shops, N. C., writes:—"I sell a great deal of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, for every one who tries it likes it."

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." Of course! Why, those old duffers suffered horribly with aches and pains, and didn't and could'nt know that Salvation Oil would cure them."

Ask for Baker's Famous Headache Specific. It never fails to give relief. Sold and guaranteed by Thieme & Gross.

About the easiest way to raise the wind is simply to cash a draft.—Baltimore American.

Jumped From a Train.

A Foolish Man Who Risked His Life to Pay a Debt of Honor.

As the fast Atlantic Express was leaving Denver, and had just attained its best speed, a man was seen to rush to the back platform of the last car, and jump off. The bell rope was violently jerked, the train slowed up, stopped and backed up to near where the man lay. Train hands and passengers crowded around him, and to every one's surprise he was found to be uninjured, save a few bruises.

On being questioned as to why he jumped off, he said, "Day before yesterday I went to a store, and bought a bottle of Rogers' Royal Nervine and had it charged. I forgot to go in before I came away; and, as it saved my life, I decided to risk mine to pay for it, and so I jumped off."

CLIPPED AND CREDITED.

Interesting Personal Gossip From Neighborhood Exchanges.

Huntington Democrat: "Mr. Marshall Humphrey, of Fort Wayne, is visiting the family of Col. L. F. Milligan.—Mrs. Otto Herbst, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lew Strodel, will return home to Fort Wayne this evening."

Wabash Plaindealer: "Archie Thomas, of Fort Wayne, spent New Years in this city.—Ed Wilson, who has formed a partnership with Mr. H. E. Schrader at Fort Wayne in the real estate business, spent several days in the city this week visiting relatives. Ed is doing quite well at Fort Wayne, and his many friends here wish that his prosperity may continue uninterrupted."

Plymouth Republican: "Mrs. Milo Gibson, of Logansport, and John W. Gallagher, of Fort Wayne, are enjoying a brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. John C. Gallagher, of this city.—The remains of Milton Becker, the twelve-year-old son of Emil Becker, formerly a resident and clothing merchant of this place, passed through here Wednesday evening, for burial at Fort Wayne. Mr. Becker now lives in Minnesota.

Monroeville Breeze: Master Nate Kohne, of Fort Wayne, has been the guest of his cousins, Julius Strass and Adolph Redelsheimer, during the holidays.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis and daughter, Rissie, of Fort Wayne, were the guests of Joseph and William E. Lewis during the holidays.—The $250 car house awarded to William Murchland, as having the premium section on this division of the Fort Wayne road, has been completed. It is a daisy, and Mr. Murchland may well be proud over the prize he has gained.

Keep you blood pure and you will not have rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and tones the whole system.

WICHITA, Kan., Jan. 3.—A fatal collision of freight trains took place east of here yesterday. John Ramsey, a brakeman, was instantly killed, and Robert Coleman, an engineer, died from injuries.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

A boot black in Chicago managed to buy and distribute five turkeys among as many very poor families.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does, is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

Messrs. August Bruder, Theodore Thieme and Will Seibold returned from Chicago last night. They took in Othello at the Auditorium.

A Lady in South Carolina Writes:

My labor was shorter and less painful than on two former occasions; physicians astonished; I thank you for "Mother's Friend." It is worth its weight in gold. Address The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

The True Elixir Of Life Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, builds up weak and debilitated systems, gives strength to weakened nerves, overcomes that tired feeling, tones the digestive organs, invigorates and regulates the kidneys and liver, expels disease and gives vigorous health. Young people say: "It is the best medicine we ever took." Old people say: "It makes us feel young again."

CATARRH,

Catarrhal, Deafness--Hay Fever--A New Home Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscropic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King street, Toronto, Canada.—*Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

The Mormon Elders' Book on Sexual Strength, mailed free to married men, address F. B. Crouch, 252 Grand St., New York

Scratched 28 Years.

Body covered with scales. Itching terrible. Suffering endless. No relief. Doctors and medicines fail. Speedily cured by Cuticura at a cost of $5.

Cured by Cuticura.

If I had known of the Cuticura Remedies twenty-eight years ago it would have saved me $200.00 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time, and my suffering was endless and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some ringworm, psoriasis, etc. I took ..... and ..... Sarsaparillas over one year and a half, but no cure. I went to two or three doctors, and no cure. I cannot praise the Cuticura Remedies too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them were three boxes of Cuticura, and three bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, and two cakes of Cuticura Soap. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for $200.00, you would have had the money. I looked like the picture in your book of psoriasis (picture number two, "How to Cure Skin Diseases), but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while, but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times.

DENNIS DOWNING, Waterbury, Vt.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, and permanently cure every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, scrofulous, and hereditary diseases and humors of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped, and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing plaster.

JAMES MADDEN,

PLUMBER,

Steam and Gas Fitter,

101 Calhoun Street,

Next door to Y. M. C. A.,

FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

THE NEWSPAPER UNION

55 and 57 East Columbia Street.

Retail at Wholesale prices, the Best Grades of

LEGAL CAP! FOOLS CAP!

COMMERCIAL NOTE!

ENVELOPES!

If there is any particular kind, size or color of Envelopes you want made, they are manufacturers' agents, and can fill any order they may be favored with.

They carry in stock Crane's Caligraph Linen, for use on type-writers, and can rule your paper in any style you may wish.

They do no Job Work; but have every facility for Newspaper or Magazine Printing.

The largest and most complete line of Calling Cards, Ball Programmes and Wedding Stationary ever shown in this city, can be found at their stores. 17-1mo

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.

PLUMBERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters,

48 East Main St.

FORT WAYNE, ... IND

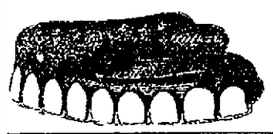
J. M. E. RIEDEL

ARCHITECT,

ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.

112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

E. F. SITES, DENTIST, No. 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind



Opposite the Avalon House over the Model Drug Store.

S. BREIDENSTEIN.

Real Estate & Loans

26 Court Street.

Watch his bulletin for some special bargain

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK 32 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind,

I still occupy same rooms occupied 14 years ago.

THE BEST MEATS IN THE CITY

GOTTLIEB HALLER

South Side Meat Market, carries nothing but the choicest meats. Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage at

No. 366 CALHOUN STREET.

D HANNA STREET (WESSEL BLOCK.)

The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City,

Wing & Mahurin,

ARCHITECTS

Rooms 41 and 42, Pixley & Long Block.

I. S. McCURDY,

D·E·N·T·I·S·T

OFFICE—Room 15, over First National Bank.

A. FOSTER,

THE FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailor!

Is now receiving his LARGE and WELL SELECTED STOCK of

FALL GOODS

Which are the Nobbiest ever brought to this city. He intends making

Suits in the Latest Styles

—AND AT—

Very Low Prices this Fall

and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,

NO. 15 W. WAYNE ST.

L. JAXTHEIMER,

MERCHANT

TAILOR!

—CARRIES A—

FULL LINE

Of Foreign and Domestic Goods, Suitings, FALL

OVERCOATINGS,

Trouserings. All work WARRANTED

83 Calhoun Street.

G. H. Morrill & Co.,

Manufacturers of

Printing,

Lithographic Inks,

and Varnishes.

119 5th AVENUE,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Chas. M. Moore, M'g'r.

PAUL E. WOLF.

Steam Carpet Beating.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.

Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.

All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.

PAUL E. WOLF,

No. 33 AND 35 CLINTON STREET.

WATER WORKS.

Bath Tubs, Pumps, Rubber Hose, etc.

—AT—

C. W. BRUNS & CO.,

PLUMBERS.

166 Calhoun Street,

Opposite the Cathedral, Fort Wayne, Ind

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO Natural Gas Fittings.

A. F. GESSLER,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

FRESH, SALT

—AND—

SMOKED - MEATS,

60 East Main Street.

He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

J. C. PELTIER,

Undertaker & Embalmer

17 WEST WAYNE ST.,

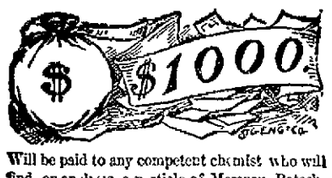
Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

BROU'S INJECTION

An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Contagious Diseases of the Urinary organs; guaranteed not to produce Stricture; no sickening doses; and no inconvenience or loss of time. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists every where. J. Frrré, (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

Talk is Cheap; It's Quality that Sells

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢



Will be paid to any competent chemist who will find, on analysis, a particle of Mercury, Potash, or other poisons in Swift's Specific (S. S. S.)

AN EATING SORE

Henderson, Tex., Aug. 23, 1889.—"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by the best local physicians, but obtained no relief, the sore gradually growing worse. I concluded finally to try S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles. You have my cheerful permission to publish the above statement for the benefit of those similarly afflicted." C. B. McLemore, Henderson, Tex.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

BRIGGS' HEADACHE TROCHES
A SURE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE
Nervous Bilious or Congestive forms
Price 25 Cts.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
BRIGGS' MEDICINE CO.
ELIZABETH, N.J.

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER

Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities for its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can, 20c.; ½ lb., 10c.; ¼ lb., 5c.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other, but send 25 cts. in postage stamps, which will bring you a pound can by return mail.

DIETER & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

The Secret of Health

is the power to eat, digest and assimilate a proper quantity of wholesome food. This can never be the case while impurities exist in the system. The blood must be purified; it is the vital principle, ramifying through every part of the body. Dr. Tutt's Pills expel all impurities and vitalize the whole system.

A Noted Divine says:

"I have been using Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills the past three months for dyspepsia, weak stomach and nervousness. I never had anything to do me so much good. I recommend them as the best pill in existence, and do all I can to acquaint others with their merits. They are a special blessing."

Rev. F. R. OSGOOD, New York.

Tutt's Liver Pills,

FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Price, 25c. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages
Allays Pain and Inflammation,
Heals the Sores.
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY the CURE.

CATARRH
THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD
HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE
ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c
HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail registered 60 cents. dec2 eodly

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

Conley's String Band

Music furnished for Balls, Lodges, Clubs and private parties on short notice. 131 WALLACE ST., Ft. WAYNE, J. CONLEY, Caller. Ind.

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S Nerve and Brain Treatment a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1 00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE HOTEL EASTMAN,

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

The largest and finest RESORT HOTEL in America, with the finest Bath Houses in the world connected, will open (under management of O. G. Barron, of White Mountain Hotels) for season of 1890, January 15th. Tickets should be bought via St. Louis and Iron Mountain and Southern, R. R. Jan1st-d&w-1m

THE BOYCOTT'S DECLINE!

Organized Labor No Longer Gives It Sanction--Gossip From the Busy Centers.

The end of what was once a craze is shown to have been reached by the report of the New York Bureau of Labor Statistics on the decline of the boycott, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. Within a comparatively short time the boycott was considered a great power; but the statistical report on its use in New York shows that the spell has lost its sway.

In 1888 the total number of boycotts started in that state was 266. Of this number fifty-three, or one-quarter were successful, seventy-six met with failure during the year, and 124 were carried over into the present year. This was a decrease as compared with 1887 of one-third in the number of boycotts attempted and of nearly one-half in the number of successful ones. No statistics are given for the present year; but it is a matter which every one can observe for himself, that the once common threat of the boycott is rarely heard now.

The decline is attributed by some to the decisions of the court against it. That had its effect, doubtless; but as the popular adhesion to the boycott was outside the reach of the courts, the decline must mainly be charged to the inherent weakness of the method. It was unrepublican, opposed to all ideas of individual liberty, and was notoriously at the command of the unscrupulous and irresponsible.

Hardly any more complete illustration of its weakness is needed than the fact that the last heard of the boycott in Pittsburg was the attempt of rival labor organs and inharmonious labor bodies to boycott each other. In other words, the enginery which was started to protect labor has by its irresponsible character been perverted to the prosecution of quarrels among labor organizations, and has proved to be utterly ineffectual in the presence of such divisions.

Organized labor need not mourn the decay of the boycott. It has plenty of means for strengthening itself without resorting to methods so little consistent with dignity and so utterly at variance with law and individual rights.

PENCIL PICTURES.

Township Assessor John Slater, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, learned his trade in England, having been born near Staffordshire a little more than fifty years ago. When he was twenty-years old he came to this country, and settled at Heller's Corners, in this county, engaging in the blacksmithing business, which he quit in two years to come to this city to take a position in the Pittsburg blacksmith shops. He was employed for a time at the Bass works, and at the Wabash shops, but after his return from a four month's trip to England, he resumed his place in the Pittsburg shops, where he has remained ever since. In 1886 he was nominated by the republicans for assessor of Wayne township, and notwithstanding the almost overwhelming majority of the democrats in the township, was elected by 650. In 1885, during the memorable Wabash strike, Mr. Slater was sent as a delegate of the Knights of Labor to Moberly, Mo., to confer with Master Workman Powderly, and he bore a conspicuous part in the settlement of that railroad trouble. Mr. Slater is popular with a wide circle of friends, and is universally esteemed.

J. C. Matsch, clerk at the Bass foundry and machine works, crossed the ocean when he was a lad ten years of age. He was born in the province of Saxony and came to this country with his parents in 1854, who settled at Cicero, Ind., and afterwards moved to this city. After attending school he entered Concordia college, but remained at his studies only a year, being compelled to quit college on account of failing eyesight. He went on a farm and remained for three years, when he returned to this city and followed clerking for a few years. From 1870 to 1872 he was a fireman on the Pittsburg road, when he took a position at the Bass works, advancing to the position of foreman of the cleaning department, which he filled for several years. A few months ago he was promoted to the position he now occupies. He is one of our best German citizens. His social disposition and many splendid qualities of heart and mind make him a favorite with all classess.

THE DAYS LOCAL NEWS.

The East Pittsburg shops employed four new men yesterday.

R. M. Ross has taken a position at the east Pittsburg yards.

Henry Wolding, of the Bass works, is off duty on account of an injured foot.

Henry Eider, of the Bass moulding rooms, is off duty on account of severe illness.

Ed. Mandt, of the Pennsylvania company will be married on the 22nd of this month.

John Caldwell, fireman on the Nickel Plate road, has gone to Pennsylvania to visit his parents.

John Lynch, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is off duty on account of the illness of his son.

Michael Craig, stationary engineer at the Pittsburg shops, has a good position offered him at Chicago.

J. B. Mitchell, superintendent of bridges and buildings on the Wabash, was in the city yesterday.

Foreman S. C. Henderson, of the Pittsburg shops, whose illness was noted yesterday, is better to-day.

Frank Grieskel, a brakeman on the Pittsburg road, is suffering from injuries received by the firing off of a toy cannon on New Year's day. His face was filled with powder by a premature explosion.

Saturday failed in giving a very interesting budget of news around the shops and railroads to-day.

Boyd Snyder, clerk in the Bass offices, has been quite ill for the last few days, and is confined to his home.

Brakeman Lynch, of 322 Lafayette street, is very ill. He had a very dangerous hemorrhage the other night.

The employes of the car wheel department of the Bass works were off duty to-day on account of the non-arrival of chill iron.

Frank Petgen is foreman at the Pittsburg copper shops during the illness of Foreman S. C. Henderson. Mr. Petgen is a competent young man.

Charles Scheiman, book-keeper at the organ factory, who was off duty for a few days on account of illness, was able to be at the office yesterday.

George Fry, of the Globe restaurant, so one of the Bass moulders tells us, will be married in the near future, to a young lady living in this city.

Charles Olds, of the Jenney Electric Light works, is superintending the erection of towers being placed at Saginaw, Council Bluffs and Allegheny City.

Allen A. Bowser, foreman of the machine department at S. G. Bowser & Co., has returned from Buchanan, Mich., where he has been spending a few days with his intended.

Frederick Pieper, of the Wabash shops, who was elected trustee of the Emanuel Lutheran church on New Years day, has been annually elected to that office for nine years. He is one of our best German citizens and is well qualified for the position.

Messrs. W. Shirk and Charles H. Brownell, of Peru, and T. J. Immel, of this city, held a meeting in Lafayette Monday evening for the purpose of conferring with regard to the proposed "Tow Path" railroad. The surveys have already been made, and the preliminaries have been so completely disposed of that everything is in readiness for the actual work to be begun.

From statistics collected by the Railroad Gazette, locomotive building has evidently not been as large in 1889 as in 1888. The falling off in the product has not, however, been serious. In 1888 we reported 2,180 locomotives built by seventeen firms. In 1889 we find 1,860 built by sixteen firms. The product of the firms not reporting would probably not raise the output to 2,000. The average yearly product of nineteen firms for eight years, ending with 1888, was 1,645 locomotives, 215 less than the 1889 product of the sixteen firms now reporting. Only three of the thirteen firms whose reports we can compare for the last two years show an increased product in 1889 over 1888. All of the others show a falling off of from 16 to 20 per cent. Reports from about half the car building companies show a decline of 20 per cent from the product of 1888.

The best medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will reach all the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past obliges us to admit that only one remedy has met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. The more distressing symptoms yield to it.

The cranberry crops of Oregon and Washington were very light this year, and the price is very high.

IN MEMORIAM.

In memory of Frankie Early, who died December 25, aged seven years.

'Tis vain for me to ask you
Where you miss your Frankie most,
I know you miss him everywhere,
The loved one you have lost.

Turn where you will within that home,
View things which once were his;
Your sorrowing hearts will have to say,
'How we our Frankie miss.

You'll hear within your home no more
The music of that voice,
Which used to ring in tones so sweet
It made your hearts rejoice

Gone to thy rest, dearest Frankie,
Gone to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and meek and mild,
With blessing on thy head

Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Hast from this blighting land
Where flowers so quickly fade.

F. M. JOURDAIN.

MAKE NO MISTAKE.—If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. For all afflictions arising from impure blood or low state of the system it is unequalled. Be sure to get Hood's.

In Westminster abbey Browning will find his resting place, near by Chaucer.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

The sun of Africa tans and bleaches. Stanley comes to the shore with a head of white hair.

To-night and To-morrow Night.

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price, 50c and $1. Sample bottles free.

A St. Louis brewery has erected the largest brick chimney west of Boston. It is 235 feet in height.

"STOP"—Nature Has a Cure.

EATON RAPIDS, Mich.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER Co., Detroit:—Two years I was afflicted with a very severe attack of Erysipelas. After two physicians had used their treatment for several weeks and I continued growing blind, and in their diagnosis concluded that there was no earthly help or hope for me. I gave up, having tried all the remedies I knew or heard of. My neighbor, Mr. Miller, came in to see me one day, and said try Loose's Extract of Red Clover, as he had known of its working remarkable cures. I told him I had lost hope, that nothing would do me any good in the world. He insisted, and taking his hat went to the drug store and bought me one bottle and urged me to try it, which I did. Ten days afterward I sent for two more bottles, and it is wonderful how I improved. I continued using it and to-day I am better than I have been in years. No sign of erysipelas has shown itself and I heartily recommend it to suffering humanity as the greatest and best blood purifier in existence. Yours truly,

HENRY MARVIN.

For sale by Drier & Bros.

Bradfield's Female Regulator

Should be used by the young woman, she who suffers from any disorder peculiar to her sex, and at change of life is a powerful tonic; benefits all who use it. Write the Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Have you got your diary for 1890? It and your New Year's resolution will end at about the same time.

PEARLINE IS THE FRIEND OF THE WORKINGMAN

With Pearline, he can make his face and hands as white as a woman's.

His wife can make his finest linen or coarsest overalls as *clean* and *sweet* as the linen of a gentleman of leisure.

She can keep the home as *clean* and *sweet* as any palace; and more besides, it saves her one-half the time required by ordinary soap; and by doing away with most of the rubbing it does away with the wear and tear on the woman, the clothes—in fact Pearline saves everything and everybody except the dirt.

Beware of peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers who may offer you something "just as good" as Pearline. It is the only safe, honest, and perfect way to use Pearline. Millions now use it. 333 JAMES PYLE, New York.

BOSTON T STORE.

Challenge Hams,
English Breakfast Bacon,
Silver Leaf Flour,
Fresh Roasted Coffee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

No. 20 W. BERRY ST.

TELEPHONE 152.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

MENIER CHOCOLATE

Paris Exposition, 1889 | 3 GRAND PRIZES. 5 GOLD MEDALS.

LARGEST CHOCOLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

YEARLY SALE EXCEEDS 30,000,000 POUNDS.

PUREST, HEALTHIEST AND BEST.

ASK FOR YELLOW WRAPPER MENIER CHOCOLATES AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

40 CENTS A POUND. For Sale Everywhere.

BRANCH HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK. 8

J. G. THIEME & SON,

Clothiers and Tailors.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS!

FOR FALL ARE NOW

READY FOR INSPECTION.

Our stock of Suitings, Overcoat Patterns and Trowserings is more complete than ever.

COR. CLINTON & COLUMBIA.

L. O. HULL,

WILL SELL

WALL PAPER

FOR

T·E·N D·A·Y·S

—AT—

LESS THAN COST.

Now is the time to Get a Bargain.

No. 90 Calhoun Street.

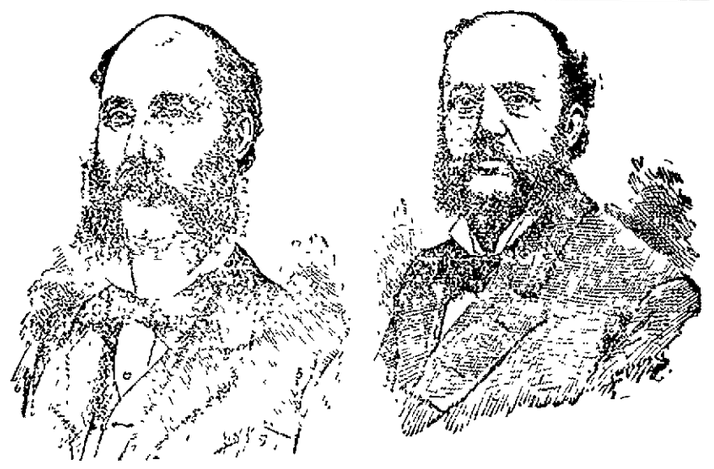
HIGHEST SPEED ON RECORD.

Most Popular Typewriter in the World.
The Best for All Kinds of Work.
Most Durable, Most Rapid.

Every machine fully warranted. Call or send for circulars and specimens of work. Full line of best paper, supplies, office furniture, &c.

H. T. CONDE IMPLEMENT CO.,
General Agents for Indiana, Indianapolis, Ind.

W. E. McDERMUT, LOCAL AGENT,
Corner Calhoun and Berry streets, Fort Wayne.



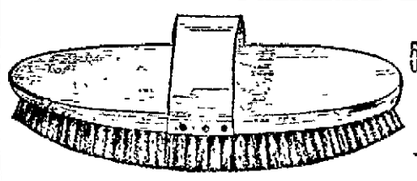
JOHN HENRY

Our rapidly increasing business makes us feel very happy and we feel thankful to the general public for their liberal patronage. It is a convincing proof to us that a large majority of the PEOPLE will BUY GOOD HONEST GOODS. We have the largest assortment of HOLIDAY SLIPPERS, all styles and sizes, for the smallest child and largest man. Call and see us. You will find almost everything in the line of BOOTS AND SHOES in our stock. We do not deal in shoddy goods.

E. VORDERMARK & SONS,

32 Calhoun Street.

SIGN OF BIG RED BOOT.



Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,

5-A HORSE BLANKETS!

Rubber Horse Covers and Rubber Coats.

JOE. W. BELL,

13 East Columbia Street.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

From Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time.

Leave and Arrive at Fort Wayne, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No 30, Mail Express	1 30 p m	1 40 p m
No 8 Fast Line	7 40 p m	8 05 p m
No 2 Pennsylvania Limited	8 53 p m	9 00 p m
No 4 Atlantic Ex	5 10 a m	5 20 a m
No 58 Chicago Accom	10 50 p m	.....
No 62 Plymouth Accom.	8 55 a m	.....
No 10 Crestline Accom	.....	7 00 a m
No. 60, Chicago Express	*1 55 a m	.....
GOING WEST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No 3, d Pacific Express	1 35 a m	1 45 a m
No 5 d Pennsylvania Limited	5 38 a m	5 45 a m
No 1, Fast Line	11 20 a m	11 40 a m
No 9 d Western Ex	5 10 p m	5 15 p m
No 11, Crestline Accom	6 45 p m	.....
No 61, Plymouth Accom.	.....	4 00 p m
No 59, Chicago Accom	.....	6 30 a m

*Daily except Monday; all other trains daily except Sunday.

NORTH DEPOT.
(MUNCIE ROUTE)

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis. Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD. Dec. 1, 1889.	No. 5. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-S'dy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne lv	6 00 a. m.	10 25 a. m.	6 05 p. m.
Indianapolis ar	10 20 a. m.	3 50 p. m.	10 50 p. m.
Cincinnati ar	——	5 30 p. m.	——
Louisville ar	——	7 00 p. m.	——
RETURNING:	Daily.	Ex-S'dy.	Daily.
Louisville lv	——	7 20 a. m.	——
Cincinnati lv	——	7 50 a. m.	——
Indianapolis lv	7 00 a. m.	11 10 a. m.	3 05 p. m.
Fort Wayne ar	11 25 a. m.	3 45 p. m.	7 30 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via. any other line.

WABASH RAILWAY.
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex. daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.
GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule limited daily	5 05 a m
Cannon Ba except Sunday	1 30
Limited Expr daily	8 25
Lafayette accom. arrives 11 a m.	

INDIANA LIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m	10 30 a m
1 45 p m	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Ft Wayne
7 15 a m	1 20 p m
1 10 p m	6 19 p m
7 00 p m	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne in Effect Nov. 10, '89

GOING NORTH.	
*For Grand Rapids and North	Lv 8 50 a m
" " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids	" 2 40 p m
From Richmond	Ar 6 10 p m
GOING SOUTH.	
For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv 5 45 a m
" "	" 1 00 p m
" "	" 12 10 a m
From Grand Rapids	Ar 6 30 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

Headquarters for Harness.

A complete outfit in the Harness line at Bottom prices. No. 39 Harrison St.

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at

No. 29 West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

Reasonable Prices

—FOR YOUR—

Hay, Straw, Oats,
Corn, Mill Feed
And Poultry Supplies,

—GO TO—

W. E. MINER'S,
45 EAST COLUMBIA ST.,

(300 6m) TELEPHONE 253.

SCHONE, WELLMAN & SCHOPPMAN,

Undertakers & Enbalmers

OFFICE: 39 W. BERRY ST.

Open day and night. Orders can be left at the office or at No. 225 East Washington street, or at No. 11 Pitcher st. dec6-d&w1m

TELEPHONE 278.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. *Is successfully used monthly.* Safe, Effectual. Price $1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG

FREE TO ALL MEN.

Sealed Treatise explaining absolute and perfect CURE without stomach drugging, for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Lack of Vigor and Development, Premature Decline, Functional Disorders, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, etc.

THE MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

DR. T. J. DILLS,

NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890.

THE STAGE.

"All the World's a Stage; the Men and Women Merely Players."

GREEN-ROOM NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

Fresh News, Idle Gossip, and Amusing Stories About Actors and the Histrionic Art.

RUBAN'S ROSALIND is the talk of all Gotham.

BLAKELY HALL has written a play for Miss Kate Forsythe.

LOUISE DILLON, now Mrs. Chapman, has retired from the stage.

SARAH BERNHARDT calls herself "the most ethereal of women."

MISS MARIE VAN ZANDT says that she took her earliest lessons from the singing birds that were kept in cages in her parents' home in New York City.

SARAH BERNHARDT has been waited upon by a committee of French matrons, who have asked the actress to appear in some proper play that they may bring their daughters to, and she has consented.

MARY ANDERSON is reported to have so far recovered from her recent illness as to be making plans for the production of "The Tempest," with Weedon Grossmith, of "Pantomime Rehearsal" fame, as Caliban.

MAY YOHE is said to have married again, and this time to a rich Californian. The father of this news says about the winsome May: "She is the greatest element of disturbance I ever saw behind the scenes. She can throw the best organized company in the country on its beam ends in less time than it takes to tell about it. She is far from good looking, but there is something about her that infatuates the boys, and sometimes the old men."

TOMASO SALVINI, the great actor, has a luxurious town house in Florence, and a country ville on a high hill a few miles from the city, from which there are glorious views of the valley of the Arno and the Apenniness. When in town he is very hospitable, and gives fine dinners to his male friends, and when in the country he leads a patriarchal life among his children and grandchildren. He is passionately fond of music, and is a good singer, while his strength and athletic skill are proverbial.

COL. SINN says that he has secured for next season for Miss Cora Tanner one of the strongest emotional plays which he thinks has been presented in America for years, entitled, "One Error." It is just fitted to Miss Tanner's abilities, in fact more so than any play she has ever had, and, although an emotional play and with a very strong love story, it is well relieved by bright and sparkling comedy. The company to be engaged will be the best that money can secure, and fully as strong, in every respect, as her company now playing in "Facination."

Jo HOWARD says in the New York *Press*: "I first heard Patti and her brother Carlo in 1849 in Brooklyn. She sang and Carlo played on the violin. Patti sang in Tripler Hall in 1850, parts of her amazing repertoire being 'Casta Diva' and 'Una Voce.' I have a picture of Carlo and her taken in 1851, and a quaint, roguish little thing she was with her jet black braids down her back. From that time until 1859 she sang in concerts, and from Nov. 24, 1859, when she made her operatic debut, she has been, as she is to-day, queen of the lyric realm."

ONE of the best of the old Dan Rice stories concerns one of the celebrated showman's many temperance lecturing tours. Dan had been on the platform about six weeks and seems to have accomplished much practical good. One day he found himself in St. Louis, Mo. There he met Eph Horn, the witty minstrel, whom he had not seen in years. Both being delighted at meeting, they retired to Dan's room, where, over numerous bottles of "rosy," they related reminiscences of show life. When Dan started for the hall where he was billed to lecture he found that he had imbibed to much. Dan's great weakness when under the mellowing influence of John Barleycorn is to talk garrulously upon every subject, from theology down to civil service reform. Upon facing his audience Dan, feeling that he ought to give them the best at his command, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I'm here to enlighten yo', so name your subject."

MARIE WAINWRIGHT'S wholly charming Viola has won universal admiration in New York.

ANNA TERESA BERGER, the leading woman cornetist of the world, is now performing in London. At her lodging she has a small room fitted up with padded walls and ceiling and draped doors, and there she practices night and day on gold and silver cornets that have been presented to her by her admirers.

MARIE JANSEN, whom Coquelin, during his visit, presented with his photo inscribed "To the Leading Soubrette in America," reduced her weight largely by taking fencing lessons, and keeping up the exercise with systematic regularity.

LOUISE PAULIN was asked to produce "Nora" three years ago, when Ibsen was not so fashionable as he has since become. She thought the play lacked dramatic power, and rejected it. Now Beatrice Cameron has made a hit in the title part.

JANAUSCHEK has announced that her day is done on the American stage.

THE Langtrys have been reconciled, as they have been seen together frequently in the same box in the opera at London.

DISSATISFIED STAR—I believe Boston is the safest harbor in the United States for ships to enter. Manager—What makes you think so? Dissatisfied Star—Because we have played to so many light houses there.

LEO GOLDMARK, the owner of all the operas of Richard Wagner, including "Parsifal" and "Die Feen," for the United States, has also acquired from Frau Cosima Wagner the sole right of production of these works for Great Britain and its colonies.

GEORGE BARRETT is socially even more popular than his brother Wilson. He is a capital story teller, and the stories he tells are chiefly at his own expense. One of the best relates to his part in "Claudian." When in the original cast in the London production he was cast for a bad part, and he felt doleful. Their wasn't a funny line in it, and the simple idea of having to wear a toga filled his mind with grief. He was, however, cheered somewhat by the author, who gave him carte blanche to introduce any comic speeches he liked. So Barrett went over to the British museum in search of some historical gags. To no purpose, however. He smelled of the mummies and pored over old manuscripts until he could stand it no longer, and then gave it up and went to the club. His friends asked him what troubled him, noticing his downcast demeanor. George told his tale of woe, and said: "What am I to do? How in time can I get any wheezes that fit the period 390 B. C.?" "That's easy done," replied his friend. "Just run in some of your own—they are ancient enough."—*Boston Globe.*

WHILE Lawrence Barrett was member of the Chestnut Street Theater Company in Philadelphia many years ago a curious incident transpired. At that time (the winter of 1863) Edwin Forrest was in retirement, living quietly at his home on Broad street. The great tragedian was a regular attendant and attentive listener. He observed young Barrett with peculiar and approving interest, and on several occasions went behind the scenes before the close of the play, called for the young actor and spoke words of commendation or offered valuable suggestions as to some bit of acting. Forrest's criticisms were often so exact as to take note of pronunciations. One evening he sent a card from his box on which was written simply: "Extrordinary, not extra-ordinary." Mr. Barrett, of course, being a self-educated man, had the failing of speaking words as they are spelled. He thought, however, that this time he had a point against his curt but friendly advisor, to whom he sent the reply: "But it is extraordinary," having in mind, of course, the question of orthography instead of orthoepy. Forrest confined his answer to four words: "Consult your pronouncing dictionary."

OWEN FAWCETT tells how the late E. A. Sothern recouped himself on an important occasion. It was the first time he played the "Crushed Tragedian," at the Walnut Street Theater, in Philadelphia. A sneak thief stole his wig from his dressing-room, and the loss was not discovered until about 3 o'clock. "I must have a new wig by 7 o'clock," was the comedians calm reply to the perturbed messenger, who had brought him the news of the mishap. The wig-maker nearly fainted when he got the order. "It is impossible," he declared, and rushed into Sothern's room to protest against the unprecedented command. "Fix your own price for the work, but have that wig here this evening," said Sothern, without a change of inflection. "But, Mr. Sothern—!" The perspiring wig-maker could get no further. "It must be here. I depend upon it. You are wasting time," was the pitiless reply. The wig-maker obtained a description of Fitz Altamont's flowing locks and hastily departed. Five minutes before 7 o'clock, he appeared at the theater with the finished wig. "What's your bill?" Sothern asked. Thirty-five dollars." "There's fifty," said the comedian, handing over the amount. "Now, never tell another actor that you can't make a wig in four hours."

NO MISTAKE POSSIBLE.

No matter what language a man employs when he wants liquor he generally makes himself understood. The Maysville *Bulletin* says:

"One of Maysville's grocers received a jug Saturday from the country, with the following request written on a piece of pasteboard:

"'Plees seel this gug up.'"

"The 'gug' was 'seeled' up, and it wasn't empty when it was returned to its owner."—*Courier Journal.*

IN Iceland there are no prisons, and no officers answering to our policemen. In 1874 it celebrated the one-thousand anniversary of its colonization, and at the same time became independent of Denmark, though subject to the King of Denmark as the head of the Icelandic Government. Iceland's new Government is thoroughly republican in spirit, all citizens having equal rights and perfect religious liberty.

THE water lily is largely used in some parts of India as food stuff. The fruit of one species that grows plentifully in the lakes of Cashmere is rich in starch and has much the flavor of a chestnut. If the nuts are dried they will keep for a long time, and when ground may be made into cakes or porridge, or they may be soaked for some hours and then boiled.

MORE than twenty-five tons of paper were used in printing the ballots for the recent election in Massachusetts.

PLEASANTRIES.

A LATE riser—Poor yeast.

EXTREMES in the laundry—Mad irons and merry girls.

IT is a sailor's experience that seas generally wash in dirty weather.

THE wheels of matrimonial life run more smoothly where there is a little juven-ile.

YOUNG lady—Waiter, have you any brie cheese? Waiter—None, ma'am, but the ones I have on.

"My life has been a chased one," remarked the hardened criminal when he had been run down at last.

THOUGH it blooms on many a patriot's nose, the rum blossom can not quite yet be called the national flower.

"BE thim all your chillern, Mrs. McSorley?" "Phwat! Thim all moin! Dye take me fer an incubator?"

"KNOW thyself?" may be all right in theory, but it would lead to a great many suicides if fully followed.

TEACHER—How many states are there? Bright boy—Please, ma'am, I haven't seen the morning papers.

SHE (between the acts)—Where are you going? He—Out to see a man for a moment. She—Is he going to buy it, or are you?

AFRAID of example—It would be better if you would drink at home, instead of at the saloons. "What! Before wife and child?"

A MONRONG, Cal., man has left $20,000 to his daughter, to be inherited only upon the birth of her first child. Case of C. O. D.

A FREQUENT case of color blindness is shown where our new black silk umbrella is taken, and an old brown cotton one is left in its place.

IRATE German (to stranger who had stepped on his toe)—Mine frent, I know mine feet vas meant to be valked on, but dot privilege pelongs to me.

FARMER'S wife—You're sure this medicine is good, John? Farmer—Certainly. The wrapper says it's good for man or beast, and I took some last week."

PROFESSOR—As I was saying, these air currents are caused by variations of temperature. Now, Mr. Jones, what do we notice on a windy day? Mr. Jones—Stockings.

NEW man—What shall I say about Mr. Goodman's project? Able editor—See what the miserable sheet across the way says about it, and then take the other side.

MCBRICKBAT was told that a prosperous neighbor's darling had presented him with triplets. "No wonder that fellow gets along," growled Mc., "for he's got a steady birth."

DEVOTED lover—You shiver, darling! Are you cold? Delicate darling (with chattering teeth, whose musical rival is at the piano)—Yes, Charles; I think it is the air from the piano.

MAMMA (at the doll counter)—Now, Flossie dear, here is a very large assortment to select from. What kind of a dolly would you like to have? Flossie—Twins, mamma, if you please.

BRAGGS—This is a little late for you to be out, isn't it, Peck? Aren't you afraid your wife will miss you?" Mr. N. Peck—I hope she will. She can fling things pretty straight, though.

SHE—This is your first year at college, isn't it? He—Yes. How did you know that? She—I knew by the way your arm felt around me. The muscle's are not as fully developed as a senior's.

JOINLY—Yes, we often regret the words we have left unsaid. For instance, I wish I had said the words that would have made Annie Temper my wife. Jackly (sincerely)—I wish you had. I married her.

MASTER TOMMY was strutting about very proud of his first pair of pants. "And now," remarked a member of the family, "you're quite a man." "Yes," added the youngster, "and I can swear just likepapa."

"'Tis happiness," he said, "to let
My heart its bounty tell,
To breathe the dulcet utterances
That speak my love so well;
'Tis happiness to freight the tongue
With passion's every need"—
And then she softly interposed,
"'Tis sappiness indeed!"

HE WASN'T AFRAID.

In view of the fact that the United States man-of-war Chicago has had a collision with a tug-boat and escaped destruction, we feel so much encouraged as to venture the assertion that should this sort of vessel become epidemic in the American navy no foreign power could safely come at us with a birch-bark canoe. By the way, this incident recalls a story we recently heard. A well-known naval officer called at the house of a friend in this city, and was no sooner seated than the friend's 5-year-old boy appeared at the parlor doorway with his thumb in his mouth and fright and curiosity mingled on his face.

"Come in," said the naval officer, "come and see me."

But the child drew back behind the door,

"Come in, Harry," said the father, smiling; "it's only a naval officer, an American naval officer at that."

"Oh," said Harry, and he walked boldly up to the guest and seemed not to know what the men were laughing at.—*Washington Post.*

A POSER FOR THAT AUTHOR.

Editor—I do not think we can use your article.

Contributor—Press of other matter and all that twaddle, I suppose?

"Oh, but you don't seem to understand what you are writing about."

"Surely, you are mistaken, sir."

"Not much. Here you speak of Mars with his stern front."

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? you blankety-blank idiot, can anything have its stern in front?"—*Binghampton Republic.*

Something New.

With the compliments of the season, we find on our table a very attractive little volume which contains very many useful items of information, besides the novelty of a large collection of autographs of prominent men, and also humor and rhyme well illustrated. A special attraction is its offer of "Free Music," which offer is set forth therein. The little book is the annual St. Jacobs Oil Calendar for 1889-90, which is in every way as good as the best published in this line, and is gotten out in the interest of The Great Remedy for Pain, St. Jacobs Oil, and the other valuable specifics for the cure of disease which THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md., the publishers and proprietors, have placed on the market. These great remedies are by reputation standards in trade. The book is to be found at druggists and dealers', for free distribution, or, it can be had by sending a two-cent stamp to the publishers.

Bootblacks Who Ring Up Their Shines.

As the Philadelphian stepped down from the chair and surveyed his well-polished boots with satisfaction, the bootblack rung up the price of the shine on a primitive-looking concern, an imitation of the cash registers that ornament the city's bar and lunch counters.

Philadelphian—What in the world is that?

Bootblack—Dat is de register, boss. Dat tells how many shines I does.

Questioning brought out the statement that this particular "shiner" was one of several who were working for an employer, and the crude register was an invention of the capitalist to prevent his employes from "knocking down," as the bootblack put it.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Merry Children.

Mrs. Murrayhill — Celeste, what is Master Harold crying for?

Celeste—I happened to say, madam, that I lived with a boy who had 104 presents one Xmas.

Mrs. Murrayhill—Well?

Celeste—Why, then he insisted upon counting his, and he has been kicking and crying like this ever since; because he has only ninety-eight.

Mrs. Murrayhill (soothingly)—There, Harold, dear, you shall have some more if you want them. I should think, Celeste, you could get on peaceably with the little fellow to-day of all days.—*Life.*

He Told Her So.

"There goes another of those dress reformers, Brown. Did you ever see anything so ridiculous? Just look at it?"

"Yes; I told her it wasn't becoming, and would cause remarks."

"You told her? Why, what do you mean? Told who?"

"Told that woman yonder. She's my wife."—*American Commercial Traveler.*

"WHY need it be?" we say, and sigh
When loving mothers fade and die,
And leave the little ones whose feet
They hoped to guide in pathways sweet.

It need *not* be in many cases. All about us women are dying daily whose lives might have been saved. It seems to be a widespread opinion that when a woman is slowly fading away with the diseases which grow out of female weaknesses and irregularities that there is no help for her. She is doomed to death. But this is not true. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is constantly restoring women afflicted with diseases of this class to health and happiness. It is the only medicine for these ailments, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* from the manufacturers of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial; one a dose.

True Friendship.

She (whispering)—You see that Mrs. Youngboy playing at the piano? I do feel so sorry for her husband—she flirts so outrageously, and they fight like dogs and cats!

He (interested)—Indeed!

She—Yes; and their poor children are so neglected! They both have vile tempers, you know, and I don't suppose anyone could get along with either of them.

He—But how do you come to know all this?

She (surprised)—I?—Why, I am their best friend, don't you know!—*St. Paul Eye.*

Deafness Can't Be Cured.

By local application, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Why Are Hotel Cooks so Often Fat?

"Did you ever wonder why most cooks are fleshy?" asked the chef of a well-known hotel. "Well, I have a theory that is held by many people to be correct. The unusual amount of flesh is undoubtedly due to the absorption through the nostrils, mouth, and pores of the skin of the aroma, or what ever you call it, of food which is being cooked. The man or woman who, day after day, lives in an atmosphere permeated with savory odors of cooking food soon begins to get fleshy. Think this over and you will agree with me."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Wonderful Flesh Producer.

This is the title given to *Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. *Use it, and try your weight.* Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists.

"HAVEN'T you finished scaling the fish yet, Sam?" "No, master; 'tis a very large one." "Why, you have had time to scale a mountain."

WHAT an irascible father says: As the twig is bent the boy is inclined to shoot out at the door.

Many imitate "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

WHAT weed does a gardener seldom object to? A cigar in his own mouth.

Helpless 40 Days

"For twenty-five years I have suffered with sciatic rheumatism. Last November I was taken worse than ever, and was unable to get out of the house. I was almost helpless for forty days, suffering great agony all the time. In December I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the second bottle I was able to be out and around and attend to business. I took five bottles, and am now so free from rheumatism that only occasionally I feel it slightly on a sudden change of weather. I have great confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla." CHARLES HANNAH, Christie, Clarke Co., Wis.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. DR. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID, or highest commission and 30 DAYS' CREDIT to AGENTS on our NEW BOOK. J. S. ZEIGLER & CO., Quincy Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

HOME STUDY. Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by *mail*. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N.Y.

CATON'S FRENCH VITALIZERS. A Quick and Positive Remedy and Laxative for Nervous Debility and Lost Manhood. A Marvellous Invigorator, restoring Immediately. By mail, $5, 2 for $9. Circular free. DR. CATON, Boston, Mass.

The Grave Gets Tired Yawning,

Seemingly, for certain wretched invalids who toddle feebly along, though always looking as if they were going to die, but omitting to do it. They dry up, wither, dwindle away finally, but in the meantime never having robust health, know nothing of the physical enjoyment the zest of that existence to which they cling with such remarkable tenacity. They are always to be found trying to mend by tinkering at themselves with some trashy remedy, tonic or "pick me up" to give a fillip to digestion, or "help the liver." If such misguided folks would resort and adhere to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it would be well with them. This superb invigorant supplies the stamina that the feeble require, by permanently re-enforcing digestion and assimilation. It overcomes nervousness, insomnia, malaria, kidney complaints, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism and neuralgia.

Seemed Strange.

Willie—That's an awful pretty doll of yours, Gracie. I wonder what's the reason they always make dolls to look like little girls.

Gracie—'Cause girls are prettier than boys.

"I know it but it seems to me mighty strange they don't make a boy a doll sometimes. Now this one of yours can roll its eyes up and down, and sort of talk, you know, Gracie, and—"

"And call out 'papa' when you squeeze it."

"Yes, that's what makes it seem so strange. Girls don't do that, you know."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Copy of Original.

VAN WERT, Ohio, July 11, 1889.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

GENTS—This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

ALBERT KING.

We certify to the above testimonial.

HINES & SON, Druggists.

Forcibly Struck.

"Did you read my play?" said Penley to Banks.

"Yes."

"How did it strike you?"

"Forcibly; I couldn't restrain my emotion."

"That's true," broke in Banks' wife; "I was in the next room when he read it and I never heard a man swear so in my life."—*Washington Capital.*

To-Night and To-Morrow Night,

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists' Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle *to-day* and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price 50c and $1.00. Sample bottle free.

The Ball at Johnson's.

"I regret to say, gents," said Mr. Johnson, stopping the dance in "partners to the center," "de ice cream man's here, but he won't leave de viand till he's paid, an' as all my cash uz los' in the nex' room on de dice, ef it is de wish o' de comp'ny dat de ice cream be lef', it'll be my duty to collec' a small sum from each gent."—*New York Sun.*

THOSE who use Dobbins' Electric Soap each week (*and their name is legion*) save their clothes and strength, and let *soap* do the work. Did *you* ever try it? It not *do* so Monday *sure*. Ask your grocer for it.

A NEGRO minstrel, when asked what his rade was, responded that he was a caulker.

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY.—BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.

A MECHANIC'S wife rarely wears a tulle bonnet, and yet her bonnet is usually the result of the use of the tool.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

A FIRE-PLACE has a grate opportunity.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

ASTHMA.

Popham's Asthma Specific

Relief in TEN MINUTES.

PETER H. SWOYER, M. D., Fritztown, Pa., writes: "I have had Asthma for 20 years; found no relief until I tried your Specific, which relieved me immediately." Sold by all Druggists. $1 per box, by mail, post paid.

TRIAL PACKAGE FREE.

Address, T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

PENSIONS If you want your pension without delay, put your claim in the hands of JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Attorney, Washington, D. C.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief Price 50cts. ASTHMA by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

A MAN at Genoa, Ohio, has a clock two hundred years old. That must be one of the old times we read about.—*Tid-Bits.*

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

DID you ever notice how they struggle to conceal the identity of hash on a bill of fare by putting it in French?

LUMBAGO.

Lumbago is a form of the chronic stage of rheumatism, in the lumbar region or muscles of the back, which is readily cured by rubbing the parts freely with St. Jacobs Oil. It is commonly known as:

BACKACHE.

Victoria, Tex., June 22, 1888.

I was in bed two months with backache; suffered about three months. I was cured by St. Jacobs Oil permanently; no return in 14 months. G. W. JEFFERSON.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

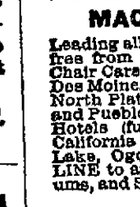
ASTHMA CAN BE CURED. A trial bottle sent Free to anyone afflicted. DR. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

THE SAILOR'S DARING.

"Man overboard! Stand by to lower away the boats!" With what alacrity every man on board springs to his post at the dread cry, knowing a fellow creature's life is at stake! Yet that life is in no more danger than that of the man or woman who trifles with what may seem "a simple blood disorder," but which in reality is fast sowing the seeds of a fatal disease, when the early use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery would cleanse the blood, restore impaired digestion, tone up the vital organs and ward off consumption. It should take the place in the family corresponding to that occupied by the life preserver on shipboard. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, "Golden Medical Discovery" is guaranteed to cure. This it will do if taken in the earlier stages of consumption, but after a large part of the lungs have broken down, no medicine can stay its fatal progress. How important then that the earliest premonitory symptoms be heeded! Short breath, spitting of blood, occasional chilly sensations creeping up the spinal column, hacking cough, variable or poor appetite, feeble digestion, with gradual loss of flesh, cold feet, lassitude or general debility, should admonish one that all is not right.

You can't afford to fool away precious time if suffering from any considerable number of the above significant symptoms of approaching danger! It's madness to trifle and experiment with uncertain means of relief and cure when thus afflicted! Don't forget, at such a critical time, that the only medicine possessed of such positive curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it, through druggists, under a positive guarantee of its benefiting or curing in *every case*, is the world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery." For all Bronchial, Throat and Lung Affections, Weak Lungs, and kindred ailments, it is an *unequaled* remedy.

For a Complete Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, or for one on Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, enclose ten cents, in stamps, state which book you want and address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

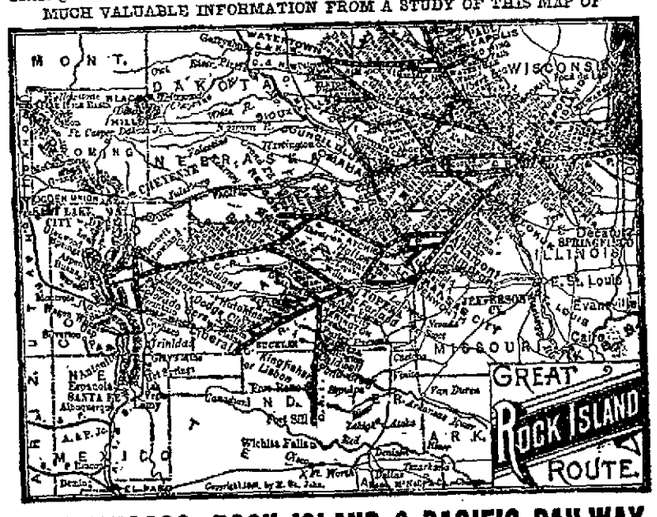


$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels (furnishing meals at seasonable hours) west of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. CHICAGO, ILL. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

YOU ARE A LIAR when you dare to say that Jones of Binghamton, Binghamton, N.Y., doesn't sell the very best FIVE-TON WAGON SCALES Beam Box, Tare Beam, for $40. Free price list, even size. "Jones he pays the freight."

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

YOUNG MEN wanted to Learn Telegraphy. Situations furnished. Circulars free. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

N. U. F. W.....No. 1—90.

When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE ®.COM

SABBATH READING.

SABBATH DAY REFECTIONS.

Palm Tree Religion—There Is One Who Can—Spurgeon's Hornets' Nest—Gems of Thought.

It Has Been Said That a Holy Life Is a Continual Sermon.

Spurgeon's Hornets' Nest.

It is not an easy thing to kill out a sin, even the smallest one. Every evil habit, disposition, appetite or passion roots itself deeply, and it is slow work to get rid of them.

What is needed is not so much new resolutions as a new heart; not so much a new determination as a new man to make a new determination.

In speaking of the gospel of Christ as the great cure for intemperance, Mr. Spurgeon said:

"There was a hornets' nest in my garden. I tried to kill the hornets singly, but it took me a long time to dispose even of one. At last on a fine night I heated a poker red hot, and dropped it in the hole where they were. I never saw another hornet! The living fire of the gospel is wanted to burn not one special sin only, but all sins, from the human heart."—*Armory.*

Gems of Thought.

GOD is truth, and light His shadow.—*Plato, B. C. 427.*

RELIGION is not a dogma, nor an emotion, but a service.—*Rev. E. D. Hitchcock.*

WE are lifted up less by what thou givest than by what thou takest.—*Dr. Goodell.*

MEASURE not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.—*Fuller.*

FAITH evermore overlooks the difficulties of the way, and bends her eyes only to the end.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE brave only know how to forgive—it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at.—*Sterne.*

AS WATER runs down from the swelling hills, and flows together in the lowly vale, so grace flows not but into humble-hearts.—*Augustine.*

I ALWAYS find that there is more hazard in sailing upon smooth water. When the winds blow and the seas rage, even the sleepers will rise and call upon God.—*John Wesley.*

IF you cannot pray over a thing, and cannot ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart.

"There Is One Who Can."

In a conversation with Mr. Moody, a few years ago, he related the followed incident, illustrating the power of Him who is mighty to save:

At the close of an evening meeting in the church at Chicago, a well-dressed young man came in from the street and inquired for Mr. Moody. After a little search Mr. Moody was found, and coming forward he greeted the stranger cordially and inquired his errrand. With much earnestness the young man said:

"I have come to ask you to save me. I am going to ruin from the use of drink, and unless you save me I shall go down."

Mr. M. still warmly held the outstretched hand, as he said earnestly, "*I can't!*"

With evident disappointment his caller said, "Why, you surprise me, Mr. Moody, it is at a great sacrifice of my pride that I have come to you; my mother and sister told me you could save me, and now you say you can not."

"No," said Mr. M., "indeed I can not; but *there is One who can!* Come, and I'll lead you to Him."

They went into a side room, and there with simplicity and loving earnestness Mr. Moody told him of his lost condition,—of the mighty love and power of Jesus, and of His deep personal interest in him. They knelt in prayer—the prayer of penitence, faith, and acceptance; the burden rolled off, and there was joy in Heaven over another soul converted.

Yes, "*There is One who can!*" Blessed be God for the simplicity of the Gospel method of salvation.

Palm Tree Religion.

"A palm tree will grow anywhere." I've heard people say they could not be a Christian, and be a merchant; could not be a Christian and be a lawyer. A man who can be a first-class business and professional man can be a first-class Christian. I've heard a woman say: "I can't be religious and keep house. The servants trouble me nearly to death." It's mighty hard for a husband to live with that sort of a woman and be a Christian. I expect there's more religion in the kitchen than in the parlor in that house. It's often the case. One of the best men I ever saw was a doctor in full practice. One of the best men I ever saw was a lawyer in full practice. One of the best women I ever saw had six children. In every walk of life there are glorious Christian characters. When I see one good lawyer, one good doctor, and one good house-keeper, good Christians, it is proof that those of that and every other class can be first-class Christians. It's like an old man down South who got religion at a camp-meeting one night. He got up the next morning, he said, and went down in the field and found that the mules had it, that the cows had it, that everything had religion. Sister, you put on green glasses and everything looks green. Put on blue goggles and everything looks blue.

"The palm tree not only grew everywhere, but other palm trees grew up around it. If there is one good man in any community, others will spring up around him. Another thing about a palm tree, crush it down to the earth and it will shoot its top right up straight toward Heaven again. Righteousness is like the palm tree, and every adversity of life could never break faith."—*Southern Evangelist.*

GOOD TASTE.

"You may name this boy, Mary," said a man to his wife, when their fifth child was a few weeks old, "only you must call him John." The father had had his own way with the other four, and it was no more than fair that he should consult his wife's taste for once. It is a pleasure to see husbands thus considerate. The Detroit *Tribune* records a similar instance:

An elderly couple entered a dry goods store on Woodward avenue. He was slim and tall, and she was round and short.

"My wife and I have come to do some shopping," he said to the clerk.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; my wife wants a new dress to take home."

"Ah!"

"Just show her what you have. Let her select whatever she wants."

"What line of goods will you have, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, something in silk," answered the husband for her.

The clerk took down a roll of bright colored patterns.

"How does that please you, madam?" he asked.

"No, that is too bright," said the husband.

"How do you like this, madam?" asked the clerk, displaying another roll.

"No, my wife doesn't like that," he returned. "It is too dark."

Again and again the clerk displayed his wares before them, always appealing to the taste of the wife, and being answered by the husband.

"Well," he said at length, "I guess this piece will do. Wrap it up."

When they were on the street he said to his wife:

"That's a nice piece of goods you selected, Mary."

A look of quiet humor stole into the old lady's eyes, but she merely answered, quietly, as she glanced affectionately into his face:

"Do you think so, John?"

DEPEW'S STORY OF HORACE GREELEY.

To interrupt Horace Greeley when he was in the throes of bringing forth an editorial—an editorial which has never been equaled in the journalism of America—an editorial which was a slogan for his party, a thunderbolt for his foes—was a danger which no friend, no enemy, none but a fool dare encounter. I was once in his editorial sanctum when the fool was there. To relieve your apprehensions, I was not the fool. But he was one of those itinerant and persistent gentlemen with a subscription book. He kept presenting it while old Horace was writing—as most of you remember, with a pen away up to his chin, like this (illustrating), and Horace had a habit, when any one would interfere of kicking, and so he kicked at the subscription fiend. Finally, when he saw he could not get rid of the intruder by this means, he stopped in the middle of a sentence, tured round, and said raspingly in that shrill voice of his:

"What do yo want? State it quick, and state it in the fewest possible words."

"Well," said the subscription fiend, I want a subscription, Mr. Greeley, to prevent thousands of my fellow beings from going to hell."

Said Mr. Greeley: "I won't give you a damned cent. There don't half enough go there now."

COLOR BLINDNESS AMONG SEAMEN.

A parliamentary paper is issued containing a report of the Assistant Secretary of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade upon the color tests used in the examination of candidates for masters' and mates' certificate of competency, and others, in the British mercantile marine. In the examinations in color, in the general examination for a certificate as master or mate there were 4,128 candidates examined, of whom eighteen were rejected for mistakes made in colors. The number of persons examined in colors only, without reference to further capacity, and among whom were a large number of seafaring persons who do not intend to become officers, but are, for some reason, desirous of testing their capacity to distinguish colors, was 789, of whom thirty-six were rejected, or 4.56 per cent., as compared with 2.94 per cent. last year. The failing colors are black, red and green. It was shown that thirty-two of the unsuccessful candidates described red as green, six described green as red, sixteen described green as pink, seventeen described black as red, and fourteen described black as green.—*Scotsman.*

IT WORKED BOTH WAYS.

Colonel Mosby relates the following amusing incident, which occurred in a cavalry charge in the Shenandoah Valley in 1864:

In the midst of a sharp cavalry engagement with Sheridan's men, in a charge near Berryville, there came riding into our lines, like a whirlwind, a Yankee soldier on a black horse.

A score of men tried to stop horse and rider, but the old black's blood was up, and he went on, clean through our lines before he was under control. The rider was sent to Libby Prison, and we mustered the black charger into the Confederate service.

A few days later we charged some of Custer's men, and that old horse was ridden into the engagement by one of our soldiers. The old black evened up things, too, for he carried his rider into the Federal lines and never came back.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle Anent Matronly Mothers, Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

A Fortunate Woman Physician.

The daughter of the late Dr. Bliss, the famous old physician who was the medical adviser of several presidents and whose name has been a household word in the capital for forty years, is one of the rising physicians of the city. She is a fair type of that large class of brainy, earnest women who take up the battle of life practically alone, but with unfailing courage. Dr. Clara Bliss-Hinds is not only winning popularity in Washington as a practising physician, but is becoming famous throughout the country as an advocate of woman's life insurance and of the systematic collection of statistics bearing upon the birth, life, and death of the human race. At his death Dr. Bliss, after a long and very successful practice, left little except an account-book containing $20,000 of unpaid bills. I have heard it said that Dr. Bliss prolonged the lives of a greater number of public men than any other physician of his time. The late S. S. Cox used to say that Dr. Bliss had saved his life half a dozen times.—*Washington letter.*

Mme. Boulanger.

No more pathetic spectacle now confronts the eyes of the world, says the Boston *Traveler*, than that of Mme. Boulanger, wife of the flighty-fancied General, who for so long has lived alone with her two daughters in retiracy in Paris. Hers is a sad though handsome face, in which pain has cut more lines and grooves than time, while to listen to her low, sweet voice is to wonder how the General can endure passing any of his days beyond the reach of its subtle music. She is a gentle, little, heart-broken lady, from whom the iron hands of ambition have clutched all that she found best in love.

And she has not even the satisfaction of knowing that the man who turned the sunshine of her earlier days into the bleak desolation of the present ever gives her a single thought. Still she does not condemn him. "It is not for me to judge him," she sometimes says when some one accosts her concerning him: "we loved each other once. Some day," she usually adds, "he will need my love again. I do not wish to be divorced from him, because I want to retain the right to care for him when all the world forsakes him—when, save his wife, he has no friend." History tells us of few more beautiful characters than hers. How unworthy of her is the roystering, blatant demagogue to whom she remains so true.

Detroit Maids Who Carry Revolvers.

A respectable appearing lady walked into the office of Chief of Police Pittman, of Detroit, and inquired:

"Can I have a permit to carry a pistol?"

"No, madam, you cannot," answered Gen. Pittman, elevating his eyebrows in surprise. "It is not in my power to give you one."

"But I will be arrested if I carry one without a permit, and it is necessary to protect myself with in dangerous parts of the city at late hours."

"If you are a law-abiding citizen and only carry a pistol in case of being molested, the law will not interfere with you," answered the Chief; "but if you show the weapon to your friends on the street or allow an officer to know that you carry it you will be arrested. This is the first time I have ever been asked for a permit by a woman."

As the lady left the office she remarked to a *Free Press* reporter:

"I shall carry a pistol when I go into dangerous parts of the city or am alone at late hours. Nearly half the teachers of Detroit carry either stilettos or toy pistols. I know model young ladies who never go out without a loaded revolver in their pockets or sachels. They are given to them by fathers, husbands and lovers to protect themselves with. And in many a cellar and secluded back yard there is a target where the girls practice shooting. With the Chief of Police on my side I shall hereafter go armed."

Where Women Came From.

Woman's first appearance has been a fruitless subject for the legend mongers. The Phœnician myth of creation is found in the story of Pygmalion and Galatea. There the first woman was carved by the first man out of ivory and then endowed with life by Aphrodite. The Greek theory of the creation of woman, according to Hesiod, was that Zeus, as a cruel jest, ordered Vulcan to make woman out of clay, and then induced the various gods and goddesses to invest the clay doll with all their worst qualities, the result being a lovely thing, with a witchery of mein, refined craft, eager passion, love of dress, treacherous manners, and shameless mind. The Scandinavians say that as Odin Vill, and Ve, the three sons of Bor, were walking along the sea beach, they found two sticks of wood, one of ash and one of elm. Sitting down the gods shaped man and woman out of these sticks, whittling the woman from the elm and calling her Emia.

One of the strangest of stories touching the origin of woman is told by the Madagascarenes. In so far as the creation of man goes, the legend is not unlike that related by Moses, only that the fall came before Eve arrived. After the man had eaten the forbidden fruit he became afflicted with a boil on the leg, out of which, when it burst, came a beautiful girl. The man's first thought was to throw her to the pigs, but he was commanded by a voice from heaven to let her play among the diggings until she was of marriageable age, then to make her his wife. He did so, called her Baboura, and she became the mother of all races of men. The American Indian myths relative to Adam and Eve are numerous and entertaining. Some traditions trace back our first parents to white and red maize; another is that man, searching for a wife, was given the daughter of the king of muskrats, who, being dipped into the waters of a neighboring lake, became a woman.

In the Ladies' Parlor.

No one who is obliged to wait in the ladies' parlor of one of our large stores need be at a loss for amusement. To any person with an observant pair of eyes, entertainment is provided free. There is no better place in which to see and enjoy different types of feminine nature.

There is the old lady from the country, up for a day's shopping. She is arrayed in rusty black, with a big plaid shawl, and carries a brown carpet-bag, with a green parrot swinging in a yellow ring worked upon it.

When she opens her bag and innocently begins to munch her doughnut—seated as she is immediately beneath the notice, "Luncheons Must Not Be Eaten Here"—even the woman in charge of the place, noting how carefully she collects every crumb in the paper on her knee, has not the heart to disturb her.

As she rises to go, the two gay young girls who have been chattering in a corner while one of them coaxed a pair of new gloves upon her plump hands rise also. The old lady speaks to them; and they are heard to say in reply:

Oh yes; they are going the same way, and they will put her into the right car with pleasure.

One of them takes her bag; the newly-gloved fingers of the other daintily lift the paper containing the remains of the doughnut and turnover; she flits across the room and tosses it into the fire, then runs laughing to catch up with the others. The three pass out together, the little drama ends, and the observer looks about to find some other persons worthy of his attention.

There is the rosy young lady with the music roll, warming her numb hands at the fire, and keeping one eye on the clock to see if she must start yet for her class—a country girl, evidently, come thirty or forty miles in this bleak weather to take her lesson in the city.

There is the pale woman with a headache, her eyes closed, lying back with her head against a rolled-up shawl; and the pleasant matron who goes to her with a vinaigrette and a glass of water.

There is the distracted woman who has lost something, and keeps emptying her shopping-bag into her lap, opening and counting all the parcels; putting them back; sitting still a few minutes with an expression of dismal resignation, and then, apparently thinking that after all perhaps she has overlooked it, repeating the same process from the beginning.

There is the near-sighted girl holding a Greek grammar close to her face and muttering conjunctions.

All these are interesting, but the observer is more attracted toward two young women in the dimmest and remotest nook of the room, who are laughing a good deal while one of them tries to place herself so as to conceal what the other is doing.

For some time this remains a mystery, but, presently, stepping across the two valises at their feet, the young women come forward, and one of them is seen to be bareheaded.

She goes to the glass, and there ties on a very pretty little bonnet, evidently just trimmed, and turns to her companion for inspection. It is approved, and they return to their seat, with whispering and more laughter, and appear to be making up a bundle there.

The observer makes a shrewd guess at what it is; he thinks they are from out of town, and are starting on a journey, and that she needed a new traveling bonnet, and had had no time to get it before.

There! they are going; they are gone.

A parcel lies on the seat they had occupied. The woman in charge comes up; smiles; smiles more broadly; opens and displays it. Sure enough, it is the shabby, old, discarded hat, labelled, in large, pencilled letters, on a conspicuous tag:

"For the worthy poor!"—*Youth's Companion.*

REMARKABLE INTELLIGENCE OF A HORSE.

One of the characters in the play of "Shenandoah" is a horse whose duty it is to put his head in at a window in the first act and to dash across on the stage, later on, with Sheridan on his back. On one night, while Mr. Howard was looking on behind the wings, he saw the horse toss up his head, erect his ears and display every other sign of equine excitement. "What on earth is the matter with the beast?" Mr. Howard asked. "He has just gotten his cue," said Mr. Frohman; "after the first few nights he recognized a certain line that has just been spoken on the stage, as a signal to be ready for his performance, and now when he hears these words, though they are quietly spoken, in the course of an ordinary dialogue, he gets ready in this way." This led to a further conversation about the horse, in which Mr. Howard expressed his admiration of that particular animal, though Mr. Frohman said that any horse would do equally well, so intelligent is the animal as a rule.—*New York Sun.*

WHEN a man learns from experience that wickedness is more uncomfortable than goodness—and it is—reform may be expected.

RELICS OF TECUMSEH.

His Powder Horn and a Piece of His Skin Presented to a G. A. R. Post.

An interesting bit of Indian war history of this vicinity is brought out by the presentation to Huff Post, G. A. R., at Lawrenceburg, Ind., of a powder horn, once the property of the Indian Chieftain Tecumseh. This horn was carried slung across Tecumseh's shoulder in the famous battle of the Thames in 1813. It was presented to the post by Henry Morris, of Lawrenceburg. He is a son William Morris, better known to Ohio Valley pioneers as "Indian Bill," who figured in many savage and bloody encounters. After the great fight, seventy-six years ago, "Indian Bill" found the body of the slain warrior. The powder horn, still attached to the string around Tecumseh's neck, lay on his breast. The scout removed it and preserved it as the most sacred of his relics. At his death, a few years ago, he presented it to his son Henry. The horn was cut from the head of the first buffalo Tecumseh killed. He carefully scraped and polished it, and displayed a great deal of skill and ingenuity in fitting a bottom to it and shaping the mouth. The entire surface of the receptacle is covered with Indian characters and legends. Mr. Morris has another and more gory and ghastly trophy of that famous battle. It is a strip of skin cut from the middle of Tecumseh's back. The old settlers felt about the same savage satisfaction in cutting up and mutilating the bodies of their slain red foes, as the Indians did in scalping. After taking the horn off Tecumseh's body, old "Indian Bill" turned the chieftain on his face, and with his scalping knife cut a strip of skin several inches wide off the warrior's back down the entire length. This strip was "cured," and for the remainder of Bill's life did service as a razor strop. Indian Bill Morris at the time of his death, in Switzerland County, Ind., a few years ago, was 104 years old. When only 7 years old, living with his parents near what became the site of Lexington, Ky., he was stolen and carried into captivity by the Indians. Two white men were taken prisoners with him. When the party reached what is now Chillicothe, O., then a great Indian encampment, the two white men were skinned alive by the squaws of the village and then slowly roasted to death. The boy was made a slave by an old squaw and suffered incredible hardships. When she died Bill fell to the lot of another old woman, who devised even more fiendish treatment for him than his first mistress. Bill was washing hominy at the river one day when he was about 15 years old, when the old woman struck him with a club. The infuriated lad wrenched the weapon from her and dealt her a blow that knocked her senseless into the stream and she drowned. The boy was followed for three days and nights by the savages and finally escaped by hiding himself in a hollow log that was floating down the Ohio River with other driftwood. When he finally reached the settlement of Cincinnati, he narrowly escaped being shot for an Indian, so closely did he resemble one. He finally got back to his parents, who had long mourned him as dead. From that long captivity among the Indians, he got that implacable hatred of the red man which distinguished him in after life. For years, in company with Daniel Boone and other noted pioneers, Bill followed little else than Indian trails, and no less game than a savage redskin satisfied his hatred. He was one of the bravest soldiers under Col. Dick Johnson, and killed nine Indians himself in the battle of the Thames. When he saw Tecumseh fall under the unerring aim of a comrade, he rushed forward and secured the powder-horn and the strip of skin off the dead chief's back.

HINDOO SUPERSTITIONS.

Hindoos eat, drink, sleep and breathe in an atmosphere of superstition. There is not a single action in every day life that does not savor of good or bad luck. They must be continually on their guard, either to propitiate a bad spirit or return thanks to a good one.

The Hindoos are early risers. In the warm season—extending from April to October—they sleep either upon the housetop or in the court-yard, or in the veranda if rain should be threatening, and are usually up at five o'clock or earlier in the morning.

In the cold weather, when they sleep within doors, they rise later, but they are out before seven. Rising in the morning while but half awake, the Hindoo repeats the name of Rama several times. Happening to yawn, he immediately fillips his thumb and middle finger, though he does not know why.

He prepares for his morning toilet. He plucks a twig from a tree, breaks off a span length of it, crushes one end between his teeth and extemporizes a tooth-brush. He next draws up water from a well in the yard with an iron bucket, and prepares to wash his hands and face. This is quickly done. He then throws on an extra garment, the thickness and texture depending on the season and weather, lights his hooka, takes a few pulls with his euphonious bubble-bubble, and is ready to go out.

With a passing "Rama, rama!" to friend or acquaintance, and a neighborly gossip by the way, he repairs to his place of business. While going, he will sedulously avoid those signs and sounds which may augur ill for the day.

Should one sneeze, or should he hear the cawing of a crow or the cry of a kite, or should he meet an old man, or one blind or lame, or see a cat cross his path, he would be greatly distressed as to the day before him. On the other hand, if a fox crosses his path, if he hears a gong or shell summoning him to worship, or if he meets a Brahman with his head uncovered, he would rejoice, hailing it as auspicious. Some are so superstitious that if any evil portent occurs on the way, they return home, have a smoke or chew a betel-leaf, and proceed afresh.

SLAUGHTER OF TREES IN CALIFORNIA.

A California saw-mill is always run on a large scale, says a writer in *Garden and Forest.* Labor is high priced, transportation is difficult, owing to the size of the logs, and so the only way to make money is to rush things. Every two or three minutes a log comes in, is squared, sliced into planks, ripped into laths, turned into broom-handles, shaved into shingles or split into scantling. It is gigantic work from dawn to dark, and sadly, strangely impressive. I have visited many of the most famous saw-mills of the coast, from the Navarro Redwoods—a million-dollar estate in Mendocino, where I have seen logs fifteen feet in diameter turned into railroad ties—to the great mills of the Pine-belt of the Sierras, and I know of nothing more calculated to make an American citizen pause and ask himself where it will end. I asked a mill-owner about it the other day, and his answer was: "When we have cut it all off we will go to Alaska."

"But the people want these forests left."

"The people don't care. Every settler within ten miles of my mill wants to sell me trees at a dollar apiece. The State doesn't care or it would have saved at least the school sections. The country don't care or we should hear from it. There is money in the lumber business, and every tree has to go. Sorry for the feelings of the fellows who didn't know enough to get timberland when it was cheap."

In the Mount Shasta region there are twenty-two species of conifers, and an observer from the Smithsonian listed 103 species of birds. There are great glaciers, hot, cold, and mineral springs, mountain lakes, extinct craters, and all that goes to make the region "the keystone mountain mass" which upholds the northern arch of coast range and Sierra. The "Shasta Park" idea was a fine conception, but no one has taken a step toward its fulfillment. Is it indeed true that "nobody cares," and that nothing can be done to save these forests until another generation has been educated by hard necessity to a knowledge of the issues involved?

TOM CORWIN'S AUDIENCE.

A recently told story about Judge John A. Corwin, of Ohio, calls to the mind of a valued friend an incident in the career of the Judge's famous brother, says the Washington *Post.* Tom had written a lecture, in which he had given full play to his robust humor, and in order to try it on a dog, as it were, went to a little sober-sided town in Ashtabula County. The people of the town were very seriously affected by the prospect that so great and so famous a man was coming among them, and the hall was well filled.

As the lecturer entered a hush fell upon the audience. The poor country people were deeply and solemnly impressed by the presence of such a man. In his very best spirits Tom began his lecture. It was his intention to set his audience into a roar of laughter at the very beginning, but his effort was in vain. The people sat there in open-mouthed wonder, swallowing his tremendous fiction as a great and beneficial truth. For an hour and a half he labored to produce a smile. He twinkled, scintillated, effervesced, but all to no purpose. The audince was as solemn as a sexton.

When he had concluded his lecture and was leaving the hall quite convinced that he should never succeed with that lecture, he was met by an old man who, gravely said:

"Gov'ner, I'm much obleeged fer that lectur, and I want to make a leetle apology fer me an' some o' my neighbors, fer I guess you noticed some on us looked like we sorter wanted to laugh. 'Twan't no feelin' uv disrespect fer you, Gov'ner, but they was two or three times there that we couldn't hardly help snickerin' right out."

UNEASY.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." One wonders that the Czar of Russia does not follow the example of Charles V., and free himself from a life of continual apprehension. Is the life worth living which must be sustained by such precautions as those narrated below? Yes, if thereby one serves his generation. London *Truth* says:

It was given out that he would be the guest of the German Emperor at the Marble Palace, Potsdam, and when all kinds of expensive preparations had been made there, he decided that he would be safer in Berlin, and a large sum was expended in arranging for his reception at the Schloss.

Finally, only one day before the Emperor arrived, Count Schouvaloff received a telegram from Copenhagen to intimate that his Majesty would alight at the Russian embassy, and the message was quickly followed by the arrival of the imperial workmen, seven in number, who now go in advance of the Emperor whenever and wherever he travels.

There are two carpenters, two masons, two locksmiths, and a foreman. They most carefully examine the chimneys, locks, flooring, walls and furniture of the house which the Emperor is to occupy, and his own apartments are subjected to a most rigorous search.

The chimneys are objects of special attention, and every flue which leads to a room which the Emperor is likely to enter is thoroughly barred both top and bottom, and, as if these precautions were not sufficient, police agents from St. Petersburg patrol the roof both night and day.

BROWN—You know I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now, Mrs. Golightly. I've just taken a little house near the river. Mrs. Golightly—Oh! well, I hope you'll drop in some day.

A SCHEME is on foot to construct a railroad up the Jungfrau.

ABSURD REQUESTS.

Have dead men any right to talk? asks the *Detroit Free Press.* Yes, if they don't talk too long or too much. It has been legally decided in England that dead men cannot be libelled, because they have no rights and can suffer no wrongs." Why, then, should a dead man be allowed to tie up property for ends that are useless or worse than useless, as has so often been seen in the past, and is likely to be done in the future? It is forbiden by law that a man can entail his property beyond the third generation, because it is inconsistent with public interests. It is not quite as inconsistent with the best public interests that property be left for purposes and ends in the future that cannot be fulfilled, or that, if fulfilled, works only for evil?

The papers state that Mr. Vassar left $180,000 to provide for the education and support of the orphans of the county in which he lived. But it is found that there is only two orphans in the county. An English bequest was left to give every year a certain number of dinners to the poor of a given town, and the effect has been to draw paupers from every quarter to the town, while the fund has so increased that not a tenth of it can be used, and it goes on accumulating. Another bequest was left to the parish that the clergyman might once every year give a Bible to the person who, in throwing the dice several times, should throw the highest number. Bibles then were costly, now they are cheap, and the fund is now said to be great enough to buy hundreds of Bibles, while the bequest authorized raffling for only one. And it is said there are 40,000 cases in England where bequests that once seemed reasonable are now, by the progress of time and change of circumstances, found to be impossible of execution, or absurd and worse than useless.

Why should the dead be allowed thus to shackle the living, and to bind up property for generations, for ends which, if they were living, they would never dream of approving? And why should not courts or legislatures have power to put an end to such absurdities, and give properties so left to the legal heirs, or so apply it as to meet the spirit of the bequests to the exclusion of the letter.

A GREAT MAN.

The late Dr. Norman M'Leod tells of a Highland sheep farmer who performed a feat which might have puzzled even the Iron Duke.

The old man could neither read nor write, but he had managed to amass a considerable fortune, and was decidedly open to flattery.

A purchaser, knowing his weakness, and anxious to ingratiate himself with him, ventured one evening, over their whisky toddy, to remark:

"I am of opinion, sir, that you are a greater man than even the Duke of Wellington!"

"Hoot, toot!" replied the sheep farmer modestly, hanging his head with a pleased smile and taking a large pinch of snuff. "That is too much—too much by far—by far!"

But his guest, after expatiating for a while upon the great powers of his host in collecting and concentrating a flock of sheep upon a Southern market, suggested blandly, "Could the Duke of Wellington have done that?"

The sheep farmer thought a little, snuffed, took a sniff of toddy, and replied, "The Duke of Wellington was, no doot, a cleffer man—very, very cleffer, I believe.

"They tell me he was a good sojer; but then, d'ye see, he had reissonable men to deal with—captains an' majors and generals that could understand him—effery one of them, both offishers an' men. But I'm not so sure, efter all if he could manage, say 20,000 sheep, besides black cattle, that could not understand any word he said—Gaelic or English—an' bring effery hoof of them, to Falkirk Tryst! I doot it, I doot it! But I have often done that myself—ay!"

The inference was evident.—*Yankee Blade.*

HOW IS THIS?

We recently heard a public speaker of some note say to an uncommonly intelligent audience, "The constitution of the United States says that 'all men are born free and equal.'" When the speaker had concluded his harangue a brother took him aside and said: "Don't quote the constitution again as saying 'all men are free and equal.'" "Why, not?" asked the orator. "Because the constitution does not say anything of the kind." "Well," said the speaker, "I made a blunder; then I should have said the Declaration of Independence." "No you shouldn't." "Why not?" "Because the words are not in that document. Mr. Jefferson wrote that paper, and he owned a great many negroes, and knew that none of them was born free."—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

AN INDUCEMENT.

"What is it you want?" she asked as he stood in the doorway, cap in hand.

"I am the milkman, ma'am."

"Well, the cook has the tickets and knows how much to get."

"Yes'm, but I'm the cook's beau."

"Well?"

"She says you object to her having a beau."

"Well?"

"Milk is six cents a quart. Suppose I make it five and you keep quiet on Mary?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

RICHES, public favor, leisure, comfort, ease and luxury, all good in themselves, are not good for life purposes. They may afford opportunities for higher things; but, in the efforts to attain them, the true ends are often lost sight of, and they become the only aims of life.

THE easiest way for a good wife to get along pleasantly is to practice what her husband preaches. — *Atchison Globe.*

Newspaper ARCHIVE.com

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

NOW OPEN

—A—

Full and Complete Line

—OF—

HOSIERY,

FANCY KNIT WOOLENS,

HOODS, TOBOGGANS,

Cardigan Jackets,

Misses' and Children's

WOOL MITTENS.

GEORGE -I- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

Capital, $350,000. Surplus, $70,000.

The Old National Bank

OF FORT WAYNE.

STEPHEN B. BOND, President.

OLIVER P. MORGAN, Vice President.

JARED D. BOND, Cashier.

JAMES C. WOODWORTH, Ass't Cashier.

As an addition to its general banking business, this bank has opened a Dollar Deposit Department for the accommodation of patrons desiring to deposit small sums of money. Books will be provided for this class of depositors, bearing the words, "Dollar Deposit Department Old National Bank." 20-3m

FANCY GOODS

—AT—

MISSES RICH & HOADLEY,

No. 170 CALHOUN ST.,

We keep a full line of Embroidery Silks and Ornaments for Fancy Work.

Also give instructions in all

Kinds of Painting.

Commencing

TO-DAY!

We will inaugurate the Greatest Clearing Sale of

LINENS!

Ever seen in Fort Wayne.

Here will be a great opportunity for you to procure Table Linens, Napkins and Towelings at a Bargain.

A Special Feature of this sale will be our Low Prices on

BED SPREADS!

Don't you miss it. They will all be Bargains and Marvels of Beauty.

Do You Need Any

Muslins or Sheetings!

If you do, here is a chance for you that you cannot afford to miss, as our Entire stock, and it is big, goes in with this sale.

COME EARLY!

COME QUICK!

—AND—

AVOID THE RUSH!

Bargains to be Found in Every Department of Our Store.

Our Entire Line of Cloaks and Furs will be Sold at COST.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

54 Calhoun St.

DEATH AT ANY MOMENT!

Life is Full of Dangers and Death Oftimes Comes Sudden and Unexpected—Read This List.

HAGLERTSVILLE, Texas, Jan. 4.—A freight train of twenty-two cars, on the San Antonio and Arkansas Pass railroad, went through the bridge at this place Thursday night. There were a dozen men on the cars. Up to last night seven had been taken out, four of them not seriously injured. Four more bodies have not yet been recovered. It is reported that two or three bodies have been found about seven miles below here in the river.

WICHITA, Kan., Jan. 4.—S. T. Kellogg and wife, near Sedgwick City, twenty miles north, were killed yesterday by a runaway team. Where the roads crossed was a large harrow, turned teeth upward, and the runaway team, reaching the crossing, turned abruptly, throwing Kellogg out, with his head hitting a piece of timber of the harrow.

His wife was thrown on top and was pierced by many of the teeth, one entering the head and causing instant death.

CLINTON, Iowa, Jan. 4.—The boiler of a locomotive on the Burlington road exploded Thursday night near Prescott. Fireman David Hines, aged eighteen, jumped and was instantly killed. Engineer McBarnes and Brakeman Wilson were severely scalded.

PADUCAH, Ky., Jan. 4.—Four loggers were burned to death at Beebe's camp, up the Tennessee river seventy-five miles from Paducah, Thursday night by their cabin taking fire. Two of them were brothers named Dyer, and the others named Colton and Somers. It is supposed they were all intoxicated when the cabin ignited from the chimney.

CRAZED BY RELIGION.

A Brother and Sister Become Insane During a Revival.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Jan. 4.—The vicinity of High Prairie, ten miles from this city, has lately been the scene of a religious revival that greatly excited the people of that community. In some instances persons have gone crazy with enthusiasm. Word was received here yesterday of two cases of insanity and the insane persons came near losing their lives.

During the revival, about two weeks ago, a brother and sister, Frank and Minnie Boland, became so enthusiastic and excited over religion that they lost their reason. They were living alone and no one noticed their condition.

Thursday evening a couple of persons passing Boland's house, noticed smoke issuing from it. On gaining entrance they found a well kindled fire on the floor of one of the rooms, with brother and sister in an almost nude condition, singing religious songs and dancing around it, seemingly getting ready for cremation. The fire was finally put out and the brother and sister overpowered. When questioned about the fire Minnie replied that the Lord had made the fire and they would not put it out. Late yesterday afternoon they were placed in the jail, where they will remain until a method of treatment for their case has been decided upon.

THE MONTANA SITUATION.

Efforts Being Made to Bring About a Compromise.

HELENA, Mont., Jan. 4.—The interest in the political situation in Montana now centers about the democratic position. The democratic house and three senators met in joint convention yesterday, and after taking one ballot, again adjourned for lack of a quorum.

Marcus Daily, one of the big democratic chiefs, arrived in Helena Thursday night from Philadelphia, making the trip especially to see if he could not aid the party to come to an agreement on the question of the election of senators.

He was in consultation yesterday with the older leaders, and left last night for Anaconda. It is announced that as a result of his visit there will be a quorum in the legislature to-day, and that Clark and Maginnis will get the full vote. The republican senators have not yet applied for their certificates.

THE PAPER TRADE.

An English Syndicate Seeking to Form a Monopoly.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—There have been rumors in the paper trade for months of big sales of manufacturing plants to form a combination representing English capital. It is now stated positively that four companies have agreed in this state to furnish the greater part of the newspaper used in the city, and have signed agreements to sell to an English investment company.

It was understood in the trade that Warner Miller's Hudson River Paper company, of Palmer Falls; the Glens Falls, of Waterlown; Geo. West's mills, of Saratoga, and the Remington Paper company, were the ones alluded to, but Vice-President Faltz, of the Remington, denied yesterday that his company had signed such an agreement.

The Weather.

Washington, Jan. 4.—For Indiana, Ohio and Michigan—Threatening weather and rain; slight [illegible] southeasterly winds.

AMONG THE DEAD.

Lindenwood Cemetery Growing More Beautiful by Nature's Resources.

Active improvements have been going on at Lindenwood cemetery during the past year, and are still in progress. The water in all the lakes was drawn off early in the season, and during the dry summer, all mud and sediment that has been accumulating for some years, was removed, the lakes deepened, and the muddy water supply that flowed into the lakes from the railroad and farm lands during heavy rain storms, has been cut off by means of extensive culverts and sewers, so that now they are filled exclusively with spring water, of which there is an abundant supply.

One hundred large gold fish were put in Glen lake on New Years day, and a similar number of trout will probably be put in the Twin Sister lakes on the west side of the grounds this winter or next spring.

Other expensive improvements have been made, and will be continued as far as the funds will justify, namely, grotto or water fall, the foundation of which has been laid; two large wells and several water closets, and other conveniences for the use of visitors and lot owners who desire to improve their lots by cultivation of plants, and who have heretofore felt the necessity of water for the purpose. A large force is at work removing forest trees that have become cumbersome and dangerous to monuments.

WEEK OF PRAYER.

Order of Services by the Evangelical Alliance.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5.—Subjects of sermons. The Church of Christ.—Eph. i, 15-23.

MONDAY, JANUARY 6.—Personal Confession and Supplications. Psalm xxxii; Nehemiah ix, 1-21; Eph. iv, 1-16; Hebrews xiii, 7-21; 1 Timothy iv; 2 Cor. iv; Eph. iii, 14-21; Psalm lxxxv.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7.—Nations and Their Rulers.—1 Peter ii, 13-25; Proverbs xxix; Judge's Epistle; Psalm cxlvii; Isaiah xxv.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8.—The Rising Generation.—John xii. 35-50; Col. iii. 1-17; 2 Tim. i. 1-13.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9.—For Jews and Mohammedans.—Prayer that God would bless all missions to the Jews, and especially that he would bless the circulation of the New Testament in Hebrew among them. Prayer for Africa and its millions of Mohammedan inhabitants. That slave hunting and slave trading may be utterly suppressed.—Romans xi.; 2 Cor. iii.; Jeremiah xxxi. 1-14, 31-40; Isaiah l.; Joel ii. 15-32.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10.—The Heathen.—Prayer that faithful men may be led to proclaim the gospel everywhere in the power of the Holy Ghost.—John iv. 31-43; Matthew ix. 37-82; 2 Cor. v. 8-21.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11.—Thanksgiving.—Psalm cvii.; Luke xi. 5-13; Phil. iii.; Deut. xxvi.; Isiah lv.; Psalm cxxxv.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12.—Subject of Sermons.—The Future Glory. Prayer that Christians may be more on their watch tower, looking for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Thess. v. 1-10.

IN MORE TROUBLE.

Graham Earle, the Actor, Arrested on the Charge of Bigamy.

Graham Earle, the actor, is in more trouble. Following his disappearance from Steubenville, is the announcement of his arrest in Indiana on the charge of bigamy.

The following from Wabash to the Cincinnati Enquirer, tells of his new trouble: "Graham Earle, the well-known actor, who last week left his wife and company in the lurch at Steubenville, Ohio, was arrested last night at Albion, Noble county, on a charge of bigamy. Earle shipped with all the money of the troupe, leaving the members with unpaid salaries. He also took the manuscript of several plays, the property of Mrs. Earle. Earle came to Albion to organize a new company, but was traced up. Earle's trial for bigamy was to have taken place this afternoon, but Agatha Singleton, late leading lady of Earle's troupe, arrived this morning, and an investigation revealed the fact that she was not the wife of Earle. The charge of bigamy was dismissed and prosecution for fornication instituted. Earle was held for trial at the next term of court."

Earle is a Van Wert boy and is known in this city.

NEWS OF THE TRACK.

A Central Trotting Circuit to Include Fort Wayne Contemplated.

On the 15th inst. an effort will be made to organize the Central Trotting Circuit of Indiana. The meeting will be held at Indianapolis. Delegates will be in attendance from Cambridge City, Indianapolis, Columbus, Edinburg, Rushville, Fort Wayne, Peru, and perhaps Richmond. The circuit will compose the best horses in Indiana, and will pay the same money as is paid at Terre Haute. Indianapolis, however, will not join the circuit unless she is given the date following Terre Haute.

BURIED UNDER SNOW.

Seven Persons Killed and Buildings Ruined by the Snow Thundering Down the Mountain Side.

SIERRA CITY, Cal., Jan. 4.—An enormous quantity of snow suddenly thundered down the mountain side here yesterday, tearing everything before it and causing the death of at least seven persons.

For a day or two past fears had been entertained that a huge mass of snow, which had accumulated at what is known as Butte's flume, might give way should a further fall take place. The weather had, however, remained clear and the people were slowly becoming reassured.

Just before noon yesterday, however, the citizens suddenly heard a subdued rushing sound, as if of a strong wind among the trees. On looking up toward Butte's flume they saw their danger and everybody took to flight. Those in the immediate track of the land-slide, however, had not sufficient time to make their escape and of these seven were overwhelmed.

The victims are as follows: Mrs. Rich, with her little son and daughter; Miss Ryan, of Downieville; Mrs. J. T. Mooney and daughter, and Miss Ethel Langton.

The force of the snow slide was so great that big trees in its path were snapped like twigs. Four houses were crushed flat and the Catholic church was also reduced to ruins.

Besides those whose names are given, several were caught by the land-slide, and one Chinaman and a little girl are still buried. It is not known whether they are dead. Several others were injured. Two of the victims were alive when dug out of the snow, but died very soon.

It is feared that another tremendous bank of snow near Butte's flume may give way. Should it do so still greater disaster is certain to ensue.

MUCH SNOW AND COLD.

SEATTLE, Wash., Jan. 4.—The overland trains are all delayed in eastern Washington by snow storms. Northern Pacific trains are about eighteen hours late. The weather is the coldest known here for years.

28 DEGREES BELOW ZERO.

DEADWOOD, S. D., Jan. 4.—The thermometer registered 28 degrees below zero here yesterday morning, the coldest of the winter. Business is practically suspended owing to the intensity of the cold.

THIS IS COLDER YET.

HELENA, Mont., Jan. 4.—Thursday night was the coldest so far this season in Montana, the thermometer going as low at some points as thirty-five degrees below. There is but little snow reported in eastern and central Montana, but there is some delay in traffic in the western part of the state. Considerable suffering is already reported on some of the ranges, though confined to limited areas. Last night there was a rise in the temperature and the indications were that before morning a heavy snow storm will be raging.

SIXTEEN FEET OF SNOW.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Jan. 4.—The fall of snow in the Sierra Nevada mountains along the line of the Central Pacific railroad, according to reports received, is unprecedented. There is sixteen feet on the level at Summit and twelve feet at Emigrant Gap. The road has kept comparatively clear by the use of the immense rotary plows of the company. There has been but little interruption to travel thus far this winter. The recent fall of snow has blocked the road in some parts. Eastern trains are overdue two days, but are expected to reach here in a few days.

MISSOURI FLOODS.

Farms Inundated and Travel Delayed by Heavy Rains.

PIEDMONT, Mo., Jan. 4.—The heaviest rains have prevailed in this section. Black river is higher than it has been for fifteen years and covers all the bottom lands on either side to a depth of from four to ten feet. Every farm is entirely inundated, fences washed away and much stock destroyed.

The mills of the Wayne Lumber company, located on the river four miles south of this place, were entirely under water. They lost much of their lumber.

A trestle 150 feet long was washed out of the railroad track, five miles south, and no trains have passed either way for forty-eight hours. There are now in Piedmont thirty car loads of passengers, waiting to be carried south. Most of them have been here thirty-six hours.

Every hotel, private boarding house and restaurant has been taxed to its utmost to feed the hundreds of people that have been dumped into this place the last two days. It was rumored on the streets yesterday that the St. Francois was out of its banks and the water three feet deep in the streets of Greenville.

MADE A RAVING MANIAC.

La Grippe Places a New York Educator in an Insane Asylum.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Dr. Paul Hoffman, assistant superintendent of schools, was taken to Bellevue hospital early this morning a raving maniac from the effects of an attack of la grippe with which he has been suffering for several days. He was taken to the insane pavillion at Bellevue, where he is now confined a raving maniac.

Frederick Hall, a brother of Pauline Hall and a member of the "Brigand" company, died at his home this morning from pneumonia, which began in an apparently slight attack of influenza.

THE YEAR'S FIRST SUNDAY.

The City Pastors Announce Their Services for To-morrow.

Read Talmage's sermon.

See that your children attend Sunday school.

Come and welcome to the First Baptist church.

Services to-morrow at the "Christian Chapel" at 10:30 and 7:30. Evening subject, "Ought Christians to Dance."

Services at the Third Presbyterian church at the usual hours, 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Preaching by Rev. R. M. Hays.

The Wayne Street Methodist congregation will observe the "Week of Prayer." Services each evening at 7:30. All invited.

Commence the first Sunday of the new year by attending church, and keep it up during the year. You will be happier and better.

Usual services to-morrow at the Wayne Street M. E. church. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. by the pastor. A cordial welcome.

Madam Silvers, of 190 Montgomery street, is meeting with good success in fortune telling, and will tell you the past and future. Prices, 25c and 50c.

Young man, if you are in the habit of taking an occasional drink of that which destroys the soul and body, commence on the first Sunday of the new year by trying how long you can do without it.

To-morrow morning and evening Dr. Moffat will preach as usual in the First Presbyterian church. Meeting of Society of Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 a. m. All invited.

Berry Street M. E. church, preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. M. Van Slyke, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:15 p. m. The "Week of Prayer" will be observed each evening at 7:30 p. m.

Revival meetings at First U. B. church, corner Harmer and Lewis streets. Services this evening, and each evening this week. All kindly invited. Regular services to-morrow at 10:45 a. m., and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:30.

The pastor of Grace church will be glad to see you at all of his services to-morrow, the first Sabbath in the new year. Morning service at 10:30. Topic for the evening service at 7:30: "The Espousal and Marriage." Sabbath school at 9:30.

Young man, this is a personal invitation for you to come to the men's meeting at the City Y. M. C. A. Sunday at 4 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Moffat will conduct the services. You can expect good things, so let there be a large number, and you may carry some of the good things away with you.

Union service of the Congregational and Second Presbyterian churches will be held in the Congregational church on Sunday, 5th inst. Morning service at 10:30; Sunday school at 12 m.; evening service at 7:30; young people's prayer meeting at 6:45. Services to be conducted by Rev. J. P. Lloyd.

The Railroad department of the Y. M. C. A. will hold a prayer and praise service at their rooms in place of the usual gospel meeting, at 2 o'clock, standard time. All men cordially invited to spend an hour in this way on the first Sabbath of the new year. A cordial welcome will be extended to all, and a profitable service assured.

EXIT. HOLZWORTH.

A Man Who Terrorized the Neighborhood and Then Skipped.

John Holzworth, a young man whose mother lives at the corner of South Wayne and Cottage avenue, is missing.

A few days ago Holzworth went home and whipped his mother and step-father unmercifully. He then left and has not been heard from since.

The South Wayne marshal has the case in hand.

Session of the Second Church.

At a meeting of the session of the Second Presbyterian church it was decided to observe the week of prayer by holding service every evening in the Sunday school room of the new church on West Berry street.

An unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to the directors of the Y. M. C. A. and to the deacons and members of the Congregational church for their great kindness in permitting the congregation of the Second Presbyterian church to worship in their building.

It is rumored that Mr. O. J. Willson has resigned as chief clerk in the master mechanic's office of the Wabash. To a SENTINEL reporter Mr. Willson would neither confirm or deny the rumor.

The Ryan brothers purchased a $300 horse to-day.

PIONEER WOMEN GONE!

Death of Mrs. Calvin Anderson and Mrs. Margaret Foellinger, of This City, at a Ripe Old Age.

On Friday, January 3, 1890, at 10:45 o'clock, p. m., Rebecca Anderson, wife of Calvin Anderson, of 123 West Wayne street, passed away without a struggle.

Her death, caused by heart trouble, came suddenly and unexpectedly, she having only yesterday been about the house in usual health and spirits.

Her last day on earth was one of sublime peace and sunshine, her cheerfulness indicating renewed hopes of life for days to come. But the all-wise Providence willed otherwise, and now friends mourn over her body, which lies cold in death.

The deceased was born in West Moreland county, Pa., June 25, 1803. She removed with her parents at an early age to Ohio, finally settling at Mt. Vernon.

On April 18, 1828, she was married to Calvin Anderson, esq., of 123 West Wayne street, and removed to Fort Wayne in the spring of '36. They have lived together happily during the sixty-two years of their married life, she having been a most faithful companion.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were among the first members of the First Presbyterian church in this city.

It had been customary for this old couple of late years to hold family reunions upon each wedding anniversary. Their golden wedding was celebrated April 13, 1878, and the years since have always been marked with the anniversary events to such an extent as to receive prominent notice in some of the metropolitan papers.

Besides the husband, four daughters and two sons survive the deceased, as follows: Mrs. Laura Daily, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Lydia Shanklin, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Edwin Evans and Mrs. George W. Ely, of this city; the sons being Calvin A. Anderson, now in the south, and E. G. Anderson, of the Pittsburg freight office.

The funeral will probably occur Tuesday. Further announcement will be made hereafter.

MRS. J. FOELLINGER.

Mrs. Margaret Foellinger, wife of Mr. J. Foellinger, sr., of Fairfield avenue, South Wayne, died Friday, January 3d, 1890, at 10 p. m.

The deceased was a native of Prussia; born March 17th, 1818, and came to Fort Wayne in the frontier days of 1837, where she since resided. Her father, mother, sisters and brothers came at the same time and located in Adams county, near Decatur.

It was in this city she met and wedded Mr. Foellinger. She was the mother of ten children, six sons and four daughters, six of whom have died: four daughters and two sons. Four sons, Jacob, Martin, Adolph and Louis, and her husband survive her.

She had seventeen grand-children and one great grand-child. She would have reached the age of seventy-three years the 17th next. Mr. and Mrs. Foellinger have indeed led a happy and eventful life.

Having a kind Christian nature she overcame disappointments and difficulties. To her children indeed that peaceful mother's love can never be replaced.

Mr. Foellinger, his family and relations have met with an irreparable loss and they have the sympathy of a large number of friends in their bereavement.

The funeral will occur Monday, at 1:30 o'clock, from the house, on South Fairfield avenue, and at 2 o'clock, from Emanuel Lutheran church, Rev. C. Gross officiating.

TEMPLE TALK.

The Night Owls Monday Night—The Nobles and Charles Verner.

The Night Owls burlesque company, presenting the pretty bauetta, "Lord Fauntleroy's Reception," and the burlesque, "The Sculptor's Dream," will be the attraction at the Masonic Temple Monday evening, January 6. The company is composed of talent and is now playing a successful engagement in Chicago, where the best people of the windy city flock nightly to see the performance. Those who admire the female form divine should not miss seeing the Night Owls, for in their performances it is displayed in all its loveliness and candor.

The Nobles engagement at the Masonic Temple Wednesday next will not only be a remarkable one but will be the artistic success of the season. Mr. Nobles' characterization of Alfred Armitage in "From Sire to Son" is one of the most delightful pieces of work now before the public. Robert Laird Collier, the California critic, in a long and complimentary notice of the play, pronounced Mr. Nobles' delineation equal to the best work of Charles Wyndham.

Charles Erin Verner will produce his highly successful Irish drama, "Shamus O'Brien," at the Masonic Temple Friday evening, January 10, with all the details as presented at the Windsor theater, New York. The performance and company are good, and we are confident they will receive the patronage they so well deserve.

A SECRET MARRIAGE.

A Marion School Girl and a Fort Wayne Gentleman the Contracting Parties.

Miss Sheban, an accomplished and pretty pupil in the high school of Marion, Ind., was secretly married September last to Mr. J. T. Langle, who is connected with the extensive music house of D. H. Baldwin & Co., in this city.

The bride is one of Marion's charming daughters and is highly connected. She was eighteen years old upon her last birthday. The marriage is not known even at this time by the young lady's schoolmates or parents.

She has been attending school as usual to avert suspicion from her parents, who were opposed to her marriage until she had graduated at the next commencement. The young man won his bride in this way. They met, they loved and the culmination was the romantic alliance. It is the same plain truth wherein is woven the romance of love at first sight. Their plighted troths were sealed at a modest parsonage while the young couple were attending the Warren fair last September, away from the greedy eyes and ears of a wagging world.

Mr. Langle has furnished an elegant new home in Bloomingdale, where he and his fair young bride will begin housekeeping next week. The parents have not yet been apprised of their daughter's action, and when they are they will in all probability forgive and forget and say "Bless you, children."

THE SENTINEL extends congratulations.

IN OUR MIDST.

Death Continues and Starts the New Year with Seventeen Victims.

The following deaths have been reported at the undertakers for the week ending January 4:

Mrs. Calvin Anderson, 87 years, old age.

Sarah Anderson, 68 years, old age.

Margaret Foellinger, 72 years, old age.

Edwin Reese, 2 years, brain fever.

William James, 2 days, exhaustion.

Mabel Monk, 4 weeks, exhaustion.

Margaret Wenninghoff, 40 years, inflammation of bowels.

George W. Graffe, 50 years, heart trouble.

Samuel A. Warner, 67 years, heart trouble.

John J. Graney, 2 months, whooping cough.

William A. Sheurs, 28 years, consumption.

M. J. Mangan, 35 years, accident.

Martin Rhoneu, 28 years, typhoid pneumonia.

Ernest W. Gellert, 4 months, marasmus.

Child of C. E. Brownsberger, 3 days, exhaustion.

Milton Becker, 11 years, malarial fever.

LOCAL LINES.

The Fort Wayne Medical college will re-open next Tuesday.

The car loads of iron for the new Columbia street bridge arrived to-day.

A man named Pierce was injured in a runaway in Bloomingdale this afternoon.

Henry Rahe was awarded a verdict of $8.15 against Wm. Moellering in the superior court.

Prof. Winters, of the M. E. college, has returned from Fayette, Ohio, accompanied by a bride.

The funeral of the late M. J. Mangan will take place at 3:30 o'clock to-morrow afternoon, from the Cathedral.

The farmers held a meeting in the circuit court room this afternoon to perfect the organization of a farmers' alliance.

T. H. Hodge, the forger, was taken to the prison north to-day, where he will serve two years. Victor Cavilier, of Arcola, had him in custody.

The funeral of Edwin, young son of Capt. and Mrs. Chas. Reese, will take place at 1:30 o'clock to-morrow, from the St. Paul Lutheran church.

Miss Jessie Smith and Miss Rose Griffith, who spent the holidays with friends and relatives at Bruce Lake, returned home yesterday afternoon.

At the regular meeting of Geo. Humphrey post No. 530, G. A. R., held on Thursday evening, the newly elected officers were installed. This post expects to send six delegates to the department encampment in March.

Frederick Smith, who runs a saloon on the Bluffton road near the county asylum, has been arrested on a charge of selling liquor to a minor son of John Strain. Smith is a member of the Liquor Dealers' association and Jake Bottinger, the organization's attorney, will appear for the defendant before Squire Scarlett next Tuesday.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 4.—Wheat: January, 78; February, 79; May, 83@83½. Corn: January, 29½; February, 29¾; March, 30¾; May, 31½. Oats: January, 20½; February, 20½; May, 22@22½. Pork: January, $9.22½; February, $9.35; March, $9.45; May, $9.62½@9.65. Lard: January, $5.77½; February, $5.85; March, $5.90; May, $6.00@6.02½. Short ribs: January, $4.32½; February, $4.62½; March, $4.72½; May, $4.82½.

INDIANA HAPPENINGS.

EVENTS AND INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crimes, Casualties and General News Notes.

Minor State Items.

- Logansport teaching men have formed a branch of the T. P. A., with C. M. Tavener as President.

- Mrs. Jessie Bramblyberry, residing near Ivanhoe, fell dead from heart disease at the breakfast table.

—Samuel Lauderbaugh, aged 16, was accidentally shot and killed by his brother, while out hunting near Jackson.

- Jesse Miller an aged and well-known citizen of Goshen, was struck and fatally injured by a railway engine.

—Hiram Burnish, aged 16, of Jennings County, fell under a moving train, at North Vernon, and both legs were cut off.

- Seymour business men have formed an association with Charles Leininger as President and P. S. Collins, Secretary.

—Mrs. Mary Gunon made an unsuccessful attempt to hang herself at Noblesville. She is a widow with four children.

—J. T. Fethers, of Anderson, was caught between projecting saw-logs, while coupling cars, and his head was fatally crushed.

- Charles Schenck was badly burned about the head by the premature explosion of a charge, while blasting stumps near Seymour.

- Howard Green, of Kokomo, aged 18, was accidentally shot in the leg while out hunting, the wound rendering him a cripple for life.

- Mrs. Ruth Phifer, of Dublin, went out to kill a chicken, and in five minutes was dead herself from the effects of a violent hemorrhage.

—Mrs. David Fitzgibbon, of Franklin, was fatally injured by falling to the floor. A chair was pushed from under her as she was sitting down.

- The Connersville Knights of Labor hold their semi-annual election under the Australian system, as a means of teaching their members the new law.

—George Hardemeyer, a prominent man of Warwick County, dropped dead of apoplexy, in the court-room at Boonville, just after having testified in a case on trial.

—Berry Gwin, an old and well-known citizen, dropped dead of heart disease at Vincennes, aged 71 years. Deceased was an uncle by marriage of Gov. W. Q. Gresham.

—Martin Edmunson, aged 60, an old soldier, of Hyatt, dropped dead at his home. He had just remarked to his sister that she had just come in time to see him die.

—Mrs. Rayburn, residing in Kokomo, had a cancer removed from her arm last week caused by a bite from an infant child. It is one of the most curious medical cases on record.

—Rev. Gilbert E. Farr, for the past three years pastor of the First Baptist Church of South Bend, has received and accepted a call to the First Baptist Church of Dubuque, Iowa.

- "White Cloud" and his band of patent medicine Indians were attacked by a mob of roughs at St. Paul. Several shots were exchanged, and a number of the attacking party were seriously injured.

—Leo Gray married a girl born without hands at Indianapolis this week. He has since been arrested on a bastardy charge preferred by a woman who is aged 40, married, and the mother of ten children.

- Mr. Clem Nutter, aged 63 years, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Martinsville, was stricken with apoplexy, and died. Mr. Nutter has been a resident of that city for many years, and was an exemplary man.

—At Martinsville, Martin Hammons drove over his little boy Howard, thinking him in the wagon. The little fellow's right arm and leg were broken, and he was dreadfully injured, from which he can scarcely recover.

—There is a cistern in the cellar of the German Lutheran Church, on the South Side in Indianapolis, and over it lay boards seemingly securely placed. Henry Vahle, the sexton stepped on this covering, fell into the water and was drowned.

—James A. McDonald, of Greene Township, St. Joe County, grew a cucumber nineteen inches long and fourteen inches in circumference, taking with it the $100 prize offered by a Philadelphia seed merchant for the largest cucumber in the United States.

—The Menominee Transit Company, which is made up of leading citizens of Cleveland, was incorporated with a capital of $2,000,000. It will have six steel steamers built next year, and more later, with which to transport ore from the Escanaba region to Lake Erie ports.

—Twelve years ago, when but a small boy, James Stewart, colored, left Martinsville for parts unknown. From that time nothing was heard of him, and his friends in Martinsville had given him up as dead. Imagine their surprise, the other evening, when James came back on a visit. The strangest part of the whole story is that the boy had been in Danville, Hendricks County, all the time, only twenty-five miles away.

—Pendleton decided, by a vote of ten to one, to make the four pikes entering the city free in the future. The Commissioners have made the appointment, and the old-fashioned toll-gate will soon be a relic of the past.

- George Schrack, residing southwest of Montpelier, while at a shooting-match, was fatally shot. He had just shot his revolver and had gone to look where he had shot when his friend shot and hit him in the lower part of the bowels accidentally. It will result fatally.

—Henry Messman, a brick-layer, and Henry Hilderman, a cutter, of Richmond, have received $8,000 each in cash from the estate of a deceased relative in New York City. They were two of nine heirs to an estate of $80,000.

- Fred Horn, aged 17, caught his right hand in a reeding machine at the Muncie Reaping Company's mills, and the member was slowly chopped to pieces by the sharp steel teeth. In attempting to free himself he pulled the muscles out of his arm to the shoulder. It was a horrible sight, and the boy suffered frightfully.

—The Anderson City Council has raised the liquor license to $200 a year, from 1st of June.

Adolph Gallows, aged 11 years, was struck and killed by a train on the woods north of Hyatt. He was standing on a log when he lost his balance and fell backward into the roaring fire. When rescued, his clothing were burned almost from the body. His hands and face were terribly burned. The doctors consider his injuries fatal.

The cases of Jonathan Eberhart and George Patton asking damages from the Pennsylvania Company for personal injuries received by a train striking their wagon at a crossing near Scottsburg, has been compromised. They sued for $10,000 and $5,000 respectively, and by the compromise are to receive $4,000 and $2,500, respectively.

—The largest plate-glass ever cast in the United States, was cast at the Diamond plate-glass works at Kokomo. In dimensions it was 122x192 inches, or 170 square feet. Its weight in the rough was 1,500 pounds, and when finished 982 pounds. Think of a pane of glass ten feet two inches wide and seventeen feet long, weighing 1,000 pounds.

—William Hargrove, a colored barber, met his wife on the street in the upper portion of Evansville while on her way to spend the evening with some friends, and calling her into an alley, commenced slashing her with a razor. She received two horrible wounds, one in the neck and one in her left breast, from which her physicians say she cannot recover. Hargrove escaped.

—The citizens of Montpelier, having never been fully satisfied as to the extent of drilling for oil in that vicinity, have concluded to give the field a fair test, and have just completed an organization known as the Northern Indiana Oil Company, with a paid-up capital of $5,000. Drilling will be commenced soon, with a determination to sink five wells, even if nothing good is found.

—William Stilley, Lynn Smith, and Harley Moore, of New Castle, were out hunting, when Moore was accidentally shot by Stilley. They were hunting in a thick woods, where they became separated. Stilley got up a covey of quails, which flew in the direction of young Moore, who was near by. He fired at the birds, the shot striking Moore in the face, inflicting serious wounds, and it is thought that one eye is permanently injured.

—A few weeks ago James A. Williams, of Hartford City, was awarded $500 damages against the Salamonia pipe-line, which supplies Fort Wayne with natural gas. The pipes of the company were laid through Williams' farm. The company appealed and decided to remove the line from Williams' farm. A force of men were engaged in that work when they were arrested by Williams for malicious trespass. Farmers are watching closely the result in Williams' struggle with the corporation.

—Patents have been granted to the following residents of Indiana. Herbert Barnard, Lotus, thill-coupling; Geo. W. Freeman, Frankfort, combined buckle and snap-hook; Branzon Bond, Chili, wire-tightener; Theodore H. Haberkorn, Fort Wayne, combination valve for air-brakes; John H. Hinds, Palmyra, napkin-holder, table attachment; Joseph M. Rhodes, assignee to S. S. Rhodes, Covington, combined plate-holder for cameras.

—Mrs. Edgar French, of Fort Wayne, had prepared a Christmas tree for her children, and had dressed herself to represent Santa Claus. While walking about the tree her flowing robes caught fire from the candles, and in an instant she was enveloped in flames. The children ran screaming out of the house, and before Mr. French could put out the fire his wife was horribly burned about the face, hands, and body. She suffers exceeding pain, and it is thought her injuries will prove fatal.

—The Indiana State Teachers' Association elected the following officers: President, W. W. Parsons, of the State Normal school; Vice Presidents, Miss Julia Bierbauer, of Evansville; W. S. Almond, of Salem; Miss Kittie E. Palmer, of Frankfort; W. R. Nesbit, of Sullivan; Miss Mattie Lough, of Lebanon, and L. O. Dale, of Wabash; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Annie E. Lemon, of Bloomington; Treasurer, D. E. Hunter, of Bloomington; Railroad Secretary, Nelson Yoke, of Indianapolis; with D. W. Thompson, of Elkhart, heading the Executive Committee.

—John Hicks, the oldest convict in the United States, was released from the State Prison South, at Jeffersonville, last week. Hicks was born in Montgomery County, Virginia, in 1806, and came to this State with his brother when quite a young man, locating in Wayne County. The first crime of which he gives any account was larceny, for which he was committed at Salem, this State, in 1829. He was sent to the Prison South, and served out his time. He has since served six terms in prison at Jeffersonville, one at the Michigan City prison and two in the Ohio penitentiary, making a total of forty-eight years, he has spent behind the bars. He left for Indianapolis, where the state Board of Charities has promised to provide him a home. His last term in prison, which has just ended, the old man declares, winds up his career of crime, as he is determined to lead a better life and earn an honest living for himself.

—As Allen Sanderson, a well-to-do farmer, with his wife and two children, were going to Muncie in a wagon, a tree fell across the road on the vehicle, instantly killing the father and one of the children. The mother and other child were unharmed.

- While cutting her hair, Miss Mary Miles, daughter of Auditor John W. Miles, one of the prettiest young ladies of Marion, accidentally drew a hot curling-iron across her eyes, searring the eyes. The sight of the eyes is undoubtedly destroyed.

—Zacharia Eberly, a maniac, entered the law office of H. Z. Zimmerman, at Albion, and threatened to kill him for a fancied injury. He was with great difficulty disarmed until help could be procured. Two loaded revolvers were found on his person.

- The west-bound vestibule train on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Indianapolis Railroad collided with a freight engine which was partly on the side-track, at Morristown, Shelby County, wrecking both engines and piling up several cars. No one was killed and no one dangerously hurt.

HOW I RAN INTO MATRIMONY.

BY CHARLES S. FLECKEN.

I WAS setting type in a Southern State. The editor of the paper was a Yankee, who made up for his lack of knowledge by the free use of big words. He knew nothing of the printing business, and could learn nothing, if alive now, he would not tell a four-slug from a column-rule. He was tall and remarkably lean, wore a plug hat and a rank coat, and paded himself on the drinking of the establishment. But he was a good mate for he trusted me more of which I shall tell.

One afternoon in June, when the dark-green hills and shady vales looked unusually tempting and made me long to be a fish, or a squirrel, or a grasshopper, anything than a printer at $10 a week, he came into the office, stuck his elbow on a half galley of small pica, and pied a stick-full of his leader, "The True Solution of the Negro Question." I set the matter and began straightening it up. He said:

"Say, Eph, I've got an idea."

"If you have you stole it," said I to myself; to him I answered:

"What is it?"

"You're a good printer and can write purty well. When I left town last spring to keep way from the 'fran' jury, your work you done then was well spoke of by the patrons of the *Eagle*."

"Well, what's the idea?" I said, as I distributed the pi.

"This new town out here, where they've put the cotton factory, needs a paper. I've got more stuff here than I want. Spose you take some of it, and onto them presses, and give 'em one?"

I went. Begonia was the name of the place. It was in the woods, seventy-five miles from a railroad.

The "city" was not incorporated, and hilarious people had therefore a wide field for the exercise of their proclivities. The *Border Sentinel*—that was the name of my paper—did not assume a pious role, but it occasionally admonished the boys to keep their practical jokes for the vulgar multitude. This admonition was first wrung from me by the fact that one evening they made a target of my signboard. They laughed at my warning, and said something about dumping my old slop into the road. On a certain Saturday when they had been unusually atrocious they wound up their entertainment by shooting an old negro's mule and sending me the ears. The next issue of the *Sentinel* contained this paragraph:

Hank Best, Jim Gosling, and another male lacerate engaged in a personal altercation in front of Tobe Caulfield's saloon last Saturday evening. The trouble grew out of a water between them as to which could keep the longest. We could not get all the particulars of the affair, but it seems that the other male made some funny remark about Hank and Jim and got the laugh on them with the crowd. They resented, pulled their ropes, and in less time than it takes to tell it the poor other male fell mortally wounded and died in a few minutes. But it seems that Hank and Jim lost each an ear in the fracas, for a friend of ours, who went over the ground soon after the fight, picked up two ears—said they were both left ears. They are now in our possession, and having been previously "cured" in alcohol, there is no need for us to submit them to the preserving process. If Jim and Hank want their ears, they can get them by calling at our office.

Working in the spinning department of the factory was a little red-headed girl, with filbert-colored eyes, and a peach-blow complexion, partly hidden beneath a layer of brown freckles. I boarded with her mother, who was a widow, and fell in love with her—the girl, I mean. One night I was "mak-ing-up" not to the girl but the forms, at the office. The weather was clear and cold, with starlight. I had justified the last column, and was washing my hands, when there was a knock at the door. I have as much grit as the ordinary printer man, but that knock scared me. The door was locked. Pistol in hand, I walked to the front, and, in the most composed voice I could assume, asked:

"Who's there?"

"It's me."

If a man loves a woman, her grammatical inaccuracies are pleasing eccentricities. When he hears them at midnight, instead of the assassin's whisper he is fearing, they are sweeter than music. The voice was Ella's—that was her name. I laid down my pistol, opened the door, and took her in my arms.

"O, good gracious, Mr. Lester, do you think I came all the way from home this time of night to let you hug me?"

"No, Ella, but——"

I stopped short, for I saw she was very pale.

"What's the matter, Ella?" I asked.

"It's jes' this, Mr. Lester. You're in awful danger. Hank Best and Jim Gosling's fixin' to kill you. Mamma's sick, an' I went to the comp'ny store to git some medicine. When I passed the blacksmith shop I heard your name spoke. I stopped and listened. Jim Gosling, he said: 'All right, boys. I'll sot fire to his office to-night, and we kin git the drap on 'im termorrow if he 'sinuates anything erbout it.'"

"The constable lives two miles from here," I said. "My nearest neighbors are of the Hank and Jim kind. You go home, Ella, and I'll stay here and see Jim set fire to the *Border Sentinel* office."

"No, no," she pleaded; "if you stay here, I will, too!"

"But, think. What will people say——"

"I don't care what they say, when I know I'm right."

A gust of wind blew the door open and put the light out.

"Now, you must go," I said, after having rummaged the office in search of a match.

"Hush!" she whispered, after a pause. "There they are."

The house was a pine box structure, and stood on the edge of the wood. I stole out, bidding Ella stay within, and turned the corner. The undergrowth rustled and a dark form appeared. It walked up to the rear of the building and fixed a big mass of stuff beneath the sill. Then it struck a match. I fired. A shot answered mine and my pistol dropped from my hand. My arm was broken. Simultaneous with this came a report from behind me, which was answered with a groan from the wood. Then all was still.

The next and last issue of the *Sentinel* contained the report of the Coroner's jury. It showed that I killed Jim Gosling, and that Ella had put a bullet through Hank Best's knee. Hank's wound kept him from running away, but it did not keep him from running into the penitentiary. Ella and I ran into matrimony.

DR. TALMAGE IN SYRIA.

A SERMON SUGGESTED BY THE LOCALITY AND SEASON.

There Are Many That Will Be Saved, for the Great Triumph Is Yet to Come Than the Earthly Anthem of the Living God "The Sky Anthem."

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, was at Beyrout on the 25th of December, and preached to a group of friends on "The Sky Anthem." His text was Luke ii, 14: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," on which he delivered the following discourse:

At last I have what I longed for, a Christmas eve in the Holy Land. This is the time of year that Christ landed. He was a December Christ. This is the chill air through which He descended. I look up through these Christmas skies, and I see no honored star hastening southward to hail about Bethlehem, but all the stars suggest the Star of Bethlehem. No more need that more of them run along the sky to point downward. In quietude they kneel at the feet of Him who, though once an exile, is now enthroned forever. Fresh up from Bethlehem, I am full of the scenes suggested by a visit to that village. You know that whole region of Bethlehem is famous in Bible story. There were the waving harvests of Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned for herself and weeping Naomi. There David the warrior was thirsty, and three men of unheard of self-denial broke through the Philistine army to get him a drink. It was to that region that Joseph and Mary came to have their names enrolled in the census. That is what the Scripture means when it says they came "to be taxed," for people did not in those days rush after the assessors of tax any more than they now do.

The village inn was crowded with the strangers who had come up by the command of government to have their names in the census, so that Joseph and Mary were obliged to lodge in the stable. You have seen some of these large stone buildings, in the centre of which the camels were kept, while running out from this center in all directions there were rooms, in one of which Jesus was born. Had his parents been more showily appareled I have no doubt they would have found more comfortable entertainment. That night in the fields the shepherds, with crooks and kindled fires, were watching their flocks, when hark! ten thousand voices strangely sweet. Can it be that the maidens of Bethlehem have come out to serenade the weary shepherds? But now a light stoops upon them like the morning, so that the flocks arise, shaking their showy fleece and bleating to their drowsy young. The heavens are filled with armies of light, and the earth quakes under the harmony, as, echoed back from cloud to cloud, it rings over the midnight hills: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace good will to men!" It seems that the crown of royalty and dominion and power which Christ left behind him was hung on the sky in sight of Bethlehem. Who knows but that that crown may have been mistaken by the wise men for the star running and pointing downward?

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that indigence is not always significant of degradation. When princes are born, heralds announce it, and cannon thunder it, and flags wave at, and illuminations set cities on fire with the tidings. Some of us in England or America remember the time of rejoicing when the Prince of Wales was born. You can remember the gladness throughout Christendom at the nativity in the palace at Madrid. But when our glorious Prince was born, there was no rejoicing on earth. Poor and growing poorer, yet the heavenly recognition that Christmas night shows the truth of the proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

In all ages there have been great hearts throbbing under rags, tender sympathies under rough exterior, gold in the quartz, Parian marble in the quarry, and in every stable or privation wonders of excellence that have been the joy of the heavenly host. All the great deliverers of literature and of nations were born in houses without affluence, and from their own privation learned to speak and fight for the oppressed. Many a man has held up his pine knot light from the wilderness until all nations and generations have seen it, and out of his hard crust of penury has broken the bread of knowledge and religion for the starving millions of the race. Poetry, and science, and literature, and commerce, and laws, and constitutions, and liberty like Christ, were born in a manger.

All the great thoughts which have decided the destiny of nations started in obscure corners, and had Herods who wanted to slay them, and Iscariots who betrayed them, and rabbles that crucified them, and sepulchers that confined them until they burst forth in glorious resurrection. Strong character, like the rhododendron, is an Alpine plant, that grows fastest in the storm. Men are like wheat, worth all the more for being flailed. Some of the most useful people would never have come to positions of usefulness had they not been ground and pounded and hammered in the foundry of disaster. When Isaac Moses coming up from the ark of bulrushes to be the greatest lawgiver of the ages, and Amos from tending the herds to make Israel tremble with his prophecies, and David from the sheepcote to sway the poet's pen and the king's scepter, and Peter from the fishing net to be the great preacher at the Pentecost, I find proof of the truth of my proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

My subject also impresses me with the thought that it is while at our useful occupations that we have the divine manifestations. Had those shepherds gone that night into Bethlehem and risked their flocks among the wolves, they would not have heard the song of the angels. In other words, that man sees most of God and Heaven who minds his own business. We all have our posts of duty, and standing there God appears to us. We are all shepherds or shepherdesses, and we have our flocks of cares and annoyances and anxieties, and we must tend them.

We sometimes hear very good people say: "If I had a month or a year or two to do nothing but to attend to religious things, I would be a good deal better than I am now." You are mistaken. Generally the best people are the busy people. Elisha was plowing in the field when the prophetic mantle fell on him. Matthew was attending to his custom house duties when Christ commanded him to follow. James and John were mending their nets when Christ called them to be fishers of men. Had they been moaning in the sun Christ would not have called their indolence into the apostleship. Gideon was at work with the flail on the threshing floor when he saw the angel. Saul was with great fatigue hunting up the lost asses when he found the crown of Israel. The prodigal son would never have reformed and wanted to have returned to his father's house if he had not first gone into business, though it was swine feeding. Not once out of a hundred times will a lazy man become a Christian. Those who have nothing to do are in very unfavorable circumstances for the receiving of divine manifestations. It is not when you are in idleness, but when you are, like the Bethlehem shepherds, watching your flocks, that the glory descends and there is joy among the angels of God over your soul penitent and forgiven.

My subject also strikes at the delusion that the religion of Christ is dolorous and grief infusing. The music that broke through the midnight heavens was not a dirge, but an anthem. It shook not over the hills. It not only dropped upon the shepherds, but leaping up and among the thrones. The tone of a Saviour's righteousness is not black. The Christian life is not made up of weeping and mourning and woe and wailing. Through the revelation of that first anthem might I had that religion is not a groan, but a song. In a world of sin and sickness and sepulchers, we must have trouble; but in the darkest night the heavens part with music to be sung. You may, like Paul, be shipwrecked, but I exhort you to be of good cheer, for you shall all escape safe to the land. Religion does not show itself in the elongation of the face and the cut of the garb. The Pharisee who puts his religion into his physiology has none left for his heart. Fretfulness and complaining do not belong to the family of Christian graces which move into the head when the devil moves out. Christianity does not frown down amusements and recreations. It is not a cynic. It is not a shrew, it is not an Israelite, it quenches no light, it defaces no art. Among the happy, it is the happiest. It is just as much at home on the playground as it is in the church. It is just as graceful in the charade as it is in the psalm book. It sings just as well in Surrey garden as it plays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live. Christ walked that we might ride. Christ wept that we might laugh.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that glorious endings sometimes have very humble beginnings. The straw pallet was the starting point, but the shout in the midnight sky revealed what would be the glorious consummation. Christ on Mary's lap; Christ on the throne of universal dominion—what an humble starting! What a glorious ending! Grace begins on a small scale in the heart. You see only men as trees walking. The grace of God in the heart is a feeble spark, and Christ has to keep both hands over it lest it be blown out. What an humble beginning! But look at that same man when he has entered Heaven. No crown able to express his royalty. No palace able to express his wealth. No scepter able to express his power and his dominion. Dripping from the fountain that drips from the everlasting Rock. Among the harpers harping with their harps. On a sea of glass mingled with fire. Before the throne of God, to go no more out forever. The spark of grace that Christ had to keep both hands over lest it come to extinction, having flamed up into honor and glory and immortality. What humble starting! What glorious consummation!

The New Testament church was on a small scale. Fisherman watched it. Against the uprising walls crashed infernal engines. The world said anathema. Ten thousand people rejoiced at every seeming defeat, and said: "Aha! aha! as we would have it." Martyrs on fire cried: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Very humble starting, but see the difference at the consummation, when Christ with his mighty arm has struck off the last chain of human bondage, and Himalaya shall be Mount Zion; and Pyrenees, Moriah; and oceans, the walking place of Him who trod the wave cliffs of stormed Tiberias, and island shall call to island, sea to sea, continent to continent, and, the song of the world's redemption rising, the heavens, like a great sounding board, shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of God, and all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters. Oh, what an humble beginning! What a glorious ending! Throne linked to a manger, heavenly anxious to a stable.

My subject also impresses me with the effect of Christ's mission upward and downward. Glory to God, peace to man. When God sent his Son into the world, angels discovered something new in God, something they had never seen before. Not power, not wisdom, not love. They knew all that before. But when God sent His Son into this world then the angels saw the spirit of self denial in God, the spirit of self sacrifice in God. It is easier to love an angel on His throne than a thief on the cross, a seraph in His worship than an adulteress in her crime. When the angels saw God—the God who would not allow the most insignificant angel in Heaven to be hurt—give up His Son, His Son, His only, only Son, they saw something that they had never thought of before, and I do not wonder that when Christ started out on that pilgrimage the angels in Heaven clapped their wings in triumph and called on all the hosts of Heaven to help them celebrate it, and sang so loud that the Bethlehem shepherds heard it: "Glory to God in the highest."

But it was also to be a mission of peace to man. Infinite holiness accumulated depravity. How could they ever come together? The Gospel bridges over the distance. It brings God to us. It takes us to God. God in us, and we in God. Atonement! Atonement! Justice satisfied, sins forgiven, eternal life secured, Heaven built on a manger.

But it was also to be the pacification of all individual and international animosities. What a sound this word of peace had in the Roman Empire that boasted of the number of people it had massacred, that prided itself on the number of the slain, that rejoiced at the trembling provinces. Sicily and Corsica and Sardinia and Macedonia and Egypt had bowed to her sword and crouched at the cry of her war eagle. She gave her civic honor to Scipio and Fabius and Cæsar—all men of blood. What contempt they must have had there for the penniless unarmed Christ in the garb of a Nazarene, starting out to conquer all nations. There never was a place on earth where that word peace sounded so offensively to the ears of the multitude as in the Roman Empire. They did not want peace. The greatest music they ever heard was the clanking chains of their captives. If all the blood that has been shed in battle could be gathered together it would upheave a navy. The club that struck Abel to the earth has its echo in the butcheries of all ages. Edmund Burke, who gave no wild statistics, said that there had been spent in slaughter thirty-five thousand millions of dollars, or what would be equal to that but he had not seen into our times, when in our own day, in America, we expended three thousand millions of dollars in civil war.

Oh, if we could now take our position on some high point and see the world's armies march past! What a spectacle it would be! There go the hosts of Israel through a score of Red seas—one of water, the rest of blood. There go Cyrus and his army, with infuriate yell rejoicing over the fall of the gates of Babylon. There goes Alexander, leading forth his hosts and conquering all the world but himself, the earth reeling with the battle gash of Arbela and Persepolis. There goes Ferdinand Cortes, leaving his butchered enemies on the table lands once fragrant with vanilla and covered over with groves of flowering cereo. There goes the great Frenchman, leading his army down through Egypt like one of its plagues, and up through Russia like one of its own icy blasts. Yonder is the grave French under the shadow of Sebastopol. There are the rains of Delhi and Allahabad, and yonder are the inhuman Sepoys and the brave regiments under Havelock avenging the insulted flag of Britain; while out right through the heart of my native land is a trench in which there lie one million Northern and Southern dead.

Oh, the tears! Oh, the blood! Oh, the long marches! Oh, the hospital wounds! Oh, the martyrdom! Oh, the death! But brighter than the light which flashed on all these swords and shields and muskets is the light that fell on Bethlehem, and louder than the bray of the trumpets, and the neighing of the chargers, and the crash of the walls, and the groaning of the dying armies, is the song that unrolls this moment from the sky, swept as though all the bells of Heaven rang a jubilee, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Oh, when will the day come—God hasten it!—when the swords shall be turned into plow-shares, and the fortresses shall be remodeled into churches, and the men of blood battling for renown shall become good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and the cannon now striking down whole columns of death shall thunder the victories of the truth.

When we think of the whole world saved we are apt to think of the few people that now inhabit it. Only a very few compared with the populations to come. And what a small part cultivated. Do you know it has been authentically estimated that three-fourths of Europe is yet all barrenness, and that nine hundred and ninety-nine one-thousandths part of the entire globe is uncultivated? Thus is all to be cultivated, all inhabited, and all gospelized. Oh, what tears of repentance when nations begin to weep! Oh, what supplications when continents begin to pray! Oh, what rejoicing when hemispheres begin to sing! Churches will worship on the places where this very hour smokes the blood of human sacrifice, and wandering through the snake infested jungles of Africa Christ's heel will bruise the serpent's head. Oh, when the trumpet of salvation shall be sounded everywhere and the nations are redeemed, a light will fall upon every town brighter than that which fell upon Bethlehem, and more overwhelming than the song that fell on the pastoral fields where the flocks fed, there will be a song louder than the voice of the storm lifted me ans, "Glory to God in the highest," and from all nations and kindred and people and tongues will come the response. "And on earth peace, good will toward men!" On this Christmas day I bring you good tidings of great joy. Pardon for all sin, comfort for all trouble and life for all dead. Shall we now take this Christ into our hearts? The time is passing. This is the closing of the year. How the time speeds by. Put your hand on you heart—one, two, three. Three times less it will beat. Life is passing like gnashes over the plain. Sorrows never like pelots over a lake. Death swoops like a vulture from the mountains. Misery rolls up to our ears like waves. Heavenly songs fall to us like stars.

I wish you a merry Christmas, not with worldly dissipations, but merry with Gospel gladness, merry with pardoned sin, merry with hope of reunion in the skies with all your loved ones who have preceded you. In that grandest and best sense a merry Christmas.

And God grant that in our final moment we may have as bright a vision as did the dying girl when she said: "Mother"—pointing with her thin white hand through the window—"Mother, what is that beautiful land out under beyond the mountains, the high mountains?" "Oh," said the mother, "my darling, there are no mountains within sight of our home." "Oh, yes," she said, "don't you see them—that beautiful land beyond the mountains out there, just beyond the high mountains?"

The mother looked down into the face of her dying child and said: "My dear, I think that must be Heaven that you see." "Well, then," she said, "father, you come, and with your strong arms carry me over those mountains into that beautiful land beyond the high mountains." "No," said the weeping father, "my darling, I can't go with you." "Well," she said, clapping her hands, "never mind, never mind; I see yonder a shining one coming. He is coming now, in His strong arms to carry me over the mountains to the beautiful land—over the mountains, over the high mountains!"

A Good Memory.

Lawyers are generally supposed to be sharper than the rest of the human race, but occasionally a witness tips them up. An eminent barrister once received a severe repartee from a witness that he was trying to browbeat. It was a critical point in the case, and in order to save his cause from defeat it was necessary that the lawyer should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age, when a lively dialogue ensued, opened by the lawyer's saying to the witness:

"Sir, your age?"

"Seventy-two."

"Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant as it was twenty years ago, is it?"

"I think it is."

"State some circumstances which occurred, say, twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you remember."

"I appeal to Your Honor if I am to be questioned in this way; it is insolent," said the witness, turning to the Judge.

"You had better answer the question," replied His Honor.

"Yes, state it," said the lawyer.

"Well," answered the witness, "if you compel me to do it, I will. About thirty years ago you studied in Mr. Parchment's office, did you not, Lawyer L.?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my shop and saying to me, 'Mr. D., my son is to be examined to-morrow, and I wish you would let him have a suit of clothes on credit.' I remember also, sir, that from that day to this he has never paid the bill. That, sir, I remember as though it were but yesterday."

"That will do, sir," returned the lawyer, considerably abashed.

"I thought it would."

The Prayer Book Dodge.

Traveler—Oh, hind sir, take all, take all, but leave me this, my pocket Bible, a parting gift from my mother when I was a boy?

The Highwayman (as he gathers up a very poor haul)—Keep your prayer book an' begone.

The Traveler (ten minutes later)—Well, that was a pretty close shave. If that champ had known that Bible covered $2,000 in bank notes, he wouldn't have been so quick to let me keep it.—*Town Talk.*

The Line Must Be Drawn.

St. Louis man—I will bet you a new suit the fair will be held in St. Louis.

New York man—Where is the suit to be made?

St. Louis man—In St. Louis, of course.

New York man—I must decline the bet.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

If you want your favors to be remembered, show them to people when they need them. A man with more money than he knows what to do with cares nothing for an extra dollar, but the man who needs a dollar to save his life will never forget the man who gives him the coveted coin.—*Jackson Globe.*

A woman over 100 years old, unincorrigible, who had spent [illegible] Christmases she can remember [illegible]son, has been sent to a year's [illegible]ment for theft.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

NO. 8 OCK NOTHIN' HALL,
HUMANITY CORNERS, }

R. EDITUR:

Would you beleave it, we'd no sooner got down in the keers than Sally begin to look aroun' for her fate.

I shud a thot that the lessing she'd got from the batchelder would a ben of sum service to her, but it seams it want, for no sooner had she clapped her eyes on to a tall, slim, saller lookin' man dressed in black than she sed to me, all of a flutter:

"There he is, Mis' Scooper; there he is, ride over there by the wood-box. I real thot it is he. I dreampt last nite that I met my fate an' that he looked at me out of jest such sad, mornful eyes as his's. O, I hope he'll her curage to cross all formile barrows an' not wate fur an' interduction."

"Grate Guvernor! Sal, yure the craziest parson fur a man I ever did see," sez Willam Henery, an she was thet tuck up with a lookin at the stranger with all her eyes that she never pitched into Wm. Henery ez I'd sorter expected she wood.

The stranger set thare ez big ez who but he, tho he didn't pay no intention to nobuddy. Finally the widder she reedn't stan it no longer.

"Les go over thare an sit," sez she. "I believe thare is a drant heer, an I'd kindy lute to ketch cold into my tooth an so it to akin again, fur it feels real cumfitable now."

An I went along with her to sort o' portect her, an one seat was jis tho same ez another to me. Well, we hedn't ben a sittin thare 2 minits tel she leans over the seet an teches him on to the yarm, an smiles awful sweet, an sez:

"Parding me, sir, but will you pleasn be so kind es to tell me what time o' the day it is? My watch hez run down." An' thare she hain't got no watch, nor never did hev. "Lawss! thet's a whopper!" thinkses I to myself.

"Certainly, madam. It air 15 minits till 4 o'clock," sez he, es perlite es you please.

"O thanks, a thousn' times, sir; but you no the time passes so awfully slow when one is a travellin' all alone, es it war."

"I, to, am travelling alone, not only on the keers, but in the jurney of life," sez he, solumly.

"How misfortunate; an' yet how similair yure fate is to my own hard lot, fur I am all alone in the rode, hard world," an' she put her hankercher to her nose, an' looked es solum es she cood on sech short notis.

"It must be fate thet hes throwed us together in this fashing, miss, an I feel alreddy a deap an abidin' interest in you. You must be my fate," sez he, a takin her han an kissin' it.

"Hain't he romantick?" whuspered Sally to me.

"May I hasp thet your kin an sot by my side, sweet vision of feline loveliness?" sez he.

"O, you dear, sweet feller!" sez she, an she went an sot in to the sote with him, an as thay was only one sete ahed of me I cooldn't help hearin most thay sed.

An it was all about infinities, congenial spirits an sech like other trash at furst, but he finally got to arskin her all about whare she was from an about people to the Corners. I thot he was wunderfully interested in the folks to the Corners, an didn't no but what he did hev sum intentions; but happenin to glance over to William Henery I saw him soun asleep with his mouth wide open, an jest then his teath drapped down an he started to swaller 'em, but I jumped up an hit him a few wolts on to the back thet nocked 'em out, an by thet time we was to the depot, whare Mary Tabitha met us. Yourn as ever,

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

Two Millionaires Confide.

Two rich men of Chicago were waiting for their suburban train. They were on one side of a window, a listener was on the other. The listener was not there as an "eavesdropper." He had taken his position there first. The sons of Croesus had come after. If they chose to talk why should the listener move?

"I wonder what we will file asked to do next?" one of them said.

"I don't know, but it does get tiresome. There is hardly an hour that some sort of subscription paper, or petition for money, or committee doesn't wait upon me. I acknowledge my gratitude to Almighty God for what He has given me, and I consider it my duty to Him and to society that I should contribute, and I do contribute, but the cry for more is incessant."

Said the other one: "It is all right to solicit charities and grant aid for the same, but those solicitations do not stop there. A committee calls upon me from the Council and asks me to help on some sort of blow-out. I say to them, 'Gentlemen, your project will not put a dollar into my pocket, but for the glory of Chicago I give.' The next day another committee waits upon me for something else. Then come the really deserving. I must give to them. And so it goes all day long. I suppose there are people in this world who envy me as I go to my home. I have everything heart can wish for, they say. I know how they talk. But you know how it is, George."

"I do," said George. "I have gone through with this same thing all day long, and having reached my home I have retired feeling as tired as any day laborer in Chicago. And then in my dreams this ragged beggar, this respectable committee, those charitable people—all pass before me in a procession, and I get up in the morning as tired as when I lay down. But I couldn't explain this satisfactorily to the world."

"No," the other replied, "if you were to give up every dollar you had the chaps who failed to receive anything would call you a ——fool." *Chicago Tribune.*

Practical.

According to the philosophers everything has two uses, a lower and a higher. Some very common people find this out for themselves, so far, at least, as the practical application of it is concerned.

The daughter of the rector of a parish in East London-over-the-border taught the choir boys a new tune at a Monday evening's rehearsal, to be sung on the following Sunday. Sunday morning came.

"Well, Johnny," said Miss X—, "I hope you haven't forgotten the new tune, for we depend much on you."

"Naw, mum, not a bit. I've been a skeering the crows with it all the week."

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A Choice Selection of Interesting Items.

One million dollars of gold coin weighs 3,685 pounds avoirdupois and $1,000,000 of silver coin weighs 58,929.9 pounds avoirdupois.

In Cashmere, thirty thousand shawls are made yearly. It takes three men a year to weave a pair. It takes ten goats to furnish the material for one and a half yards square.

A few years ago some New Jersey anglo-maniac imported a lot of English hares, so as to "have a real English 'are 'unt, you know. There are now so many English hares in New Jersey as to be pests.

General Tecumseh Sherman is of the opinion that we have got all the territory we want in the United States. His opinion on the subject is something worth having. He is an adept in the art by which foreign territory is usually acquired.

A man who had not a little to do with making our Civil War a Union success, has just died. It was Wm. G. Chamberlain, for nearly fifty years connected with the Springfield armory. During the war he was foreman of the gun-making department.

The electric light is making its way in London, the wires being laid under ground, and the streets all over the city will soon be illuminated by it. In interior use, however, there is a growing distrust, the numerous accidents in this country having directed attention to its dangers.

Lord Wolseley wants to command the British Army in India upon the retirement of Sir Frederick Roberts. Lord Wolseley, it will be remembered, is the man who knows least about our civil war of all educated Englishmen and the man most inclined to write about it.

A report comes from the lumber regions at Portage Lake, Me., that a huge panther came out in a clearing and walked around some men who were yarding logs. The men were much terrified, but kept perfectly quiet, and the beast disappeared without doing them any harm. It is very rare, now, that these animals are seen in Maine.

It is so wise as to seem almost providential that the great American Fourth of July comes at a time remote from the fall elections. It would be embarrassing for an Independence Day orator to elbow his way through the crowds of citizens yelling fraud and corruption at each other and take the platform to declare this the grandest, the noblest, the most glorious nation of all time.

At Henderson, Ky., the other day a countryman entered the drug store of Charles F. Kloiderer and called for some article, giving in exchange a piece of money which the proprietor of the store at the time supposed to be a 25-cent piece. On taking his cash out of the drawer he was struck with the oddity of the coin. An application of soap and water revealed a beautiful Roman gold coin bearing the date of 1038.

An intelligent physician has discovered that color blindness is very rare among girls, though it is common among boys. From this fact, he draws the conclusion that, in most cases, color blindness is due to want of early education in discriminating colors. Girls are taught to become familiar with every shade of colors, while boys receive no instruction whatever on the subject. Hence, boys frequently exhibit an ignorance in colors which is confounded with true color blindness, which girls rarely show.

Athens has a modern Aristophanes, who is one of the best known characters in the Greek capital. His name is Suris, and he is proprietor and editor of the comic paper, *Ironios*, every line of which, including the advertisements, he writes himself in verse. The issues are irregular. Some times two copies appear in one week, at other times, when news is scarce or his inspiration flagging, a week or two may pass without a new number. Consequently he has no regular subscribers, but whenever a new number appears the news agents buy all the copies by special arrangement.

Railroad conductors dissipate very little nowadays. The man who drinks, even when off duty, is not the proper party to intrust with the lives of a great number of people. It is a rare thing to see one of them in a bar room, and if seen there he does not tarry long. "A man will often hesitate before doing a wrong which will send him to the penitentiary when he has a wife and children at home to look after and care for," remarked a railroad superintendent recently. This led him to say that the fatigues of a long run made the conductors anxious for the peace and quiet of home, and when they have one they can nearly always be found at it.

The Sultan presented Emperor William with the famous saber of Sultan Murad IV., which originally belonged to Emperor Frederick of Hapsburg, who reigned in the early part of the fourteenth century. It is a cross-handled sword with handle and sheath of solid silver, superbly chased. The Damascus blade is engraved with German inscriptions and the imperial eagle is carved upon the handle. In the sixteenth century the saber, which was an heirloom in the Hapsburg family, was given by Emperor Mathias to Count Hunyadi of that day, who was killed in battle fighting against the Turks, who captured the weapon. For more than three hundred years it has been a prominent object in the imperial armory of Constantinople.

The sequel to a rather peculiar incident has just been brought to light in which a fish and an engagement ring were the principal actors. Some months ago a man living near Wellsville caught a large catfish in the Ohio River. On cutting it open a gold ring with an opal setting was found in its stomach with the initials M. S. F. D. on the inner face of the band. By an accident this came to the notice of Frederick Dunham, of Springfield, Ill., and on examination he pronounced it the engagement ring which he had given to his wife twelve years before and which she had lost on a Missouri River steamer a few years after their marriage.

An eccentric character who had acquired a fortune in Australia recently died in England. He spent his money very freely. He purchased valuable articles and invariably destroyed them. A gold watch was smashed up the moment it was bought; the back of a silver watch was wrenched off so as to be more convenient for winding up; the straw was taken out of a new mattress for pig bedding; springs taken out of a new easy chair; shelves taken out of the house for firewood; clocks broken up and thrown away; bread burned daily in the oven; legs of mutton and sides of bacon were buried in the garden; valuable trees and plants were bought and chopped up. He built a greenhouse and knocked it to pieces. He died poor and was buried by the parish.

Odd things sometimes happen on the Alsace-Lorraine frontier. The other day a family in Lorraine, near the border, expected a party of relatives from over the line to lunch with them. The French family didn't think it necessary to get a passport for such a short visit, but the German officials refused to let them cross without it. They therefore turned back for a few yards into France and alighted. In the meanwhile their Lorraine relatives, who had seen their retreat, had gone home, and returned with knives, forks, plates, glasses and a hot dinner. The cloth was laid across the frontier, upon a patch of smooth grass, and a merry picnic was held, each party sitting on its own soil. The German officials stood by the whole time, ready to arrest the strangers in case they overstepped the imaginary line, but they were careful not to do so.

Prof. Austin Phelps, of Andover Seminary, is a careful student of currents and forces within and without the church. He has recently written to the President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, thus: "I have been so deeply interested in the new movement creating societies of 'Christian Endeavor,' that I am moved to express to you, unsought, my cordial sympathy with it. It is the only movement which has met adequately a peril to which our churches for many years have been exposed. I mean the absorption of churchly forces in methods of usefulness outside of the church, and some of them ignoring its existence. This movement of 'Christian Endeavor' seems admirably fitted to counteract that danger. I am grateful for it. The rapidity of its success is proof that it was needed. Earnest believers were waiting for it."

One of the most remarkable monuments in America is at San Luis, Obispo County, Southern California. A great rock rises 150 feet above the plain of Carissa, and in the distance looks rugged and forbiding. On near approach it seems to have on its eastern side an opening twenty-five feet broard, which leads into an inner temple or court, with level floor 225 feet long and 125 feet broad at it widest part. The ceiling is sixty to one hundred feet high. This great natural cathedral is a wonder to geologists, but it is more wonderful to archeologists. It was evidently used by prehistoric man as a temple of worship or a capitol of government. On the walls are paintings in red, white, and black, doubtless having a meaning. There are figures representing deeds, suns, forts, spears, men and animals. The colors are apparently as bright as when laid on. The outer wall was discovered by Franciscan missionaries 100 years ago, and there has been no change in its appearance since. When or by whom the walls were decorated no one knows. The Indian tribes had no tradition concerning the work, and regard it with superstitious reverence.

He Missed His Wife.

"Mister," said a haggard looking man as he walked into a hardware store, "can you tell me where I can buy a phonograph?"

"I guess we can order one for you, sir," said the salesman who met him at the door. His face expressed surprise but his tone conveyed assurance.

"Can you get one that'll work automatically; one that you won't have to grind yourself, but can fix it all up and let it go of its own accord?"

"I think we can arrange an attachment that will accomplish that result."

"All right; get it as quick as you can, will you?"

"You want it as a sort of emanuensis, I suppose?"

"No; my wife has gone out of town. I find that when I get home at night everything is so kind of solemn and still that I don't feel like going to bed, and when I do get to bed the silence is so oppressive that I can't stand it. So I thought that if I could get a phonograph and have the hired girl talk into it for about half an hour—something about its being a nice time of night for a self-respecting married man to be getting home, and all that sort of thing—I would set it before I went to bed and succeed in getting to sleep. It's funny how a man will miss these old familiar sounds."—*Merchant Traveler.*

The world is unjust in its judgments, so it is in its requitals. It speedily effaces the memory of the greatest services, and, when we can repeat them no more, we are neglected and thrown aside.

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

A Very Queer Incident That Happened Recently on the Train.

Some two months ago, when I was coming east on No. 12, says S. L. Cole of Brooklyn in the New York *World*, I had as passengers an old couple the queerest-looking couple I ever saw. They were both over 80 years old, as I learned in talking with them. The old lady was dressed just as my grandmother used to dress fifty or more years ago—poke bonnet and all only minus the hoops. The old man had on a genuine swallow-tail coat and a stovepipe hat, tall and scarcely larger than a five-inch stovepipe.

I first saw them on going through the train after leaving Salamanca, where we make connection with the Nyrano. The old lady at once commenced to ask questions, but as we make our first stop at Carrollton I am too busy to more than glance at tickets, and I told her I would see her later. Leaving Carrollton I have more time, and when I came to the old people, as they were in the rear of the last day coach, the one next the sleepers, I sat down in the seat just in front of them and had a long talk.

I found they were Scotch and had been living somewhere out in Illinois for nearly half a century. They were both remarkably intelligent considering their years, the old lady in particular, she being a great talker. They had at last concluded to see the old country once more before death claimed them, and were now on their way to Scotland.

Arriving at Hornellsville where we took supper, it was found necessary to put on an extra car. This brought the old people into the second car from the sleepers. Canisteo, four miles out from Hornellsville, is our first stop. Here we register and report back to Y. Our next stop is Addison, thirty miles east.

Leaving Canisteo I jumped on to the rear platform of the last day coach and there found the old man. It was getting dark, and there being a number of sharp curves between there and Addison I took him by the arm, and saying "Come, come, uncle, this won't do," opened the door and sent him inside.

I then went up ahead and commenced taking up my through tickets. When I came to the old lady I noticed she was alone, but as she had both tickets and said nothing I thought nothing of it. I had to go through the sleepers as well as the day coaches this time, and we had begun to slow up for Addison before I was through. Leaving Addison I again passed through the car, and this time the old lady spoke up, saying:

"Say, Mr. Conductor, have you seen anything of my old man lately?"

"No," I said; "not since leaving Canisteo. I sent him in the car there. Haven't you seen him?"

"No, not since we left that place where we stopped so long."

I then remembered about the extra car we had put on at Hornellsville, and that it was that car I had sent him into, and went back to look for him. But the old man was not there. The brakeman and I looked through the train, sleepers and all, but he was not to be found. Some of the passengers in the car I had sent him into said they noticed him as he came in and that he, after looking the car all over, evidently in search of some one, had passed into the car ahead. I then knew that he had probably undertaken to pass from car to car just as we had struck a sharp curve and been thrown from a platform. He had undoubtedly been instantly killed, for there was not one chance in a million for it to be otherwise. It was with a heavy heart I went to the old lady to tell her my fears. I had had many a tough job, but this was the hardest, and I would have shirked it if I could. Going up to her I said:

"Well, auntie, I can't find him, and fear he has fallen off the train."

"Mercy!" she replied, "I hope he isn't lost."

Then up spoke some fool passenger: "Hurt! Well, if he has fallen off this train he is killed, sure."

The old lady looked up at me and said:

"Do you think so, Mr. Conductor?"

"I don't know, auntie. I am afraid he is," I replied.

The old lady dropped her head and for a moment or two did not reply. Then, raising it up again, she looked me full in the face and said:

"Oh, dear! Well, I don't know as it makes much difference. He was getting pretty old and couldn't have lived but a little while anyway, and then he was a great trial. He would get drunk."

I was completely thunderstruck. Do you know that old lady wouldn't get off the train and wait for news from him. She said: "Oh, it's no use. If he is dead I can't do him any good."

At Corning I telegraphed back, and the section men were sent to look for him. I left the train at Elmira, but learned afterward that at Waverly they had a telegram saying the old man had been found and was still alive. Then the old lady left the train and went back.

About a week afterward I had occasion to go to New York. As I was going on to the ferry-boat at Jersey City who should I see trudging along ahead of me but the old lady. Going up to her I said:

"Well, auntie, how is the old man?"

She looked at me a moment, and then said: "Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Conductor? Oh, he's dead—he's dead."

"Why, when did he die?"

"Oh, last night."

"But didn't you want to stay and see him buried?"

"Oh, no. The railroad company killed him. Let them bury him," and the old lady walked off as though the loss of a life partner was a small matter.

If rivers come out of their prison thus bright and immortal, shall not I, too, renew my spring life with joy and hope? Have I no hopes to sparkle on the surface of life's current? It is worth while to have our faith revived by seeing where a river swells and eddies about a half-burned rock.

Gambetta's Famous Escape.

M. Spuller, Gambetta's companion in his escape by balloon from Paris, has just given, on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument at the villa of Epineuse, where the balloonists alighted, an interesting account of the historic incident. The professional aeronaut, Fréchet, said the French Foreign Minister had one failing. As soon as the balloon had got well up he wanted to go down, and when they approached Chantilly a first descent was made. The country people told them that they must ascend again, as the Germans were very near them, and so they started afresh, but soon M. Fréchet elected to descend, and would have landed them in a farm crammed with the enemy's troops had they not been fired at and thus warned off. Ballast had to be thrown out in profusion, and M. Spuller helped to lighten the balloon by the sacrifice of his overcoat.

At last the gas with which the balloon was inflated was visibly escaping; the travelers had no alternative but to decide on descending somewhere. They perceived a small river, but soon they heard the sound of the Prussian drum, and Gambetta told M. Fréchet that they must at least make their way to the other side, where there was a wood. This was done without any accident, and they alighted on the fringe of the Bois de Ferrières at Epineuse.

Numbers of peasants went to meet them and they were received hospitably by the Mayor, M. Drebus, whose daughter was allowed to start one of the pigeons which they had brought with them to convey to Paris the news of their safe arrival. The Mayor drove them to Triest, whence a schoolmaster took them to Montdidier. They arrived at 11 p. m., slept at the subprefecture and took the train next morning for Amiens. The oak grappled by the balloon for making the descent attracted many visitors till the owner, a royalist, cut it down, refusing offers of purchase.

Gen. Grant's Log Cabin.

Among the deeds recently filed in St. Louis County there is one from L. B. Conn to Henry J. Weber, the nurseryman, conveying to him 121 acres of land, being part of the 160 acre tract occupied by Gen. U. S. Grant and his bride, nee Miss Julia Dent, when they lived in a log cabin which Jeff Sappington, C. D. Wolff, P. S. Lanham and other neighbors of the old commander helped him to "raise" shortly after the wedding in 1857. Mr. Conn bought the whole of the Grant property, comprising 728 acres, at $80 an acre, in June, 1888, and the historic interest connected with the place is mainly what stimulated him to purchase it. Since then he has frequently remarked that he intended to preserve every relic of the "old commander" that there was to be found anywhere upon the property, and his deed to Mr. Weber indicates his intention of carrying out that idea, for it is especially stipulated that the grantor shall have the right to remove the "little old log cabin" at any time within two years from the date of sale. *St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

A Bright Idea from Boston.

It will be observed that the artistic bootblack around town has within the past few months taken to the plan of using a small piece of white flannel for the purpose of giving a supplementary polish to the boots on which he operates. Everybody will be interested in knowing that this new idea in boot-blacking comes from Boston, which must now be crowned with the credit of refining and polishing the universe in a fashion hitherto unsuspected. A negro bootblack down town was asked the other day who was responsible for first using the flannel polisher, and he answered promptly: "The idea comes from Boston, sah, just a little while ago. A Boston man done invented it and it is a very good idea, sah." As a workman naturally knows something of the origin of the tools he uses in his trade, this statement may be taken as final.—*New York World.*

He Was Answered.

"Oi say, Mike, dye see that windy over there?"

"Oi do, Dinny."

"An' do yez moind, noo, wot it says on that signboard over the same?"

"Oi do, Dinny."

"An phwat is it?"

"Sure, an' can't yez rade it yerself? It's 'Beery of Inf'rnation' it says."

"An' phwat does that mane?"

"It manes that if yez want to non anything yez are to ask about it there."

"An' that's wot I fought, an' so I axed him wot time does the sex o'clock train come in."

"An' wot did he say?"

"Sure an' he said the sex o'clock train gits in at siven Cirty. That's wot he said, the spalpeen."—*American Commercial Traveler.*

Where Friendship Ceases.

Emeline—Mamma will give her consent only too quick when you ask her, but I'm afraid papa will hold off.

Jack—What makes you think that? He has always been very friendly with me.

Emeline—Yes, Jack; but this is a matter of business.

In Russia women are not allowed to practice medicine before reaching the age of forty years. In free America every woman feels herself fully qualified to practice medicine as soon as she owns a baby or can borrow one of her neighbor to experiment on.—*Terre Haute Express.*

The trouble with doing a thing very well is that you receive no credit for the things you may do afterward that are moderately good.

HE GURGLES WITH DELIGHT.

New Styles in Dress Goods That Please a Western Society Editor.

We noticed from our eastern exchanges that some of the popular shades in dress goods this winter are described as "dragon's blood," "elephant's breath," and pale pink, called "stifled sighs."

We just gurgled with delight when we heard this, because all these colors are so unique. We were red glad with a regular Pan-American gladness for the dear girls, for a girl loves to be unique, don't you know, even if she has to wear it under her wrapper. A girl dressed in elephant's breath, hung in graceful folds and looped up and fastened at the corners with stifled sighs, with a corsage of old gold, slashed with dragon's gore, would be just too lovely for anything. We have been sighing for just such a girl for years, but our sigh had hardly stifle enough in it to match the new color. We have sent for a remnant of a stifled sigh to make a neck-tie of it. It appears to us that elephant's breath would be rather strong for real comfort in the summer time, especially if the elephant was inclined to be dissipated.

We are induced to make these harsh remarks by observing that men who go around all night to see the elephant have a breath on them in the morning that they can hang their hats on and have enough left to start the fire with. Dragon's blood should only be worn in spots, a la polka dot, as it were, and should never be worn without being sprinkled with ashes of roses to tone it down. In the absence of roses, wood ashes or cigar ashes would answer as well. But there is a fullness and a pathos about the stifled sigh which will make it a rank favorite the moment society corals it. It is so delicate and yet so far-reaching. A sigh at any time is a delicate thing to look at, but when it is stifled and worn full in the back, with box pleating down the sides and caught up with silver buckles into a double cinche about the waist, it is simply a dream.—*Lassen (Cal.) Advocate.*

Paying for Her Wrinkles.

You have heard about all sorts of unique ways of keeping scores for which barkeepers are hung up, and I suppose you have heard all the stories that are afloat, but I think an old woman who lives up our way and does washing for my family has invented something new.

She is a very old woman—used to be a slave—and is as ignorant as an unhuskked ear of corn. She can't read figures or anything. A short time ago she bought a wringer on the installment plan, and inasmuch as she is very suspicious of everybody, and is inclined to think everybody is trying to rob her, it puzzled her a great deal to devise some way of keeping count of the money paid at different times on her purchases. But she struck it. I was over at her house the other morning to see her about some extra work my wife wanted done, and noticed on the window-sill several lead pencil circles of different sizes, but each drawn very carefully, as though around some circular substance. I asked auntie about it, and she told me of the wringer, and that that was the way she knew how much she had paid. The small rings were the size of a quarter, and meant that so many quarters had been paid, and the large ones meant half dollars and dollars. She just counted up the rings when she wanted to know how much she had paid on her wringer, and could tell as readily as though the money were before her. And yet they say figures are a necessity.

Told of a Successful Novel.

I know of an instance where a singularly good and original plot was found in a story written with a grammatical error in almost every line. The author was advised that her manuscript contained the material for a good story, but would have to be rewritten. She consented, and the manuscript was placed in the hands of a competent writer. When the book appeared the author scarcely recognized her work. The plot was there but nothing more. As the "reader" predicted, the story, as rewritten, proved a success. To-day it is one of the best known novels in the literary world, and the author, whose name appears on the title page, receives all the credit, while the real author contents himself with the knowledge that his bank account is $250 larger by the word. The truth perhaps will never be known, but I often wonder when I see the title page author receiving the congratulations of her friends at the success of her book, if her conscience ever pricks her.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Time to Do Something.

"Don't you think, Matrix," said a fond father to the partner of his joys, "don't you think it is about time we put little Freddie into some good school?"

"Yes, indeed, John." Why, I can do nothing all day long except watch that boy. Only this morning he threw the cat into the cistern, cut the top off one of your new boots to gedleather to cover his ball with, dropped your razor into the well, spilled ink all over the parlor carpet, and —— "

"Great Scott! Clean the cistern, buy a new pair of boots, a razor and a parlor carpet all for one day! Something must be done, that's sure."

"Yes, John. He is so active. We must be very careful in the selection of a school for him, dear, so much depends upon it, you know."

"Yes, I know. How would a reform school do."—*American Commercial Traveler.*

Some men's affairs don't get straightened out until about the same time they do themselves.—*Burlington Free Press.*

No, Johnny; tenpin balls are no made in rolling mills.

FAIR CASHIER'S TROUBLES.

How She Is Fostered by French Cooks and Old Men.

"Would you like to go to the theater to-night?"

"No, thank you."

"Ah, this is Charley's night I suppose?"

"Sir!!!"

Then the attractive brunette who presides at the cashier's desk at a large Chestnut street store, the customers of which are mainly members of the sterner sex, looked at herself in the mirror and pushed a refractory lock into place as the crushed dude with the theater tickets opened the door and let himself out into the cold, cruel world. Then she threw a bewitching smile at the next customer, and when he wanted to know if she got many theater invitations, she answered:

"Oh, lots of them. But I prefer to select my own company. One can't be too careful, you know. Why, a girl who once worked here actually eloped, so I've been told 'bout nine times so far. I wonder why it is that so many men bother me with all sorts of questions. One man, who looked somewhat sensible, asked me not long ago if I knew of a good cook. Then a hands-one drummer, with such a nice mustache, asked me if the pretty cashier in the biggest dining room in New York was my sister. But I don't mind the coing fellows. They will flirt and talk nonsense whenever they get a show. Sometimes it's hard work to get rid of our pennies, but when a particularly susceptible 'dominie' appears then I get in my work with the coppers, and they form the biggest part of the change. We have to have lots of tact. The old men bring me a novel once in a while, usually by Laura Lean Libbey or some such a crank, and I give them to the boys that work here.

"Life is too short to read such trash. Then the old chaps want to tell me their troubles, and if I go out shopping for a minute or so some one is sure to think it's proper to speak to me simply because I give him his change at the store. Isn't it ridiculous?"

"I suppose you receive many offers of——"

"Marriage," interrupted the cashier; "oh! not many, considering. The boys nowadays don't seem to take kindly to that sort of thing. They say it's too hard to buy by any money. They put all their money on their backs, or else loaf around the leading saloons. I know all about it, for that innocent young man who is coming this way has told me a good bit. I'll have to ask you to go now. Here's another toothpick."

So the interested listener withdrew with great ideas of the worldly wisdom of some young women.

Famished.

New England farmers are proverbial for their liking for pie. It is a staple article of food with most of them,—they "wouldn't know how to keep house without it." And indeed it is hard to get along without anything to which we have all our lives been accustomed. An old lady went from New Hampshire to visit city relations on whose table pie never appeared. Her visit had been understood to be for a month, but at the end of two weeks she announced her intention of returning home on the following day.

"Why, auntie," said her niece, in a tone of great surprise, "we thought you had come to stay at least a month, and I can't think of letting you go so soon."

"I think I must, Mattie," replied the old lady, firmly.

"But we haven't taken you to half the places we want to see, nor done half we want to do for your pleasure. Surely you're not tired of us so soon."

"Oh, no, no," protested the old lady "I've enjoyed myself very much, dear; you have all been so kind and thoughtful, I can't thank you enough for it all."

"Then stay longer, auntie. Why should you go so soon?"

With the frankness and simplicity of many aged persons the old lady said:

"Well, Mattie, if I must tell you, I will. I simply can't stay where folks never have pie, and I don't want any extra trouble taken to make it on my account, so I'd better go home where we have it common."

She did not go home for weeks, and pie appeared upon the table at every meal as long as she remained.

Wanted Inducements.

An old fellow, after standing about the corridor of the Grand Pacific hotel nearly all day, at last found an opportunity to speak to the clerk.

"I reckon you have noticed me around here."

"I don't know that I have," the clerk answered.

"Why, I've been here all day; but no matter. I have been wanting to speak to you on business, but you have been so busy that I couldn't get a chance. I am from Michigan, and expect to stay in this town nearly a whole week, and I'd like to know what inducements you offer for folks stoppin' at your hotel."

"No inducements except that we do our best to please."

"No discount for cash in advance?"

"None."

"Don't make a man a little present when he leaves, I reckon?"

"No."

"Just let him go away as a matter of course?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't reckon we can trade. I have lived too long and I'arned too much to throw away money without any inducement."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Hung Up for a Few Days.

Texan meeting the parson on the arrival of the stage: Jest reached town in time to preach, stranger.

Parson—Why, I came to town to spend the day with Bro. Jones. How is the brother?

Texan—Waal, yer see Judge Lynch decided a case hyar yesterday, and the parson didn't 'pear ter agree with the verdict, so he's hung up for a few days.—*Boston Herald.*

THE NICKEL-IN-THE-SLOT.

A Peculiarly Honest Tramp Who Lives by Suction, Yet Is No "Sucker."

While sitting in the Fulton Ferry House my attention was attracted to a seedy individual who had just entered. I had no difficulty in establishing his status in life. He was a member of that profession that looks up on the world as its "oyster" and unceremoniously opens it upon the slightest opportunity. He was a tramp. His clothes were out of or rather born to his calling. Hard times hung from every angle of his body. His nose was the only bright spot about him. That had been burnished by whisky until it looked like "a gilded halo hovering round decay."

"Watch that man," said an official to me. "He has got some way of getting nickels and pennies out of those 'nickel-in-the-slot' machines over there. You see the machines are often out of order and the money dropped in sticks in the slot. That tramp comes here regularly every morning and sucks them out. It is none of my business so I never interfere with him."

I watched. The man approached a fruit-fruit machine, stooped down and placed his mouth over one of the slots. A long, drawn out suction followed, as if the machine was delicious lemon on Katzenjammer Day, and then he straightened up with a penny between his teeth. Down he went again as the klingliche does for a smelt, and back again with his prey in his mouth. This was repeated until the slots had yielded up thirteen cents—one nickel and eight pennies.

When the tramp went away, I followed him outside and engaged him in conversation. I found him to have more than his share of the grim humor that characterizes the tramp brotherhood. He drew himself up with Inglorious dignity and said:

"The suction idea came to me about three months ago. I first had to satisfy myself that it was a legitimate business. The nickel, I reasoned, does not belong to the person who puts it in the slot, as he took chances with the machine and got left. It did not belong to the machine, because it had rendered nothing for the money received. Having thus satisfied my conscience I commenced operations. The business had developed beyond my greatest expectations. The interest on the capital invested is enormous. No expenditures; all receipts. I make from $1 to $2 per day. My hours are long, it is true, and most of my business engagements are at night. But it's 'way head of being on the road. I don't like the country. The haystacks are too far apart, and the careless handling of shotguns by farmers has always shocked me.

"I am glad to have a metropolitan occupation," he continued. "Here there is a field for ingenuity. The man with an idea can not be kept down. My business is almost too much for one man to control. It takes me a long time to get around to all the ferries and depots, and I am thinking of letting out part of my territory."

After a pause he said, reflectively: "I hope this thing won't get into the papers. The slot machine companies might undertake to shut me off. If they do it will be a severe blow to the trade and commerce of the country. I am the inventor of the 'snap,' and as such I am entitled to the profits. Recollect, though I make my living by suction. I am no 'sucker.'" And he faded away in the gloom of Williamsburg ferryward.—*New York Herald.*

Death in a Lonely Lighthouse.

A pitiful story comes from Red Island Lighthouse, opposite the mouth of the Saguenay, Quebec. It appears that the guardian of this lighthouse was until lately Elzear Frazeur, and he had spent the summer on the island with his wife and family and an assistant, Alfred Cote. Early in November, as was their wont, his wife and family left him to return for the winter to their home at Trois Pistoles. By the rules of the department he was obliged to remain on the island until December 10.

Soon after the departure of his family he was taken ill, and was about to die. Desiring to breathe his last in the midst of his family, nightly efforts were made by his assistant to signal friends on Green Island and the mainland by means of bonfires to come and take him off. Finally a few nights since the signals were noticed, and the next day a brave crew from Green Island endeavored to reach him in an open boat, which they finally succeeded in doing after much hardship and risk. Rolling the dying man in blankets, they put him in their frail craft with the intention of endeavoring to return to Green Island, but a sudden storm forced them to put back to Red Island, where Mr. Frazeur expired shortly afterward. His death was no doubt hastened by exposure and excitement. The following day they succeeded in effecting a crossing with his body.—*Boston Transcript.*

An Unkind Cut.

Quevedo—Hello, Curl! Why, what's all this? Solomon in all his——

Curlis—I'm an advance agent now. Greatest show on earth. Left journalism for good. No money in it.

Quevedo—And wearing diamonds, too. Are they real?

Curlis—Cert. Don't wear anything else.

Quevedo—Not since you gave up paste, I suppose.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

She Hadn't Forgotten.

Mistress (to new girl)—By the by, Bridget, I forgot whether I told you or not when you came, but I do not allow my kitchen girl to have any followers.

Bridget—Yez I told me when I came, Mrs. Chucksley, an' I haven't forgot. I dhrove Mr. Chuckstey out av the kitchen last night wid a dipperful of bilin wather, mum.—*Chicago Tribune.*

There is a woman who cries at every funeral, and if she misses one, she cries because she missed it.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

WANTED.

WANTED—A SITUATION as a stationary engineer. Has two years experience and can be first-class references. Address, W. Stanfield Gotwals, Decatur, Ind.

WANTED—Lumber Piles, Feeders, Sand Hangers and Shovels wanted. Apply to BY D. McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Ill. 7-1

WANTED—A good house girl at 20 East Wayne street. Apply at once. 2-tf

WANTED—Everybody to know that I am prepared to do all kinds of job work for Lord Insurance, Prompt and Polite Society. Wilhelm Bickel, Fort Wayne, Ind. 1-tf

WANTED—For the first of May, two men and four women, and a small girl to wear long curls in age. Call this evening and Saturday forenoon 9 to 10 and 1 p. m. Apply at 57 East street. Alfred A. Knapp, manager, upstairs.

WANTED—A good middle aged man to take agency for our silk in Fort Wayne and other good cities. Also, parties wanted to carry silk as a side line. Address THE MONITOR SILK CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

DWELLINGS Built or Repaired and repair of Dwellings promptly attended to by SCHRADER & WILSON, Agents, 30-1m 16 Harrison street.

WANTED—Two hustlers to canvass and collect for the Prudential Insurance Company. Liberal salary paid. Experience required. Apply to Chas. Bauer, Superintendent, Room 30, Pixley's block. 9-1m

PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me.
O. P. Cromer, Real Estate and Loan Broker, Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
References—Hamilton National Bank. 30-3m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE OR RENT—The large store building, three stories, 120 feet long, on Columbia street, near Calhoun, occupied by Sears Bros. Inquire 82 and 84 East Washington street.

FOR SALE—About seven acres of land with good frame house and fruit trees, drainage complete, just the place for a gardener, within a mile of the city limits. This property must be sold. A snap for someone who takes it quick. For particulars call at the Ervin house, 70 Hanford street. 2-tf

FOR SALE—A stock of groceries, the best location in the city. Rent moderate, will exchange for city property. Call at this office. 27-tf

FOR RENT.

TO LET—Furnished or unfurnished rooms. Inquire at No. 19 Jefferson street, three doors west of Calhoun. 31-tf

FOR RENT—A house at No. 161 Harrison street. Both water works and gas. Enquire of Egan Bros., No. 19 W. Washington street. 3-tf

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ELECTRICITY.

Burglar and Fire Alarms, Door and Call Bells, Annunciators, Push Buttons, Gas Lighting Apparatus, Speaking Tubes, Heat Regulators, Motors, Cash Registers, Watchman's Time Recorders, Electrical Instruments of all kinds manufactured and put up at reasonable prices. Job work and repairing done neatly and promptly. Estimates given on application. Call on, or address,

F. C. BINKLEY, ELECTRICIAN.

Rooms 1 to 5, Foster Block, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WAU-KEE'S LAUNDRY,

No. 8 W. Wayne St

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	3
Drawers	3
Undershirts	3
Night shirts	6
Socks, per pair	2
Handkerchiefs	1
Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

JOE. YOBST & BRO.

Have knocked the bottom out of prices in the Meat business.

Round Steak, 16c., or 3 lbs for 25c.
Shoulder Steak, 9c. lb.
Pork Chops, 8c. lb.
Boiling Pork, 6c. lb.
Boiling Beef, 5c. lb.
Beef Roast, 9c. lb.
Kettle Rendered Lard, 10c. lb.
Sausage, 8c. lb.
Hog Head cheese, 5c. lb.
Watch this column for bargains and buy where you can get the best for your money.

NO. 232 CALHOUN ST.

ROBERT SPICE.

Pumps, Pipe, Hose and Fittings.

DRIVE WELLS.

Natural Gas Fitting a Specialty.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. Five boxes, one dollar. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., The Pill Makers, 162, 164, 166 & 168 Lake St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. Sold by Taylor & Gross, Druggists, 84 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 3 1891

THE watches have only two hands.

TO-MORROW will be the first Sunday of the new year.

THE year opens with but very few deaths in this city.

THE candidates for the county offices need fall around a little.

THE last night's frost killed the flower buds. This is January 1890 in Northern Indiana.

THE democracy never drops into line for victory in the state or fall and in the nation in 1892.

THE United States has a debt of $1,619,769,054 as shown by the treasurer's report, issued January 2, 1891.

WITH the new year the new law in Pennsylvania appointing factory inspectors in the interest of child labor goes into effect.

EX-GOV. ISAAC P. GRAY, as the nominee of the democratic party for vice-president of the United States, would suit the Hoosiers.

THE republican conspirators in their efforts to steal the state of Montana are copyaling the precedent set by their party in Louisiana in '76.

THE governor of North Dakota makes an appeal for aid for its destitute people. The farmers of the north part of the state are in a sad condition.

THE best raisins in the world come from California. Ten years ago we depended on the European fruit, but the Pacific slope has at last captured the market in a fair and open fight.

HON. GEORGE H. BOKER, poet and play-wright, who was minister to Turkey during General Grant's second presidential term, died Thursday morning, at his residence, in Philadelphia.

YESTERDAY at Indianapolis the constitutional officers of the state, the governor, secretary, treasurer and auditor, re-appointed Harry S. New a member of the Indianapolis board of police commissioners.

THE electric light companies in New York now want damages from the city for the destruction of wires and the ruin of business. They claim to have occupied the streets lawfully, and that the city has acted unlawfully.

MISS HATTIE BLAINE, youngest daughter of the secretary of state, and Miss Rachel Cameron, youngest daughter of Senator Don Cameron, will be two of the handsomest debutantes to be introduced to society early this year.

FORT WAYNE is going to have a new bank. Let us have a score or more of good manufacturing establishments and a couple of additional railroads, too. The closing years of the century would then witness Fort Wayne a city of 100,000 inhabitants.

IN 1842 what is now known as "influenza" was known then as "Tyler's grip." Tyler was president of the United States, and just after he vetoed the "United States bank bill" this epidemic swept over the country and was called "Tyler's grip."

THE republicans in congress are said to be determined to increase the tariff to an extent that it will be practically prohibitory, on the theory that the result will be a reduction of the revenue. This has long been known to be a favorite idea of Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, the new leader of the house.

RABBI GUTTMACHER is preaching a very interesting series of lectures at the Jewish temple on the origin of Christianity. Last evening he spoke on the "Pauliuian Church." The young Hebrew divine is a brilliant scholar and is doing good pastoral service for his people in this city. THE SENTINEL has on several occasions spoken in detail of the subject matter of some of his sermons preached at his church.

IN the whole history of political parties in this country none have withstood the shock of years save alone the democratic party. Some may ask what is the secret of its vitality? There is no secret about it. The party was founded on a principle as firm as the constitution. The party is the people. It was not conceived and born for any class, but for the whole people, and will live so long as the spirit of freedom finds an abiding place in the human breast.

JAY GOULD, it is said, pays $20,000 a year to his attending physician, Dr. William Munn, and this commands the latter's entire time. The contract is for twenty years, or until Mr. Gould's death. Dr. Munn has devoted his time since his engagement, which began two years ago, to a careful study of the human nerves and their diseases, and it may be assumed that Mr. Gould's nerves will be kept steady if the most enlightened treatment can accomplish that result.

DEATH came unexpectedly to a man of wealth, as it almost always does, and he sent out for his lawyer to draw his will. He went on willing away his property and when he came to his wife and child he said he wanted his wife and child to have the home. The little child didn't understand what death was. She was standing near and she said: "Papa, have you got a house in the land you are going to?" The arrow reached that heart, but it was too late. He saw his mistake. He had no home beyond the grave. And yet there are will read this and go on, never thinking of the word they are getting closer and closer to each day.

LOCAL GOSSIP.

DR. W. B. MUNN. The secretary-treasurer of the Rock Asphalt Paving company of Fort Wayne has applied to the legislature for authority to [illegible] upon the [illegible] of Fort Wayne. It has been the custom of the Fort Wayne council to [illegible] Fort Wayne [illegible] by the [illegible] whereby the [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Will be paid to any one who can find, on analysis, a particle of Mercury, Potash, or other poison in Swift's Specific (S. S. S.)

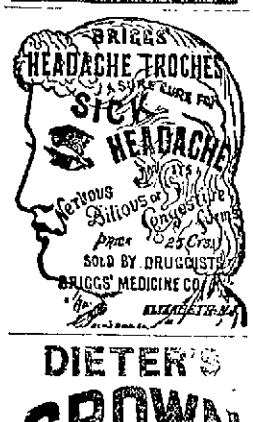
AN EATING SORE

Henderson, Tex., Aug. 26, 1889.—"For eight months I had an ulcer on my right arm. I was treated by the best local physicians, but obtained no relief, the sore gradually growing worse. I concluded finally to try S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles. You have my consent to use my name in the above statement for the benefit of those similarly afflicted." C. B. McKenzie, Henderson, Tex.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

TRADE S.S.S.



DIETER'S
CROWN
BAKING
POWDER

Recommended by the highest authorities and cheerfully endorsed by every housewife who has used it. Its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Ask your grocer for it, and if he cannot supply you, do not purchase a cheap substitute, but send 25 cents to us and we will send you a can by mail, postpaid. Sold only in 1 lb. cans. 25cts. ½ lb. 15cts. ¼ lb. 8cts.

If your grocer does not keep Dieter's Crown Baking Powder and he tries to sell you some other, tell him to get it for you, and you will be sure to get a good article.

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER

The Secret of Health

is the power to eat, digest and assimilate a proper quantity of wholesome food. This can never be the case while impurities exist in the system. The blood must be purified, it is the vital principle, carrying through every part of the body. Dr. Tutt's Pills expel all impurities and vitalize the whole system.

A Noted Divine says:

"I have been using Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills the past three months for dyspepsia, weak stomach and nervousness. I never had any thing to do mine so much good. I recommend them as the best pill in existence, and use all I can to acquaint others with their merits. They are a special blessing."

Rev. F. D. OSGOOD, New York.

Tutt's Liver Pills,

FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Price, 25c. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

ELY'S
CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages
Allays Pain and Inflammation,
Heals the Sores
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY the CURE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents. dec6-eodly

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

Conley's String Band

Music furnished for Balls, Lodges, Clubs and private parties on short notice. 131 Wallace St., Ft. Wayne, J. Conley, Caller. Ind.

Health is Wealth!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment, $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Bruns, Druggists, sole Agents, 91 Calhoun cor. corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE HOTEL EASTMAN,

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

The largest and best RESORT HOTEL in America, with the most Elegantly Appointed Bath-house in the world connected. Will open for season of 1890 about Oct 6. Rates to Hot Springs, December 15th, 11.45 each. All tickets bought via St. Louis and Iron Mountain and southern, R. R. jan15-d&w1m

THE BOYCOTT'S DECLINE!

Organized Labor No Longer Gives It Sanction—Gossip From the Busy Centers.

The end of what was once a craze is shown to have been reached by the report of the New York Bureau of Labor Statistics on the decline of the boycott, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. Within a comparatively short time the boycott was considered a great power; but the statistical report on its use in New York shows that the spell has lost its sway.

In 1888 the total number of boycotts started in that state was 266. Of this number fifty-three, or one-quarter were successful, seventy-six met with failure during the year, and 124 were carried over into the present year. This was a decrease as compared with 1887 of one-third in the number of boycotts attempted and of nearly one-half in the number of successful ones. No statistics are given for the present year; but it is a matter which every one can observe for himself, that the once common threat of the boycott is rarely heard now.

The decline is attributed by some to the decisions of the court against it. That had its effect, doubtless; but as the popular adhesion to the boycott was outside the reach of the courts, the decline must mainly be charged to the inherent weakness of the method. It was unrepublican, opposed to all ideas of individual liberty, and was notoriously at the command of the unscrupulous and irresponsible.

Hardly any more complete illustration of its weakness is needed than the fact that the last heard of the boycott in Pittsburg was the attempt of rival labor organs and inharmonious labor bodies to boycott each other. In other words, the engineery which was started to protect labor has by its irresponsible character been perverted to the prosecution of quarrels among labor organizations, and has proved to be utterly ineffectual in the presence of such divisions.

Organized labor need not mourn the decay of the boycott. It has plenty of means for strengthening itself without resorting to methods so little consistent with dignity and so utterly at variance with law and individual rights.

PENCIL PICTURES.

Township Assessor John Slater, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, learned his trade in England, having been born near Staffordshire a little more than fifty years ago. When he was twenty-years old he came to this country, and settled at Heller's Corners, in this county, engaging in the blacksmithing business, which he quit in two years to come to this city to take a position in the Pittsburg blacksmith shops. He was employed for a time at the Bass works, and at the Wabash shops, but after his return from a four month's trip to England, he resumed his place in the Pittsburg shops, where he has remained ever since. In 1886 he was nominated by the republicans for assessor of Wayne township, and notwithstanding the almost overwhelming majority of the democrats in the township, was elected by 660. In 1885, during the memorable Wabash strike, Mr. Slater was sent as a delegate of the Knights of Labor to Moberly, Mo., to confer with Master Workman Powderly, and he bore a conspicuous part in the settlement of that railroad trouble. Mr. Slater is popular with a wide circle of friends, and is universally esteemed.

J. C. Matsch, clerk at the Bass foundry and machine works, crossed the ocean when he was a lad ten years of age. He was born in the province of Saxony and came to this country with his parents in 1854, who settled at Cicero, Ind., and afterwards moved to this city. After attending school he entered Concordia college, but remained at his studies only a year, being compelled to quit college on account of failing eyesight. He went on a farm and remained for three years, when he returned to this city and followed clerking for a few years. From 1870 to 1872 he was a fireman on the Pittsburg road, when he took a position at the Bass works, advancing to the position of foreman of the cleaning department, which he filled for several years. A few months ago he was promoted to the position he now occupies. He is one of our best German citizens. His social disposition and many splendid qualities of heart and mind make him a favorite with all classes.

THE DAIS LOCAL NEWS.

The East Pittsburg shops employed four new men yesterday.

R. M. Ross has taken a position at the east Pittsburg yards.

Henry Wolding, of the Bass works, is off duty on account of an injured foot.

Henry Eider, of the Bass moulding rooms, is off duty on account of severe illness.

Ed. Mundt, of the Pennsylvania company will be married on the 22nd of this month.

John Caldwell, fireman on the Nickel Plate road, has gone to Pennsylvania to visit his parents.

John Lynch, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is off duty on account of the illness of his son.

Michael Craig, stationary engineer at the Pittsburg shops, has a good position offered him at Chicago.

J. B. Mitchell, superintendent of bridges and buildings on the Wabash, was in the city yesterday.

Foreman S. C. Henderson, of the Pittsburg shops, whose illness was noted yesterday, is better to-day.

Frank Grieshel, a brakeman on the Pittsburg road, is suffering from injuries received by the firing off of a toy cannon on New Year's day. His face was filled with powder by a premature explosion.

Saturday failed in giving a very interesting budget of news around the shops and railroads to-day.

Boyd Snyder, clerk in the Bass offices, has been quite ill for the last few days, and is confined to his home.

Brakeman Lynch, of 322 Lafayette street, is very ill. He had a very dangerous hemorrhage the other night.

The employes of the car wheel department of the Bass works were off duty to-day on account of the non-arrival of chill iron.

Frank Petgen is foreman at the Pittsburg copper shops during the illness of Foreman S. C. Henderson. Mr. Petgen is a competent young man.

Charles Scheiman, book keeper at the organ factory, who was off duty for a few days on account of illness, was able to be at the office yesterday.

George Fry, of the Globe restaurant, 50 one of the Bass moulders tells us, will be married in the near future, to a young lady living in this city.

Charles Olds, of the Jersey Electric Light works, is superintending the erection of towers being placed at Saginaw, Council Bluffs and Allegheny City.

Allen A. Bowser, foreman of the machine department at S. G. Bowser & Co., has returned from Buchanan, Mich., where he has been spending a few days with his intended.

Frederick Pieper, of the Wabash shops, who was elected trustee of the Emanuel Lutheran church on New Years day, has been annually elected to that office for nine years. He is one of our best German citizens and is well qualified for the position.

Messrs. W. Shirk and Charles H. Brownell, of Peru, and T. J. Immel, of this city, held a meeting in Lafayette Monday evening for the purpose of conferring with regard to the proposed "Tow Path" railroad. The surveys have already been made, and the preliminaries have been so completely disposed of that everything is in readiness for the actual work to be begun.

From statistics collected by the Railroad Gazette, locomotive building has evidently not been as large in 1889 as in 1888. The falling off in the product has not, however, been serious. In 1888 we reported 2,180 locomotives built by seventeen firms. In 1889 we find 1,950 built by sixteen firms. The product of the firms not reporting would probably not raise the output to 2,000. The average yearly product of nineteen firms for eight years, ending with 1888, was 1,645 locomotives, 215 less than the 1889 product of the sixteen firms now reporting. Only three of the thirteen firms whose reports we can compare for the last two years show an increased product in 1889 over 1888. All of the others show a falling off of from 16 to 20 per cent. Reports from about half the car building companies show a decline of 20 per cent from the product of 1888.

The best medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will reach all the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past obliges us to admit that only one remedy has met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. The more distressing symptoms yield to it.

The cranberry crops of Oregon and Washington were very light this year, and the price is very high.

IN MEMORIAM.

In memory of Frankie Early, who died December 25, aged seven years.

'Tis vain for me to look for you
Where you were wont to be;
I know you're here, but everywhere
The form of you I see.

Turn where I will, I see you still,
Your little face I kiss,
Your sunny hair, I feel it there
Now we are parted miles.

You'll hear of what you've been to me
The music of that voice,
Which used to be the sweetest
It made you heard rejoice.

Come to thy rest, dearest Frankie,
Gone to the shadowed land,
Gentle and meek and mild,
With blessing on thy head.

Put flowers in thy hand,
Bedeck thy pillow cold,
Hast from this blighting land
Where flowers so quickly fade.

F. M. Jonkers.

MAKE NO MISTAKE.—If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. For all afflictions arising from impure blood or low state of the system it is unequalled. Bound to get Hood's.

In Westminster abbey Browning will find his resting place, near by Chaucer.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

The sun of Africa fans and bleaches. Stanley comes to the shore with a head of white hair.

To-night and To-morrow Night,

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price, 50c and $1. Sample bottles free.

A St. Louis brewery has erected the largest brick chimney west of Boston. It is 215 feet in height.

"STOP"—Nature Has a Cure.

Eaton Rapids, Mich.

J. M. Loose Red Clover Co., Detroit:—Two years I was afflicted with a very severe attack of Erysipelas. After two physicians had used their treatment for several weeks and I continued growing blind, and in their diagnosis concluded that there was no earthly help or hope for me. I gave up, having tried all the remedies I know or heard of. My neighbor, Mr. Miller, came in to see me one day, and said try Loose's Extract of Red Clover, as he had known of its working remarkable cures. I told him I had lost hope, that nothing would do me any good in the world. He insisted, and taking his hat went to the drug store and bought me one bottle and urged me to try it, which I did. Ten days afterward I sent for two more bottles, and it is wonderful how I improved. I continued using it and to-day I am better than I have been in years. No sign of erysipelas has shown itself and I heartily recommend it to suffering humanity as the greatest and best blood purifier in existence. Yours truly,

Henry Marvin.

For sale by Drier & Bros.

Bradfield's Female Regulator

Should be used by the young woman, she who suffers from any disorder peculiar to her sex, and at change of life is a powerful tonic; benefits all who use it. Write the Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Have you got your diary for 1890? It and your New Year's resolution will end at about the same time.

PEARLINE
IS THE FRIEND OF THE WORKINGMAN

With Pearline, he can make his face and hands as white as a woman's.

His wife can make his finest linen or coarsest overalls as *clean* and *sweet* as the linen of a gentleman of leisure.

She can keep the home as *clean* and *sweet* as any palace; and more besides, it saves her one-half the time required by ordinary soaps; and by doing away with most of the rubbing it does away with the worst of the wear and tear on the women, the clothes. In fact Pearline makes a washing day all around, it's economy to use it, let your grocer send you Pearline to-day.

[illegible] IAMES PYLE, New York.

BOSTON T STORE.

Challenge Hams.

English Breakfast Bacon,

Silver Leaf Flour,

Fresh Roasted Coffee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

No. 20 W. Berry St.

TELEPHONE 152.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Sour Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

MENIER CHOCOLATE

Paris Exposition, 1889 { 3 GRAND PRIZES. 5 GOLD MEDALS.

LARGEST CHOCOLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

YEARLY SALE EXCEEDS 30,000,000 POUNDS.

PUREST, HEALTHIEST AND BEST.

ASK FOR YELLOW WRAPPER MENIER CHOCOLATES AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

40 CENTS A POUND. *For sale Everywhere.*

BRANCH HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

J. G. THIEME & SON,

Clothiers and Tailors.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS!

FOR FALL ARE NOW

READY FOR INSPECTION.

Our stock of Suitings, Overcoat Patterns and Trowserings is more complete than ever.

COR. CLINTON & COLUMBIA.

L. O. HULL,

WILL SELL

WALLPAPER

FOR

TEN DAYS

—AT—

LESS THAN COST.

Now is the time to get a Bargain.

No. 90 Calhoun Street.

HIGHEST SPEED ON RECORD.

Most Popular Typewriter in the World.
The Best for All Kinds of Work.
Most Durable, Most Rapid.

Every machine fully warranted. Call or send for circulars and specimens of work. Full line of best paper, supplies, office furniture, &c.

H. T. CONDE IMPLEMENT CO.,

General Agents for Indiana, Indianapolis, Ind.

W. E. McDERMUT, LOCAL AGENT,

Corner Calhoun and Berry streets, Fort Wayne.

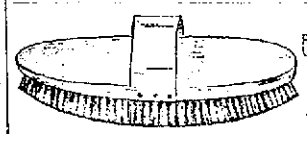
JOHN HENRY

Our rapidly increasing business makes us feel very happy and we feel thankful to the general public for their liberal patronage. It is a convincing proof to us that a large majority of the PEOPLE will BUY GOOD HONEST GOODS. We have the largest assortment of HOLIDAY SLIPPERS, all styles and sizes, for the smallest child and largest man. Call and see us. You will find almost every thing in the line of BOOTS AND SHOES in our stock. We do not deal in shoddy goods.

E. VORDERMARK & SONS,

32 Calhoun Street.

SIGN OF BIG RED BOOT.



Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,

5-A HORSE BLANKETS!

Rubber Horse Covers and Rubber Coats.

JOE. W. BELL,

13 East Columbia Street.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

From Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time.

Leaving and Arrival of Fort Wayne by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 20 Mail Express	1 20 p m	1 40 p m
No. 2 Pacific Express	2 40 p m	5 00 p m
No. 4 Fast Line	5 10 p m	5 40 p m
No. 6 Atlantic Express	9 30 p m	9 40 p m
No. 8 N. Y. Mail & Ex	3 20 a m	3 30 a m
No. 10 Chicago Express	10 50 p m	.....
No. 12 Philadelphia Accom.	8 55 a m	.....
No. 14 Pittsburg Accom.	.....	7 00 a m
No. 16 Chicago Express	11 55 a m	12 00 m

GOING WEST.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 3 Pacific Express	1 35 a m	1 45 a m
No. 5 Fast Mail & Express	5 30 a m	5 45 a m
No. 7 Fast Line	11 30 a m	11 40 a m
No. 9 N. Y. Western Ex	3 10 p m	3 15 p m
No. 11 Chicago Express	6 35 p m	.....
No. 13 Plymouth Accom.	.....	7 00 p m
No. 15 Chicago Express	.....	6 30 a m

All trains except Monday; all other trains daily except Sunday.

NORTH DEPOT.
[MUNCIE ROUTE]

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis. Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD. Dec. 1, 1889.	No. 6. Daily.	No. 1. Ex Sdy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne, lv	6 20 a. m.	10 25 a. m.	6 40 p. m.
Indianapolis, ar	10 50 a. m.	2 50 p. m.	10 20 p. m.
Cincinnati, ar	—	5 30 p. m.	—
Louisville, ar	—	7 30 p. m.	—
RETURNING.	Daily.	Ex Sdy.	Daily.
Louisville, lv	—	7 30 a. m.	—
Cincinnati, lv	—	7 30 a. m.	—
Indianapolis, lv	7 50 a. m.	11 30 a. m.	5 35 p. m.
Fort Wayne, ar	11 35 a. m.	3 15 p. m.	7 40 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via. any other line.

WABASH RAILWAY.
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	8 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex. daily except Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom.	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule limited daily	5 05 a m
Cannon Ba. except Sunday	1 20
Limited Expr. daily	6 25
Lafayette accom. gives 12 a m.	

INDIANA LIMITED CARD.

Lv Ft. Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 40 a m	10 30 a m
1 45 p m	6 30 p m
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Ft. Wayne
7 15 a m	1 20 p m
1 10 p m	6 10 p m
7 00 p m	12 00 m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new rec chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Nov. 10, '89

GOING NORTH.	
For Grand Rapids and North	Lv 8 55 a m
" "	" 8 55 a m
For Grand Rapids	" 2 40 p m
From Richmond	Ar 6 10 p m
GOING SOUTH.	
For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv 5 45 a m
" "	" 1 00 p m
" "	" 12 10 a m
From Grand Rapids	Ar 6 30 p m

Daily between Ft. and Grand Rapids.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

Headquarters for Harness.

A complete outfit in the Harness line at Bottom prices. No. 30 Harrison St.

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at

No. 29 West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

Reasonable Prices

—FOR YOUR—

Hay, Straw, Oats,
Corn, Mill Feed
And Poultry Supplies,

—GO TO—

W. E. MINER'S,

45 EAST COLUMBIA ST.,

900 6m) TELEPHONE 253.

SCHONE, WELLMAN & SCHOPPMAN,

Undertakers & Enbalmers

OFFICE: 39 W. BERRY ST.

Open day and night. Orders can be left at the office, or at No 22 East Washington street, or at No 31 Orchard st. dec6-d&w1m

TELEPHONE 278.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a powerful discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 ladies. Prepared in two degrees of strength, No. 1, or Regular, and No. 2, or Double Strength, for obstinate cases. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY CO., DETROIT, MICH. Fisher Block, 181 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG

FREE TO ALL MEN. Dr. Ball's Positive Treatment for Lost Manhood, Nervousness, Debility, Premature Decline, Impotency, Blood Poisons, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, etc. Sealed. Positive expanding absolute and perfect CURE without a moment's suffering. Address Dr. Ball's Medical Institute, Cook & Co's Block, Premature Decline, Impotency, Blood Poisons, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, etc. THE MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

DR. T. J. DILLS,

NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890.

THE STAGE.

"All the World's a Stage; the Men and Women Merely Players."

GREEN-ROOM NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

Fresh News, Idle Gossip, and Amusing Stories About Actors and the Histrionic Art.

RUBAN'S ROSALIND is the talk of all Gotham.

BRADLEY HALL has written a play for Miss Kate Forsythe.

LOUISE DILLON, now Mrs. Chapman, has retired from the stage.

SARAH BERNHARDT calls herself "the most ethereal of women."

MISS MAGGIE VAN ZANDT says that she took her earliest lessons from the singing birds that were kept in cages in her parents' home in New York City.

SARAH BERNHARDT has been waited upon by a committee of French matrons, who have asked the actress to appear in some proper play that they may bring their daughters to, and she was consented.

MARY ANDERSON is reported to have so far recovered from her recent illness as to be making plans for the production of "The Tempest," with Weedon Grossmith, of "Pantomime Rehearsal" fame, as Caliban.

MAY YOHE is said to have married again, and this time to a rich Californian. The father of this news says about the winsome May: "She is the greatest element of disturbance I ever saw behind the scenes. She can throw the best organized company in the country on its beam ends in less time than it takes to tell about it. She is far from good looking, but there is something about her that infatuates the boys, and sometimes the old men."

TOMASO SALVINI, the great actor, has a luxurious town house in Florence, and a country villa on a high hill a few miles from the city, from which there are glorious views of the valley of the Arno and the Apennines. When in town he is very hospitable, and gives fine dinners to his male friends, and when in the country he leads a patriarchal life among his children and grandchildren. He is passionately fond of music, and is a good singer, while his strength and athletic skill are proverbial.

COL. SINN says that he has secured for next season for Miss Cora Tanner, one of the strongest emotional plays which he thinks has been presented in America for years, entitled, "One Error." It is just fitted to Miss Tanner's abilities, in fact more so than any play she has ever had, and, although an emotional play and with a very strong love story, it is well relieved by bright and sparkling comedy. The company to be engaged will be the best that money can secure, and fully as strong, in every respect, as her company now playing in "Fascination."

JO HOWARD says in the New York *Press*: "I first heard Patti and her brother Carlo in 1849 in Brooklyn. She sang and Carlo played on the violin. Patti sang in Tripler Hall in 1850, parts of her amazing repertoire being 'Casta Diva' and 'Una Voce.' I have a picture of Carlo and her taken in 1851, and a quaint, roguish little thing she was with her jet black braids down her back. From that time until 1859 she sang in concerts, and from Nov. 24, 1859, when she made her operatic debut, she has been, as she is to-day, queen of the lyric realm."

ONE of the best of the old Dan Rice stories concerns one of the celebrated showman's many temperance lecturing tours. Dan had been on the platform about six weeks and seems to have accomplished much practical good. One day he found himself in St. Louis, Mo. There he met Eph Horn, the witty minstrel, whom he had not seen in years. Both being delighted at meeting, they retired to Dan's room, where, over numerous bottles of "rosy," they related reminiscences of show life. When Dan started for the hall where he was billed to lecture he found that he had imbibed to much. Dan's great weakness when under the mellowing influence of John Barleycorn is to talk garrulously upon every subject, from theology down to civil service reform. Upon facing his audience Dan, feeling that he ought to give them the best at his command, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I'm here to enlighten yo', so name your subject."

MARIE WAINWRIGHT'S wholly charming Viola has won universal admiration in New York.

ANNA TERESA BERGER, the leading woman cornetist of the world, is now performing in London. At her lodging she has a small room fitted up with padded walls and ceiling and draped doors, and there she practices night and day on gold and silver cornets that have been presented to her by her admirers.

MARIE JANSEN, whom Coquelin, during his visit, presented with his photo inscribed "To the Leading Soubrette of America," reduced her weight largely by taking fencing lessons, and keeping up the exercise with systematic regularity.

LOUISE PALLIN was asked to produce "Nora" three years ago, when Ibsen was not so fashionable as he has since become. She thought the play lacked dramatic power, and rejected it. Now Beatrice Cameron has made a hit in the title part.

JANAUSCHEK has announced that her days of acting on the American stage are numbered.

THE Forepaugh-Sells Bros. have enrolled, as they have been ever together for nine years, "The Greatest Show on Earth."

DAN CRONIN'S SON: I look so like Boston is the safest harbor in the United States for ships to enter. Mamma: What makes you think so? Dennis Jed Star: Because we have played there many times before.

LEO GOLDMARK, the owner of all the operas of Richard Wagner, including "Parsifal" and "Die Feen," for the United States, has also acquired from Frau Cosima Wagner the sole right of production of these works for Great Britain and the colonies.

GEORGE BARRETT is socially even more popular than his brother Wilson. He is a capital story teller, and the stories he tells are chiefly at his own expense. Once the best stories to his post in "Charley." When in the original cast in the London production he was cast for a bit part, and he left it dead. There wasn't a line in it, and the simple idea of having to wear a wig filled his mind with grief. He was, however, elected somewhat by the author, who gave him one couplet to introduce any comic speeches he liked. So Barrett went over to the British museum in search of some high-toned gags. To no purpose, however. He studied of the mummies and pored over old manuscripts until he could stand it no longer, and then gave it up and went to the club. His friends asked him what troubled him, noticing his downcast demeanor. George told his tale of woe, and said: "What am I to do? How in time can I get any wheezes that fit the period 3000 B. C.?" "That's easily done," replied his friend. "Just run in some of your own; they are ancient enough."—*Boston Globe.*

WHILE Lawrence Barrett was a member of the Chestnut Street Theater Company in Philadelphia many years ago a curious incident transpired. At that time the actor of both Edwin Forrest was in retirement, living quietly at his home on Broad street. The great tragedian was a regular attendant and attentive listener. He observed young Barrett with peculiar and approving interest, and on several occasions went behind the scenes before the close of the play, called for the young actor and spoke words of commendation or offered valuable suggestions as to some bit of acting. Forrest's criticisms were often so exact as to take note of pronunciations. One evening he sent a card from his box on which was written simply: "Extraordinary, not extra-ordinary." Mr. Barrett, of course, being a self-educated man, had the failing of speaking words as they are spelled. He thought, however, that this time he had a point against his cast but friendly adviser, to whom he sent the reply: "But it is extraordinary," having in mind, of course, the question of orthography instead of orthoepy. Forrest confined his answer to four words: "Consult your pronouncing dictionary."

OWEN FAWCETT tells how the late E. A. Sothern recouped himself on an important occasion. It was the first time he played the "Crushed Tragedian," at the Walnut Street Theater, in Philadelphia. A sneak thief stole his wig from his dressing-room, and the loss was not discovered until about 3 o'clock. "I must have a new wig by 7 o'clock," was the comedians calm reply to the perturbed messenger, who had brought him the news of the mishap. The wig-maker nearly fainted when he got the order. "It is impossible," he declared, and rushed into Sothern's room to protest against the unprecedented command. "Fix your own price for the work, but have that wig here this evening," said Sothern, without a change of inflection. "But, Mr. Sothern—!" The perspiring wig-maker could get no further. "It must be here. I depend upon it. You are wasting time," was the pitiless reply. The wig-maker obtained a description of Fitz Altamont's flowing locks and hastily departed. Five minutes before 7 o'clock, he appeared at the theater with the finished wig. "What's your bill?" Sothern asked. Thirty five dollars. "There's fifty," said the comedian, handing over the amount. "Now, never tell another actor that you can't make a wig in four hours."

NO MISTAKE POSSIBLE.

No matter what language a man employs when he wants liquor he generally makes himself understood. The Maysville *Bulletin* says:

"One of Maysville's grocers received a jug Saturday from the country, with the following request written on a piece of pasteboard:

"'Plees seel this gog up.'

"The 'gog' was 'seeled' on, and it wasn't empty when it was returned to its owner."—*Courier Journal.*

In Iceland there are no prisons, and no officers answering to our policemen. In 1874 it celebrated the one-thousand anniversary of its colonization, and at the same time became independent of Denmark, though subject to the king of Denmark as the head of the Icelandic Government. Iceland's new Government is thoroughly republican in spirit, all citizens having equal rights and perfect religious liberty.

THE water lily is largely used in some parts of India as food stuff. The fruit of one species that grows plentifully in the lake of Cashmere is rich in starch and has much the flavor of a chestnut. If the nuts are dried they will keep for a long time, and when ground may be made into cakes or porridge, or they may be cooked for some hours and then boiled.

MORE than twenty-five tons of paper were used in printing the ballots for the recent election in Massachusetts.

PLEASANTRIES.

A LOVE OF A DOG.—Puppy.

EXPERIENCE is the teacher. And from sad and merry girls.

IT is a sailor's experience that seasonably wash in dirty weather.

THE wheels of matrimonial life run more smoothly where there is a little give in the.

YOUNG lady Waiter, have you any brie cheese? Waiter—None, ma'am, but the ones I have on.

"MY life has been a chased one," remarked the hardened criminal when he had been run down at last.

THOUGH it blooms on many a patriot's nose, the rum blossom can not quite yet be called the national flower.

"Be thim all your chillern, Mrs. McSorley?" "Phwat! Thim all moine! D'ye take me for an inembarator?"

"KNOW thyself?" may be all right in theory, but it would lead to a great many suicides if fully followed.

TEACHER—How many states are there? Bright boy—Please, ma'am, I haven't seen the morning papers.

SHE (between the acts)—Where are you going? He—Out to see a man for a moment. She—Is he going to buy it, or are you?

AFRAID of example—It would be better if you would drink at home, instead of at the saloons. "What! Before wife and child?"

A MONROE, Cal., man has left $29,000 to his daughter, to be inherited only upon the birth of her first child. Case of C. O. D.

A FREQUENT case of color blindness is shown where our new black silk umbrella is taken, and an old brown cotton one is left in its place.

IRATE German (to stranger who had stepped on his toe)—Mine frent, I know mine feet vas meant to be valked on, but dot privilege belongs to me.

FARMER'S wife—You're sure this medicine is good, John? Farmer—Certainly. The wrapper says it's good for man or beast, and I took some last week."

PROFESSOR—As I was saying, these air currents are caused by variations of temperature. Now, Mr. Jones, what do we notice on a windy day? Mr. Jones—Stockings.

NEW man—What shall I say about Mr. Goodman's project? Able editor—See what the miserable sheet across the way says about it, and then take the other side.

MCBIRCHBAT was told that a prosperous neighbor's darling had presented him with triplets. "No wonder that fellow gets along," growled Mc, "for he's got a steady birth."

DEVOTED lover—You shiver, darling! Are you cold? Delicate darling (with chattering teeth, whose musical rival is at the piano) Yes, Charles; I think it is the air from the piano.

MAMMA (at the doll counter)—Now, Flossie dear, here is a very large assortment to select from. What kind of a dolly would you like to have? Flossie—Twins, mamma, if you please.

BRAGGS—This is a little late for you to be out, isn't it, Peck? Aren't you afraid your wife will miss you?" Mr. N. Puck—I hope she will. She can fling things pretty straight, though.

SHE—This is your first year at college, isn't it? He—Yes. How did you know that? She—I know by the way your arm fell around me. The muscle's are not as fully developed as a senior's.

JOHNSLY—Yes, we often regret the words we have left unsaid. For instance, I wish I had said the words that would have made Annie Temper my wife. Jackly (sincerely)—I wish you had. I married her.

MASTER TOMMY was strutting about very proud of his first pair of pants. "And now," remarked a member of the family, "you're quite a man." "Yes," added the youngster, "and I can swear just likepapa."

> "'Tis happiness," he said, "to let
> My heart its bounty tell,
> To breathe the dulcet utterances
> That speak my love so well;
> 'Tis happiness to freight the tongue
> With passion's every need"—
> And then she softly interposed,
> "'Tis happiness indeed!"

HE WASN'T AFRAID.

In view of the fact that the United States man-of-war Chicago has had a collision with a tug-boat and escaped destruction, we feel so much encouraged as to venture the assertion that should this sort of vessel become epidemic in the American navy no foreign power could safely come at us with a birch-bark canoe. By the way, this incident recalls a story we recently heard. A well-known naval officer called at the house of a friend in this city, and was no sooner seated than the friend's 5-year-old boy appeared at the parlor doorway with his thumb in his mouth and bright and curiosity mingled on his face.

"Come in," said the naval officer, "come and see me."

But the child drew back behind the door.

"Come in, Harry," said the father, smiling; "it's only a naval officer, an American naval officer at that."

"Oh," said Harry, and he walked boldly up to the guest and seemed not to know what the men were laughing at.—*Washington Post.*

A FOSER FOR THAT AUTHOR.

Editor—I do not think we can use your article.

Contributor—Press of other matter and all that twaddle. I suppose?

"Oh, but you don't seem to understand what you are writing about."

"Surely, you are mistaken, sir."

"Not much. Here you speak of Mars with his stern front."

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? you blankety-blank idiot, can anything have its stern in front?"—*Binghamton Republic.*

Something New.

With the compliments of the season, we find on our table a very attractive little volume which contains very many useful items of information, besides the novelty of a large collection of autographs of prominent men, and also humor and rhyme well illustrated. A special attraction in it is offer of "Free Music," which offer is set forth therein. The little book is the annual St. Jacobs Oil Calendar for 1889-90, which is in every way as good as the best published in this line, and is gotten out in the interest of The Great Remedy for Pain, St. Jacobs Oil, and the other valuable specifics for the cure of disease which THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md., the publishers and proprietors, have placed on the market. These great remedies are by reputation standards in trade. The book is to be found at druggists and dealers', for free distribution, or, it can be had by sending a two-cent stamp to the publishers.

Bootblacks Who Ring Up Their Shines.

As the Philadelphian stepped down from the chair and surveyed his well-polished boots with satisfaction, the bootblack rang up the price of the shine on a primitive-looking concern, an imitation of the cash registers that ornament the city's bar and lunch counters.

Philadelphian—What in the world is that?

Bootblack—Dat is de register, boss. Dat tells how many shines I does.

Questioning brought out the sinlement that this particular "shiner" was one of several who were working for an employer, and the crude register was an invention of the capitalist to prevent his employes from "knocking down," as the bootblack put it.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Merry Children.

Mrs. Murrayhill—Celeste, what is Master Harold crying for?

Celeste—I happened to say, madam, that I lived with a boy who had 101 presents one Xmas.

Mrs. Murrayhill—Well?

Celeste—Why, then he insisted upon counting his, and he has been kicking and crying like this ever since; because he has only ninety-eight.

Mrs. Murrayhill (soothingly)—There, Harold, dear, you shall have some more if you want them. I should think, Celeste, you could get on peaceably with the little fellow to-day of all days.—*Life.*

He Told Her So.

"There goes another of those dress reformers, Brown. Did you ever see anything so ridiculous? Just look at it?"

"Yes; I told her it wasn't becoming, and would cause remarks."

"You told her? Why, what do you mean? Told who?"

"Told that woman yonder. She's my wife."—*American Commercial Traveler.*

"WHY need it be?" we say, and sigh
When losing mothers babe and die,
And leave the little mites whose feet
Must begin to gabble in pathways sweet.

It need not be in many cases. All about us women are dying daily whose lives might have been saved. It seems to be a widespread opinion that when a woman is slowly fading away with the diseases which grow out of female weakness and irregularities that there is no help for her. She is doomed to death. But this is not true. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is constantly restoring women afflicted with diseases of this class to health and happiness. It is the only medicine for those ailments, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* from the manufacturers of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial; one a dose.

True Friendship.

She (whispering)—You see that Mrs. Youngbor playing at the piano? I do feel so sorry for her husband—she flirts so outrageously, and they fight like dogs and cats!

He (interested) Indeed!

She—Yes; and their poor children are so neglected! They both have vile tempers, you know, and I don't suppose anyone could get along with either of them.

He—But how do you come to know all this?

She (surprised)—I?—Why, I am their best friend, don't you know!—*St. Paul Eye.*

Deafness Can't Be Cured.

By local application, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Why Are Hotel Cooks so Often Fat?

"Did you ever wonder why most cooks are fleshy?" asked the chef of a well-known hotel. "Well, I have a theory that is held by many people to be correct. The unusual amount of flesh is undoubtedly due to the absorption through the nostrils, mouth, and pores of the skin of the aroma, or what ever you call it, of food which is being cooked. The man or woman who, day after day, lives in an atmosphere permeated with savory odors of cookery food soon begins to get fleshy. Think this over and you will agree with me."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Wonderful Flesh Producer.

This is the title given to *Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. *Use it, and try your weight.* Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists.

"HAVEN'T you finished scaling the fish yet, Sam?" "No, master; 'tis a very large one." "Why, you have had time to scale a mountain."

WHAT an irascible father says: As the twig is bent the boy is inclined to shoot on at the door.

Many imitate "Tuxedo's Punch" Cigar.

WHAT weed does a gardener seldom object to? A cigar in his own mouth.

Helpless 40 Days

"For twenty-five years I have suffered with sciatic rheumatism. Last November I was taken worse than ever, and was unable to get out of the house. I was almost helpless for forty days, suffering great agony all the time. In December I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the second bottle I was able to get out and soon went to attend to business. I took five bottles, and am now as free from rheumatism that only occasionally I feel it starting on a sudden change of weather. I have great confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla." CHARLES HANNAH, Christie, Clark's Co., Wis.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. E. Marsh, Shelbyville, Indiana.

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD for 3 active men to sell our staple goods to dealers. Expenses paid. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship & Arithmetic, thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Buffalo, N.Y.

CATON'S FRENCH VITALIZERS. A positive cure for Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, and all Sexual Disorders and Diseases. A Marvelous Invigorator and Restorative. Prepared by DR. CATON, Chicago, Ill. Circulars free. Sold by druggists. ASTHMA. A Positive Cure. Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail, Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Prepared expressly for ASTHMA. Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail, Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

The Grave Gets First Yawning.

Seemingly, for certain weeks a invalids who toddle feebly along, though almost certain of their weeks to die but continue to do it. They dry up, wither, dwindle away finally, but in the meantime never having robust health, know nothing of the physical enjoyment the zest that enshrines to whom they cling with such remarkable tenacity. They are always to be found trying to satisfy inquiries at their received with some trashy remedy, book or puff me up to give a thing to digestion or the physician. If such a crippled folks would procure and adhere to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it would be well with them. The superb invigorant supplies the stamina that the feeble require, by permanently reordering digestion and assimilation. It overcomes nervousness, insomnia, malaria, kidney complaints, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism and neuralgia.

Seemed Strange.

Willie—That's an awful pretty doll of yours, Gracie. I wonder what's the reason they always make dolls to look like little girls.

Gracie—Cause girls are prettier than boys.

"I know it but it seems to me mighty strange they don't make a boy a doll sometimes. Now this one of yours can roll its eyes up and down, and sort of talk, you know, Gracie, and—"

"And call out 'papa' when you squeeze it."

"Yes, that's what makes it seem so strange. Girls don't do that, you know."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Copy of Original.

VAN WERT, Ohio, July 11, 1889.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

GENTS—this is to certify that I had what he called acute rheumatism so badly that I was all to-day over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

ALBERT KING.

We certify to the above testimonial.

HINES & SON, Druggists.

Forcibly Struck.

"Did you read my play?" said Pooley to Banks.

"Yes."

"How did it strike you?"

"Forcibly; I couldn't restrain my emotion."

"That's true," broke in Banks' wife; "I was in the next room when he read it and I never heard a man swear so in my life."—*Washington Capital.*

To-Night and To-Morrow Night,

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists' Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle *to-day* and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price 50c and $1.00. Sample bottle free.

The Ball at Johnson's.

"I regret to say, gents," said Mr. Johnson, stopping the dance in "partners to the center," "de ice cream man's here, but he won't leave de viand till he's paid, an' as all my cash ax los' in de box' room on de dice, if it is de wish o' de comp'ny dat de ice cream be los', it'll be my duty to collec' a small sum from each gent."—*New York Sun.*

THOSE who use Dobbins' Electric Soap each week (*and their name is legion*) save their clothes and strength, and let *soap* do the work. Did you ever try it? If not *do* so Monday next. Ask your grocer for it.

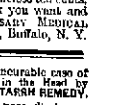
A NEGRO minstrel, when asked what his rank was, responded that he was a cauliker.

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY.—Brown's Bronchial Troches have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.

A MECHANIC'S wife rarely wears a ruffle bonnet, and yet her bonnet is usually the result of the use of the tool.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

A FIRE-PLACE has a grate opportunity.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

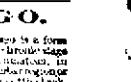


ASTHMA. Dr. Taft Bro's Asthma Specific relieves in three minutes. Perfect success. Send for circulars. Dr. J. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y. Sufferers of Asthma for 20 years, found no relief until I used your Specific for one week; can now breathe freely. Sold by all Druggists. Trial package FREE. Address, DR. J. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

PENSIONS If you want your pension without delay, put your claim in the hands of JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Attorney, Washington, D. C.

ASTHMA. Dr. Taft Bro's Asthma Specific relieves in three minutes. Perfect success. Send for circulars. Dr. J. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y. Sufferers of Asthma for 20 years, found no relief until I used your Specific for one week; can now breathe freely. Sold by all Druggists. Trial package FREE. Address, DR. J. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y. Price 50c. per box, by mail post paid.

LUMBAGO.



Lumbago is a form of Dr. Bronic stage of Rheumatism, in the lumbar region or hard to hit back, which is readily cured by rubbing the part freely with St. Jacobs Oil. It is commonly known as

BACKACHE.

Victoria, Tex., June 2, 1888.

I was in bed two months with backache; suffered almost three months. I was cured by St. Jacobs Oil permanently; no return in 14 months. G. W. JEFFERSON.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED. A trial bottle sent Free to any sufferer afflicted. Dr. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

THE SAILOR'S DARING.

"Man overboard! Stand by to lower away the boats!" With what alacrity every man on board springs to his post at the dread cry, knowing a fellow creature's life is at stake! Yet that life is in no more danger than that of the man or woman who trifles with what may seem a simple blood disorder, but which in reality is fast sowing the seeds of a fatal disease, when the early use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery would cleanse the blood, restore impaired digestion, tone up the vital organs and ward off consumption. It should take the place in the family corresponding to that occupied by the life preserver on shipboard. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, "Golden Medical Discovery" is guaranteed to cure. This it will do if taken as the earlier stages of consumption, but after a large part of the lungs have broken down, no medicine can stay its fatal progress. How important then that the earliest premonitory symptoms be heeded! Short breath, spitting of blood, occasional chilly sensations creeping on the spinal column, hacking cough, variable or poor appetite, feeble digestion, with gradual loss of flesh, cold feet, lassitude or general debility, should admonish one that all is not right.

You can't afford to fool away precious time if suffering from any considerable number of the above significant symptoms of approaching danger! It's madness to trifle and experiment with uncertain means of relief and cure when thus afflicted! Don't forget, at such a critical time, that the only medicine possessed of such positive curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it, through druggists, under a positive guarantee of its benefiting or curing in *every case*, is the world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery." For all Bronchial, Throat and Lung Affections, Weak Lungs, and kindred ailments, it is an unequaled remedy.

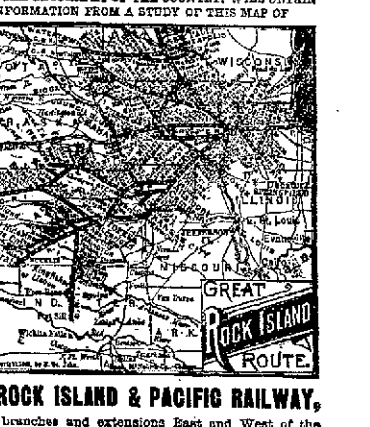
For a Complete Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, or for one on Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, enclose ten cents, in stamps, state which book you want and address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Glenwood, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Denton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and very productive farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication between the Mississippi River, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via Kansas City, Salina, and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels furnishing meals at reasonable hours, west of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pikes Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.

CHICAGO, ILL.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

YOU ARE LIAR

FIVE-TON WAGON SCALES Beam Box, Tare Beam, for Price pitcellel, every size. "Jests to pay to freight."

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

YOUNG MEN Wanted to learn Telegraphy. Situations secured. Address, with stamp, MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH SCHOOL, Janesville, Wis.

N. U.—F. W. ..... No. 1-90.

When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

SABBATH READING.

SABBATH DAY REFECTIONS.

Palm Tree Religion—There Is One Who Can—Spurgeon's Hornets' Nest—Gems of Thought.

It Has Been Said That a Holy Life Is a Continual Sermon.

Spurgeon's Hornets' Nest.

It is not an easy thing to kill out a sin, even the smallest one. Every evil habit, disposition, appetite or passion roots itself deeply, and it is slow work to get rid of them.

What is needed is not so much new resolutions as a new heart; not so much a new determination as a new man to make a new determination.

In speaking of the gospel of Christ as the great cure for intemperance, Mr. Spurgeon said:

"There was a hornets' nest in my garden. I tried to kill the hornets singly, but it took me a long time to dispose even of one. At last on a fine night I heated a poker red hot, and dropped it in the hole where they were. I never saw another hornet! The living fire of the gospel is wanted to burn not one special sin only, but all sins, from the human heart."—*Armory.*

Gems of Thought.

GOD is truth, and light His shadow. —*Plato, B. C. 427.*

RELIGION is not a dogma, nor an emotion, but a service.—*Rev. R. D. Hitchcock.*

WE are lifted up less by what thou givest than by what thou takest.—*Dr. Goodell.*

MEASURE not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.—*Butler.*

FAITH evermore overlooks the difficulties of the way, and bends her eyes only to the end.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE brave only know how to forgive it in the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. —*Sterne.*

AS WATER runs down from the swelling hills, and flows together in the lowly vale, so grace flows not but into humble hearts.—*Augustine.*

I ALWAYS find that there is more hazard in sailing upon smooth water. When the winds blow and the seas rage, even the sleepers will rise and call upon God.—*John Wesley.*

IF you cannot pray over a thing, and cannot ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart.

"There Is One Who Can."

In a conversation with Mr. Moody, a few years ago, he related the followed incident, illustrating the power of Him who is mighty to save:

At the close of an evening meeting in the church at Chicago, a well-dressed young man came in from the street and inquired for Mr. Moody. After a little search Mr. Moody was found, and coming forward he greeted the stranger cordially and inquired his errand. With much earnestness the young man said:

"I have come to ask you to save me. I am going to ruin from the use of drink, and unless you save me I shall go down."

Mr. M. still warmly held the outstretched hand, as he said earnestly, "*I can't!*"

With evident disappointment his caller said, "Why, you surprise me, Mr. Moody, it is at a great sacrifice of my pride that I have come to you; my mother and sister told me you could save me, and now you say you can not."

"No," said Mr. M., "indeed I can not; but *there is One who can!* Come, and I'll lead you to Him."

They went into a side room, and there with simplicity and loving earnestness Mr. Moody told him of his lost condition,—of the mighty love and power of Jesus, and of His deep personal interest in him. They knelt in prayer—the prayer of penitence, faith, and acceptance; the burden rolled off, and there was joy in Heaven over another soul converted.

Yes, "*There is One who can!*" Blessed be God for the simplicity of the Gospel method of salvation.

Palm Tree Religion.

"A palm tree will grow anywhere." I've heard people say they could not be a Christian, and be a merchant; could not be a Christian and be a lawyer. A man who can be a first-class business and professional man can be a first-class Christian. I've heard a woman say: "I can't be religious and keep house. The servants trouble me nearly to death." It's mighty hard for a husband to live with that sort of a woman and be a Christian. I expect there's more religion in the kitchen than in the parlor in that house. It's often the case. One of the best men I ever saw was a doctor in full practice. One of the best men I ever saw was a lawyer in full practice. One of the best women I ever saw had six children. In every walk of life there are glorious Christian characters. When I see one good lawyer, one good doctor, and one good house-keeper, good Christians, it is proof that those of that and every other class can be first-class Christians. It's like an old man down South who got religion at a camp-meeting one night. He got up the next morning, he said, and went down in the field and found that the mules had it, that the cows had it, that everything had religion. Sister, you put on green glasses and everything looks green. Put on blue goggles and everything looks blue.

"The palm tree not only grew everywhere, but other palm trees grew up around it. If there is one good man in any community, others will spring up around him. Another thing about a palm tree, crush it down to the earth and it will shoot its top right up straight toward Heaven again. Righteousness is like the palm tree, and every adversity of life could never break faith." *Southern Evangelist.*

GOOD TASTE.

"You may name this boy, Mary," said a man to his wife, when their fifth child was a few weeks old, "only you must call him John." The father had had his own way with the other four, and it was no more than fair that he should consult his wife's taste for once. It is a pleasure to see husbands thus considerate. The Detroit *Tribune* records a similar instance:

An elderly couple entered a dry goods store on Woodward avenue. He was slim and tall, and she was round and short.

"My wife and I have come to do some shopping," he said to the clerk.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; my wife wants a new dress to take home."

"Ah!"

"Just show her what you have. Let her select whatever she wants."

"What line of goods will you have, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, something in silk," answered the husband for her.

The clerk took down a roll of bright colored patterns.

"How does that please you, madam?" he asked.

"No, that is too bright," said the husband.

"How do you like this, madam?" asked the clerk, displaying another roll.

"No, my wife doesn't like that," he returned. "It is too dark."

Again and again the clerk displayed his wares before them, always appealing to the taste of the wife, and being answered by the husband.

"Well," he said at length, "I guess this piece will do. Wrap it up."

When they were on the street he said to his wife:

"That's a nice piece of goods you selected, Mary."

A look of quiet humor stole into the old lady's eyes, but she merely answered, quietly, as she glanced affectionately into his face:

"Do you think so, John?"

DEPEW'S STORY OF HORACE GREELEY.

To interrupt Horace Greeley when he was in the throes of bringing forth an editorial—an editorial which has never been equaled in the journalism of America—an editorial which was a slogan for his party, a thunderbolt for his foes—was a danger which no friend, no enemy, none but a fool dare encounter. I was once in his editorial sanctum when the fool was there. To relieve your apprehensions, I was not the fool. But he was one of those itinerant and persistent gentlemen with a subscription book. He kept presenting it while old Horace was writing—as most of you remember, with a pen away up to his chin, like this (illustrating), and Horace had a habit, when any one would interfere of kicking, and so he kicked at the subscription fiend. Finally, when he saw he could not get rid of the intruder by this means, he stopped in the middle of a sentence, turned round, and said raspingly in that shrill voice of his:

"What do yo want? State it quick, and state it in the fewest possible words."

"Well," said the subscription fiend, "I want a subscription, Mr. Greeley, to prevent thousands of my fellow beings from going to hell."

Said Mr. Greeley: "I won't give you a damned cent. There don't half enough go there now."

COLOR BLINDNESS AMONG SEAMEN.

A parliamentary paper is issued containing a report of the Assistant Secretary of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade upon the color tests used in the examination of candidates for masters' and mates' certificate of competency, and others, in the British mercantile marine. In the examinations in color, in the general examination for a certificate as master or mate there were 4,128 candidates examined, of whom eighteen were rejected for mistakes made in colors. The number of persons examined in colors only, without reference to further capacity, and among whom were a large number of seafaring persons who do not intend to become officers, but are, for some reason, desirous of testing their capacity to distinguish colors, was 789, of whom thirty-six were rejected, or 4.56 per cent., as compared with 2.94 per cent. last year. The failing colors are black, red and green. It was shown that thirty-two of the unsuccessful candidates described red as green, six described green as red, sixteen described green as pink, seventeen described black as red, and fourteen described black as green.—*Scotsman.*

IT WORKED BOTH WAYS.

Colonel Mosby relates the following amusing incident which occurred in a cavalry charge in the Shenandoah Valley in 1864:

In the midst of a sharp cavalry engagement with Sheridan's men, in a charge near Berryville, there came riding into our lines, like a whirlwind, a Yankee soldier on a black horse.

A score of men tried to stop horse and rider, but the old black's blood was up, and he went on, clean through our lines before he was under control. The rider was sent to Libby Prison, and we mustered the black charger into the Confederate service.

A few days later we charged some of Custer's men, and that old horse was ridden into the engagement by one of our soldiers. The old black evened up things, too, for he carried his rider into the Federal lines and never came back.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle About Patronly Mother Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

A Fortunate Woman Physician.

The daughter of the late Dr. Bliss, the famous old physician who was the medical adviser of several presidents and whose name has been a household word in the capital for forty years, is one of the rising physicians of the city. She is a fair type of that large class of brainy, earnest women who take up the battle of life practically alone, but with unfailing courage. Dr. Clara Bliss-Hinds is not only winning popularity in Washington as a practising physician, but is becoming famous throughout the country as an advocate of woman's life insurance and of the systematic collection of statistics bearing upon the birth, life, and death of the human race. At his death Dr. Bliss, after a long and very successful practice, left little except an account-book containing $30,000 of unpaid bills. I have heard it said that Dr. Bliss prolonged the lives of a greater number of public men than any other physician of his time. The late S. S. Cox used to say that Dr. Bliss had saved his life half a dozen times.—*Washington letter.*

Mme. Boulanger.

No more pathetic spectacle now confronts the eyes of the world, says the Boston *Traveler*, than that of Mme. Boulanger, wife of the flighty-fancied General, who for so long has lived alone with her two daughters in retirey in Paris. Hers is a sad though handsome face, in which pain has cut more lines and grooves than time, while to listen to her low, sweet voice is to wonder how the General can endure passing any of his days beyond the reach of its subtle music. She is a gentle, little, heart-broken lady, from whom the iron hands of ambition have clutched all that she found best in love.

And she has not even the satisfaction of knowing that the man who turned the sunshine of her earlier days into the bleak desolation of the present ever gives her a single thought. Still she does not condemn him. "It is not for me to judge him," she sometimes says when some one accosts her concerning him; "we loved each other once. Some day," she usually adds, "he will need my love again. I do not wish to be divorced from him, because I want to retain the right to care for him when all the world forsakes him—when, save his wife, he has no friend." History tells us of few more beautiful characters than hers. How unworthy of her is the roystering, blatant demagogue to whom she remains so true.

Detroit Ladies Who Carry Revolvers.

A respectable appearing lady walked into the office of Chief of Police Pittman, of Detroit, and inquired:

"Can I have a permit to carry a pistol?"

"No, madam, you cannot," answered Gen. Pittman, elevating his eyebrows in surprise. "It is not in my power to give you one."

"But I will be arrested if I carry one without a permit, and it is necessary to protect myself with in dangerous parts of the city at late hours."

"If you are a law-abiding citizen and only carry a pistol in case of being molested, the law will not interfere with you," answered the Chief; "but if you show the weapon to your friends on the street or allow an officer to know that you carry it you will be arrested. This is the first time I have ever been asked for a permit by a woman."

As the lady left the office she remarked to a *Free Press* reporter:

"I shall carry a pistol when I go into dangerous parts of the city or am alone at late hours. Nearly half the teachers of Detroit carry either stilettos or toy pistols. I know model young ladies who never go out without a loaded revolver in their pockets 'or sachels. They are given to them by fathers, husbands and lovers to protect themselves with. And in many a cellar and secluded back yard there is a target where the girls practice shooting. With the Chief of Police on my side I shall hereafter go armed."

Where Women Came From.

Woman's first appearance has been a fruitless subject for the legend mongers. The Phœnician myth of creation is found in the story of Pygmalion and Galatea. There the first woman was carved by the first man out of ivory and then endowed with life by Aphrodite. The Greek theory of the creation of woman, according to Hesiod, was that Zeus, as a cruel jest, ordered Vulcan to make woman out of clay, and then induced the various gods and goddesses to invest the clay doll with all their worst qualities, the result being a lovely thing, with a witchery of mein, refined craft, eager passion, love of dress, treacherous manners, and shameless mind. The Scandinavians say that as Odin Vili, and Ve, the three sons of Bor, were walking along the sea beach, they found two sticks of wood, one of ash and one of elm. Sitting down the gods shaped man and woman out of these sticks, whittling the woman from the elm and calling her Emia.

One of the strangest of stories touching the origin of woman is told by the Madagascarenes. In so far as the creation of man goes, the legend is not unlike that related by Moses, only that the fall came before Eve arrived. After the man had eaten the forbidden fruit he became afflicted with a boil on the leg, out of which, when it burst, came a beautiful girl. The man's first thought was to throw her to the pigs, but he was commanded by a voice from heaven to let her play among the diggings until she was of marriageable age, then to make her his wife. He did so, called her Rabouna, and she became the mother of all races of men. The American Indian myths relative to Adam and Eve are numerous and entertaining. Some traditions trace back our first parents to white and red maize; another is that man, searching for a wife, was given the daughter of the king of muskrats, who, being dipped into the waters of a neighboring lake, became a woman.

In the Ladies' Parlor.

No one who is obliged to wait in the ladies' parlor of one of our large stores need be at a loss for amusement. To any person with an observant pair of eyes, entertainment is provided free. There is no better place in which to see and enjoy different types of feminine nature.

There is the old lady from the country, up for a day's shopping. She is arrayed in rusty black, with a big plaid shawl, and carries a brown carpet-bag with a green parrot swinging in a yellow ring worked upon it.

When she opens her bag and innocently begins to munch her doughnut—reated as she is immediately beneath the notice, "Luncheons Must Not Be Eaten Here"—even the woman in charge of the place, noting how carefully she collects every crumb in the paper on her knee, has not the heart to disturb her.

As she rises to go, the two gay young girls who have been chattering in a corner while one of them conred a pair of new gloves upon her plump hands rise also. The old lady speaks to them; and they are heard to say in reply:

Oh yes; they are going the same way, and they will put her into the right car with pleasure.

One of them takes her bag; the newly-gloved fingers of the other daintily lift the paper containing the remains of the doughnut and turnover; she flits across the room and tosses it into the fire, then runs laughing to catch up with the others. The three pass out together, the little drama ends, and the observer looks about to find some other persons worthy of his attention.

There is the rosy young lady with the music roll, warming her numb hands at the fire, and keeping one eye on the clock to see if she must start yet for her class—a country girl, evidently, come thirty or forty miles in this bleak weather to take her lesson in the city.

There is the pale woman with a headache, her eyes closed, lying back with her head against a rolled-up shawl; and the pleasant matron who goes to her with a vinaigrette and a glass of water.

There is the distracted woman who has lost something, and keeps emptying her shopping-bag into her lap, opening and rounding all the parcels; putting them back; sitting still a few minutes with an expression of dismal resignation, and then, apparently thinking that after all perhaps she has overlooked it, repeating the same process from the beginning.

There is the near-sighted girl holding a Greek grammar close to her face and muttering conjunctions.

All these are interesting, but the observer is more attracted toward two young women in the dimmest and remotest nook of the room, who are laughing a good deal while one of them tries to place herself so as to conceal what the other is doing.

For some time this remains a mystery, but, presently, stepping across the two valises at their feet, the young woman come forward, and one of them is seen to be bareheaded.

She goes to the glass, and there ties on a very pretty little bonnet, evidently just trimmed, and turns to her companion for inspection. It is approved, and they return to their seat, with whispering and more laughter, and appear to be making up a bundle there.

The observer makes a shrewd guess at what it is; he thinks they are from out of town, and are starting on a journey, and that she needed a new traveling bonnet, and had had no time to get it before.

There! they are going; they are gone.

A parcel lies on the seat they had occupied. The woman in charge comes up; smiles; smiles more broadly; opens and displays it. Sure enough, it is the shabby, old, discarded hat, labelled, in large, pencilled letters, on a conspicuous tag:

"For the worthy poor!"—*Youth's Companion.*

REMARKABLE INTELLIGENCE OF A HORSE.

One of the characters in the play of "Shenandoah" is a horse whose duty it is to put his head in at a window in the first act and to dash across on the stage, later on, with Sheridan on his back. On one night, while Mr. Howard was looking on behind the wings, he saw the horse toss up his head, erect his ears and display every other sign of equine excitement. "What on earth is the matter with the beast?" Mr. Howard asked. "He has just gotten his cue," said Mr. Frohman; "after the first few nights he recognized a certain line that has just been spoken on the stage, as a signal to be ready for his performance, and now when he hears these words, though they are quietly spoken, in the course of an ordinary dialogue, he gets ready in this way." This led to a further conversation about the horse, in which Mr. Howard expressed his admiration of that particular animal. Though Mr. Frohman said that any horse would do equally well, so intelligent is the animal as a rule.—*New York Sun.*

When a man learns from experience that wickedness is more uncomfortable than goodness—and it is—reform may be expected.

RELICS OF TECUMSEH.

His Powder Horn and a Piece of His Skin Presented to a U. S. E. Post.

An interesting bit of Indian war history of this country is brought out by the presentation to Hall Post, G. A. R., at Lawrenceburg, Ind., of a powder horn, once the property of the Indian Chieftain Tecumseh. This horn was carried slung across Tecumseh's shoulder in the famous battle of the Thames in 1813. It was presented to the post by Henry Morris, of Lawrenceburg. He is a son William Morris, better known to Ohio Valley pioneers as "Indian Bill," who figured in many savage and bloody encounters. After the great fight, seventy-six years ago, "Indian Bill" found the body of the slain warrior. The powder horn, still attached to the string around Tecumseh's neck, lay on his breast. The scout removed it and preserved it as the most sacred of his relics. At his death, a few years ago, he presented it to his son Henry. The horn was cut from the head of the first buffalo Tecumseh killed. He carefully scraped and polished it, and displayed a great deal of skill and ingenuity in fitting a bottom to it and shaping the mouth. The entire surface of the receptacle is covered with Indian characters and legends. Mr. Morris has another and more gory and ghastly trophy of that famous battle. It is a strip of skin cut from the middle of Tecumseh's back. The old settlers felt about the same savage satisfaction in cutting up and mutilating the bodies of their slain red foes, as the Indians did in scalping. After taking the horn off Tecumseh's body, old "Indian Bill" turned the chieftain on his face, and with his scalping knife cut a strip of skin several inches wide off the warrior's back down the entire length. This strip was "rawed," and for the remainder of Bill's life did service as a razor strop. Indian Bill Morris at the time of his death, in Switzerland County, Ind., a few years ago, was 101 years old. When only 7 years old, living with his parents near what became the site of Lexington, Ky., he was stolen and carried into captivity by the Indians. Two white men were taken prisoners with him. When the party reached what is now Chillicothe, O., then a great Indian encampment, the two white men were skinned alive by the squaws of the village and then slowly roasted to death. The boy was made a slave by an old squaw and suffered incredible hardships. When she died Bill fell to the lot of another old woman, who devised even more fiendish treatment for him than his first mistress. Bill was washing hominy at the river one day when he was about 15 years old, when the old woman struck him with a club. The infuriated lad wrenched the weapon from her and dealt her a blow that knocked her senseless into the stream and she drowned. The boy was followed for three days and nights by the savages and finally escaped by hiding himself in a hollow log that was floating down the Ohio River with other driftwood. When he finally reached the settlement of Cincinnati, he narrowly escaped being shot for an Indian, so closely did he resemble one. He finally got back to his parents, who had long mourned him as dead. From that long captivity among the Indians, he got that implacable hatred of the red man which distinguished him in after life. For years, in company with Daniel Boone and other noted pioneers, Bill followed little else than Indian trails, and no less game than a savage redskin satisfied his hatred. He was one of the bravest soldiers under Col. Dick Johnson, and killed nine Indians himself in the battle of the Thames. When he saw Tecumseh fall under the unerring aim of a comrade, he rushed forward and secured the powder-horn and the strip of skin off the dead chief's back.

HINDOO SUPERSTITIONS.

Hindoos eat, drink, sleep and breathe in an atmosphere of superstition. There is not a single action in every day life that does not savor of good or bad luck. They must be continually on their guard, either to propitiate a bad spirit or return thanks to a good one.

The Hindoos are early risers. In the warm season—extending from April to October—they sleep either upon the housetop or in the court-yard, or in the veranda if rain should be threatening, and are usually up at five o'clock or earlier in the morning.

In the cold weather, when they sleep within doors, they rise later, but they are out before seven. Rising in the morning while but half awake, the Hindoo repeats the name of Rama several times. Happening to yawn, he immediately fillips his thumb and middle finger, though he does not know why.

He prepares for his morning toilet. He plucks a twig from a tree, breaks off a span length of it, crushes one end between his teeth and extemporizes a tooth-brush. He next draws up water from a well in the yard with an iron bucket, and prepares to wash his hands and face. This is quickly done. He then throws on an extra garment, the thickness and texture depending on the season and weather, lights his hooka, takes a few puffs with his euphonious bubble-bubble, and is ready to go out.

With a passing "Rama, rama!" to friend or acquaintance, and a neighborly gossip by the way, he repairs to his place of business. While going, he will sedulously avoid those signs and sounds which may augur ill for the day.

Should one sneeze, or should he hear the cawing of a crow or the cry of a kite, or should he meet an old man, or one blind or lame, or see a rat cross his path, he would be greatly distressed as to the day before him. On the other hand, if a fox crosses his path, if he hears a gong or shell summoning him to worship, or if he meets a Brahman with his head uncovered, he would rejoice, hailing it as auspicious. Some are so superstitious that if any evil portent occurs on the way, they return home, have a smoke or chew a betel-leaf, and proceed afresh.

SLAUGHTER OF CATTLE IN CALIFORNIA.

A California saw-mill is always run on a large scale, says a writer in *Garden and Forest*. Labor is high priced, transportation is difficult, owing to the size of the logs, and so the only way to make money is to rush things. Every two or three minutes a log comes in, is squared, sliced into planks ripped into laths, turned into broom-handles, shaved into shingles or spit into scantling. It is gigantic work from dawn to dark, and sadly, strangely impressive. I have visited many of the most famous sawmills of the coast, from the Navarro Redwoods to a million-dollar estate in Mendocino, where I have seen logs fifteen feet in diameter turned into railroad ties; to the great mills of the Pinebelt of the Sierras; and I know of nothing more calculated to make an American citizen pause and ask himself where it will end. I asked a mill-owner about it the other day, and his answer was: "When we have cut it all off we will go to Alaska."

"But the people want these forests left."

"The people don't care. Every settler within ten miles of my mill wants to sell me trees at a dollar apiece. The State doesn't care or it would have saved at least the school sections. The country don't care or we should hear from it. There is money in the lumber business, and every tree has to go. Sorry for the feelings of the fellows who didn't know enough to get timberland when it was cheap."

In the Mount Shasta region there are twenty-two species of conifers, and an observer from the Smithsonian listed 103 species of birds. There are great glaciers, hot, cold, and mineral springs, mountain lakes, extinct craters, and all that goes to make the region "the keystone mountain mass" which upholds the northern arch of coast range and Sierra. The "Shasta Park" idea was a fine conception, but no one has taken a step toward its fulfillment. Is it indeed true that "nobody cares,' and that nothing can be done to save these forests until another generation has been educated by hard necessity to a knowledge of the issues involved?

TOM CORWIN'S AUDIENCE.

A recently told story about Judge John A. Corwin, of Ohio, calls to the mind of a valued friend an incident in the career of the Judge's famous brother, says the Washington *Post*. Tom had written a lecture, in which he had given full play to his robust humor, and in order to try it on a dog, as it were, went to a little sober-sided town in Ashtabula County. The people of the town were very seriously affected by the prospect that so great and so famous a man was coming among them, and the hall was well filled.

As the lecturer entered a hush fell upon the audience. The poor country people were deeply and solemnly impressed by the presence of such a man. In his very best spirits Tom began his lecture. It was his intention to set his audience into a roar of laughter at the very beginning, but his effort was in vain. The people sat there in open-mouthed wonder, swallowing his tremendous fiction as a great and beneficial truth. For an hour and a half he labored to produce a smile. He twinkled, scintillated, effervesced, but all to no purpose. The audience was as solemn as a sexton.

When he had concluded his lecture and was leaving the hall quite convinced that he should never succeed with that lecture, he was met by an old man who, gravely said:

"Gov'ner, I'm much obleeged fer that leetur, and I want to make a leetle apology for me an' some o' my neighbors, fer I guess you noticed some on us looked like we sorter wanted to laugh. 'Twan't no feelin' nv disrespect fer you, Gov'ner, but they was two or three times there that we couldn't hardly help snickerin' right out."

UNEASY.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." One wonders that the Czar of Russia does not follow the example of Charles V., and free himself from a life of continual apprehension. Is the life worth living which must be sustained by such precautions as those narrated below? Yes, if thereby one serves his generation. London *Truth* says:

It was given out that he would be the guest of the German Emperor at the Marble Palace, Potsdam, and when all kinds of expensive preparations had been made there, he decided that he would be safer in Berlin, and a large sum was expended in arranging for his reception at the Schloss.

Finally, only one day before the Emperor arrived, Count Schouvaloff received a telegram from Copenhagen to intimate that his Majesty would alight at the Russian embassy, and the message was quickly followed by the arrival of the imperial workmen, seven in number, who now go in advance of the Emperor whenever and wherever he travels.

There are two carpenters, two masons, two locksmiths, and a foreman. They most carefully examine the chimneys, locks, flooring, walls and furniture of the house which the Emperor is to occupy, and his own apartments are subjected to a most rigorous search.

The chimneys are objects of special attention, and every flue which leads to a room which the Emperor is likely to enter is thoroughly barred both top and bottom, and, as if these precautions were not sufficient, police agents from St. Petersburg patrol the roof both night and day.

BROWN—You know I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now, Mrs. Golightly. I've just taken a little house near the river. Mrs. Golightly—Oh! well, I hope you'll drop in some day.

A SCHEME is on foot to construct a railroad up the Jungfrau.

ABUSED BEQUESTS.

Have dead men any right to talk? asks the *Detroit Free Press*. Yes, if they don't talk too long or too much. It has been legally decided in England that dead men cannot be libelled, because they have no rights and can suffer no wrongs." Why, then, should a dead man be allowed to tie up property for ends that are useless or worse than useless, as has so often been seen in the past, and is likely to be done in the future? It is forbidden by law that a man can entail his property beyond the third generation, because it is inconsistent with public interests. It is not quite as inconsistent with the best public interests that property be left for purposes and ends in the future that cannot be fulfilled, or that, if fulfilled, works only for evil?

The papers state that Mr. Vassar left $180,000 to provide for the education and support of the orphans of the county in which he lived. But it is found that there is only two orphans in the county. An English bequest was left to give, every year a certain number of dinners to the poor of a given town, and the effect has been to draw paupers from every quarter to the town, while the fund has so increased that not a tenth of it can be used, and it goes on accumulating. Another bequest was left to the parish that the clergyman might once every year give a Bible to the person who, in throwing the dice several times, should throw the highest number. Bibles then were costly, now they are cheap, and the fund is now said to be great enough to buy hundreds of Bibles, while the bequest authorized rattling for only one. And it is said there are 10,000 cases in England where bequests that once seemed reasonable are now, by the progress of time and change of circumstances, found to be impossible of execution, or absurd and worse than useless.

Why should the dead be allowed thus to shackle the living, and to bind up property for generations, for ends which, if they were living, they would never dream of approving? And why should not courts or legislatures have power to put an end to such absurdities, and give properties so left to the legal heirs, or so apply it as to meet the spirit of the bequests to the exclusion of the letter.

A GREAT MAN.

The late Dr. Norman M'Leod tells of a Highland sheep farmer who performed a feat which might have puzzled even the Iron Duke.

The old man could neither read nor write, but he had managed to amass a considerable fortune, and was decidedly open to flattery.

A purchaser, knowing his weakness, and anxious to ingratiate himself with him, ventured one evening, over their whisky toddy, to remark:

"I am of opinion, sir, that you are a greater man than even the Duke of Wellington!"

"Hoot, toot!" replied the sheep farmer modestly, hanging his head with a pleased smile and taking a large pinch of snuff. "That is too much too much by far—by far!"

But his guest, after expatiating for a while upon the great powers of his host in collecting and concentrating a flock of sheep upon a Southern market, suggested blandly, "Could the Duke of Wellington have done that?"

The sheep farmer thought a little, snuffed, took a sniff of toddy, and replied, "The Duke of Wellington was, no doot, a cleffer man—very, very cleffer, I believe.

"They tell me he was a good sojer; but then, d'ye see, he had reissonable men to deal with—captains an' majors and generals that could understand him—offery one of them, both offishers an' men. But I'm not so sure, after all if he could manage, say 20,000 sheep, besides black cattle, that could not understand any word he said—Gaelic or English—an' bring offery foot of them, do Falkirk Tryst! I doot it, I doot it! But I have often done that myself—ay!"

The inference was evident.—*Yankee Blade.*

HOW IS THIS?

We recently heard a public speaker of some note say to an uncommonly intelligent audience, "The constitution of the United States says that 'all men are born free and equal.'" When the speaker had concluded his harangue a brother took him aside and said: "Don't quote the constitution again as saying 'all men are free and equal.'" "Why, not?" asked the orator. "Because the constitution does not say anything of the kind." "Well," said the speaker, "I made a blunder; then I should have said the Declaration of Independence." "No you shouldn't." "Why not?" "Because the words are not in that document. Mr. Jefferson wrote that paper, and he owned a great many negroes, and knew that none of them was born free."—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

AN INDUCEMENT.

"What is it you want?" she asked as he stood in the doorway, cap in hand.

"I am the milkman, ma'am."

"Well, the cook has the tickets and knows how much to get."

"Yes'm, but I'm the cook's beau."

"Well?"

"She says you object to her having a beau."

"Well?"

"Milk is six cents a quart. Suppose I make it five and you keep quiet on Mary?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

RICHES, public favor, leisure, comfort, ease and luxury, all good in themselves, are not good for life purposes. They may afford opportunities for higher things; but, in the efforts to attain them, the true ends are often lost sight of, and they become the only aims of life.

THE easiest way for a good wife to get along pleasantly is to practice what her husband preaches. —*Atchison Globe.*

ROOT & COMPANY

Our Great Annual Sale

— OF —

HOUSEKEEPING

LINEN

Has commenced—every yard, every article of Linens has been marked at

A BIG REDUCTION.

From Regular Prices—you will get Linens cheap during this sale. Piles of the goods are new—bought for this sale. It takes time to put together such a lot of Linens and for a long time we've been getting ready. An exceptional opportunity for housekeepers.

TABLE DAMASKS,
NAPKINS,
Towels, Toweling
LUNCH CLOTHS,
QUILTS,
SIDEBOARD COVERS,
Tray Cloths,
TURKEY ♦ RED ♦ DAMASKS,

All at the Big Reductions,

Table Covers, Stand Covers,
Irish Point Covers and Scarfs,
Turkish Embroidered Novelties,
Squares and Scarfs,
AT THE BIG REDUCTION.

Great Clearance Sales all over the Store.

GOODS MARKED DOWN.

Great Reductions in Dress Goods.

ROOT & COMPANY.

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Dental Office in Shoaff's Gallery,
21 W. BERRY St,

Time Tried and Fire Tested.

JANUARY 1, 1890.

PHŒNIX
INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD, CONN.

71st Semi-Annual Financial Statement.

Cash Capital	$2,000,000 00
Outstanding Losses	254,523 48
Reinsurance Reserve	1,749,245 41
Net Surplus	1,301,235 53
Assets	$5,305,004 23

As compared with last year:

Increase in Assets	$243,757 06
Increase in Net Surplus	128,819 96

Western and Southern Department, S. W. Cor. Race and George Sts., CINCINNATI, O.

H. M. MAGILL, General Agent,
THEO. F. SPEAR, Ass't Gen'l Agent.

S. F. SWAYNE,
Agent, 16 West Main Street.

D. L. HARDING, Agent.

Your Gain---Our Loss---But they must go. The Great Trade we have been having! Some lines of Suits and Overcoats have been reduced to 1 or 2 sizes. Now, to close them out, altho' they are among our best goods, we will not consider cost, but make a substantial reduction below it. We are determined, if price will move them, that they shall go before our removal.

The Early Comers are going to get the biggest values of their lives.

FRIEND'S ENTERPRISE
CLOTHIERS, 26 Calhoun street.

REALLY REMARKABLE REDUCTIONS.

All lines of Ladies' Shoes which are broken in sizes we have marked down in order to close them out. Come and see them. If we have your size in these lots you can buy them at astonishing prices. These lots are in Ladies' French Kid Shoes in hand turned and machine sewed, Fine Dongola Kid Shoes in Opera and Common sense lasts, and of different widths.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS GOODS.

Redlick Bros.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1890.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Chas. Paul is ill with quinsy.

There was no police court this morning.

The Women's Relief corps met this afternoon.

The Rod and Reel club will hold a meeting to-morrow.

Mr. Peter Baltes, of West Wayne street, is on the sick list.

George Kennan will lecture at the Y. M. C. A. next Wednesday.

The child of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Cour, of the east end, is dangerously sick.

Mr. Dave K. Creighton has returned to Chicago, after a pleasant visit in this city.

Frank W. Willis has entered upon his seventh year as editor of the Waterloo Press.

Mrs. Eugene B. Smith has returned from a visit with her sister at Constantine, Mich.

Henry Bullerman and wife and Mrs. Otto Herbst, are visiting friends at Huntington.

Sam Albrecht, who has been ill, will be able to resume his duties in the Old bank next week.

Mrs. James Humphrey, of the Aldine hotel, is convalescing after a severe attack of throat trouble.

Mr. L. Kanaga, Pittsburg conductor, wife and daughter have returned home from a visit at Indianapolis.

Miss Eliza Goodes, of Breckenridge street, who has been visiting friends at Palmyra, Mich., returned home to-day.

Miss Mamie Shoaff gave a reception at her home on Spy Run avenue, yesterday afternoon, and it was a delightful affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Will White, jr., of 49 East Lewis street, who have been visiting friends at Chicago, returned home last night.

The funeral of John, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Grauey, will occur to-morrow afternoon, at 12:15 o'clock, from the Cathedral.

Mr. H. C. Rathert left this morning for Indianapolis to visit his son, Mr. Will Rathert, who owns one of the finest drug stores at the capital.

Mrs. Dr. Thomas Hubbard, of Toledo, nee Charie Graves, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Graves, returned home last evening.

R. M. Hays will preach from the pulpit of the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow, Rev. J. M. Boggs, the pastor, being sick and unable to perform the task.

The late August Siemon left no will. His property at his verbal request will be distributed so that the widow will have one third and the children two thirds.

Mr. Chas. Wayne (Sorg) the Fort Wayne actor, has closed his engagement with Meslayer's Tourists company, and is now in New York, with his partner, James Tierney, with whom he used to do specialties.

Yesterday, Frederick Gibson, one of the boys who has been held for stealing pigeons, was taken before Judge O'Rourke, and on the application of his mother and sister, was sentenced to the reform school, at Plainfield.

The committee on arrangements for the reception given at Miss Lillie Sanborn's by the Nonpareil club on New Years night, were Misses Donahue, Fercket and Gouty, and Messrs. Frank Ehinger, O. S. Jones and Fred Bornemann.

A philosophical exchange observes and thinks truly that instead of complaining so much the people should feel thankful for the recent warm and wet weather. Many empty streams and wells were replenished and the growing wheat has been assisted to a strong growth.

The Monroeville brass band has elected officers as follows: President, J. F. Nicer; vice-president, J. F. Dickerson; secretary, George Baker; treasurer, N. H. Whitteng; leader, J. F. Dickerson; assistant, J. T. Baker; trustees, J. D. Allegar, J. F. Nicer and J. T. Baker.

Miss Maud Graham went to Huntington last evening to visit.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Goetz will go to housekeeping at 61 Broadway.

Mr. A. F. Shook celebrated his fiftieth birthday in a pleasant manner to-day.

Mrs. G. J. F. Mayer and son, Master George, came home from Chicago last night.

Mrs. Adam Hoffman and family, of Crestline, are visiting with friends in the city.

Mr. George Oak, of Payne, Ohio, is a guest of his brother, John Oak, of 76 Barr street.

Mr. Bates, of the electric light works, is at Cincinnati superintending the erection of a plant.

Next Wednesday Fort Wayne Chapter R. A. M. will have a public installation of officers.

Miss Ella Jones, of Chicago, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. M. Moderwell, of West Superior street.

Mrs. Mary and Lizzie Riesman are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mr. Henry Bode, at Avilla.

The new officers of Loyal lodge, K. of P., were installed last evening. They will serve for the ensuing six months.

Miss Eva Cash, of Antwerp, Ohio, is in the city, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Philip Harter, of 202 West Washington street.

Mr. Robert Stetson, the Spy Run avenue grocer, will go out of business and will shortly branch out as a tonsorial artist.

Miss Bertie Bowen, who for some time past has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Stout, of Sac City, Iowa, returned home to-day.

The county commissioners yesterday appointed Stephen A. Thornton justice of the peace in Perry township, to fill a vacancy.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wickliffe will shortly go to St. Louis. Mr. Wickliffe, it is understood, has secured a position on a Pullman car.

Mr. Solomon DeRome, of 75 West Washington street, had a severe attack of heart trouble last night and a physician was summoned.

Supt. George F. Felts says the enrollment of the county schools shows an increase of about twenty per cent. over the number of pupils last year.

Mr. G. Muhlenbruch has retired from the hardware firm of Harries & Co., and has accepted a position in the wholesale house of W. L. Carnahan.

Miss Nora Alleman, who has been spending the vacation with her mother at 60 Prince street, will resume her studies at DePauw university next Monday.

On account of the Kennan lecture, the Rev. Dr. Emil Hirsh, the eminent divine of Chicago, will not lecture on Wednesday, the 8th, but on Thursday, January 9.

Emmet commandery No. 123, of the Knights of St. John, will hold a meeting at Library hall this evening to arrange for attending the funeral of Mr. G. W. Graffe.

On account of the Kennan lecture the Rev. Dr. Emil G. Hirsh, the eminent Jewish divine, of Chicago, will not lecture on Wednesday, January 8, but on Thursday, January 9.

Miss Jennie Weiss, of Cleveland, who was visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacobs, has returned home. Mrs. Jacobs gave a party in the young lady's honor a few nights ago.

The children of Mr. Mark Nelson, of the Newspaper Union, have returned from Lily Lake, Wis., where they have been living with relatives for some time. They will live at their new home on Wilt street.

Mr. E. A. Tousley, foreman at the east end street car stables, was kicked by an unruly horse yesterday. The animal inflicted a wound on the man's left ear, which was lacerated so that several stitches had to be taken.

Miss Mary Farnan and Mr. Ed Cartwright tendered a reception to their friends and pupils last night in the Foster block to inaugurate the season's work in teaching the ball-room art. About thirty-five couples were present.

Architect H. W. Matson is preparing plans for a building with three store rooms, to be erected by the Schroeder Bros., on the property adjoining their Broadway drug store. The building will be two stories high and the second floor will be one large hall.

Mr. Jesse B. Straughn and wife, after two years or more absence in Idaho, returned home to-day, and will re-occupy their residence at 87 East Berry street, where Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Howey have been keeping house during their absence. Mr. Howey and wife will have apartments at the Aveline for some time.

The funeral of the late G. W. Graffe will occur to-morrow at 1 p. m. from the cathedral. The obsequies will be conducted under the auspices of the Catholic Knights. The organizations attending will be St. Joseph Benevolent society, the Emmet commandery, C. B. L., the Knights of St. John and the Knights of St. Charles. The City band has been engaged to lead the cortege.

A general order just issued by Commander-in-Chief Griffin, of the sons of veterans, shows that during December 103 camps of that order were mustered in, with a membership of 2,937. The order now has 125,000 members and is growing at a tremendous rate. Mr. Griffin appointed W. E. DuFour, of Williamsport, an aide-de-camp, the appointment to take effect January 1. This morning a telegram was received announcing that Mr. DuFour died yesterday.

Miss Ida Bates, of East Wayne street, is ill.

Mr. C. S. Wharton, of G. W. Seavy's, is on the sick list.

Mrs. Julius Pottlitzer has returned from a pleasant visit at Lafayette.

Mr. George C. Hoffman, of 363 East Wayne street, is down with asthma.

Mr. J. Talbot, of the electric light offices, has returned from Cincinnati.

Mr. Fred Kimball, proprietor of the Drummer cigar store, is on the sick list.

The river, which was high on account of the heavy rains, is receding rapidly.

Misses Alice and Susie Dennis, of Mylhart, Ind., are visiting their sister in this city.

Mr. Frank Wattle, of Goshen, Ind., is in the city the guest of his sister, Mrs. P. Baker.

Miss Laura Geary, of Morgenthau's Bazaar, has returned from a visit at Frankfort, Ind.

Miss Lizzie Coar and niece, Helen Simonton, have returned home from a visit to Chicago.

Miss Lida Cornick, of Bluffton, who has been visiting at 60 Prince street, returned home to-day.

Dr. K. K. Wheelock operated on Miss Lou Leininger, of Beaver Dam, Ind., yesterday, for cataract.

Mr. Jack Kuhns was taken suddenly ill with chills last night and was confined to the bed to-day.

A young son of Professor Miller, of Adams township, suffers from injuries received in a straw cutter.

Mr. John Porter, formerly of the Porter & Bloom, has entered into the real estate business with R. L. Romy.

The employes of the county auditor's office smoked Havanas to-day, at the expense of J. W. Hippenhammer. Its a girl.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Thrall, of Hector, Ohio, were registered at the Aveline to-day. They left this afternoon for Chicago.

Mr. Frank Welling has been negotiating to enter into several business opportunities, but has decided upon neither at present.

Mr. Enoch Cox, store-keeper in the Pittsburg shops, will erect a residence on Park Place, South Calhoun street, in the spring.

No more wells will be bored in the Salimonie company's field until next spring. There are twenty-five wells bored altogether.

Frank Potter, a deaf and dumb man called upon Trustee Brackenridge for assistance toward Chicago to day. The applicant was gratified.

Miss Carrie Straughn, a teacher in Chicago, is in the city to meet her parents, who have been absent in the west for two years past.

Mr. Ed. Kuntz and cousin, Miss Carman, of Greensburg, Pa., who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kuhns, left for home last evening.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger is confined to the bed with pneumonia. Dr. J. M. Dinnen, the attending physician, says his patient is a little better to-day.

Constable Skelly went out near New Haven to-day to arrest three young men named Sines, Keiler and Vandewater on the charge of stealing goods from William Rockhill.

The funeral of the late Samuel O. Warner, the Perry township pioneer, occurred yesterday afternoon, from the Huntertown church. A number attended from this city.

Gottlieb Sardonius, Fred Fiegel and William Miller were arraigned before 'Squire Ryan to-day on a charge of assault and battery on Joseph W. Miller. The racket occurred in Bloomingdale.

A large body of Knight Templars will go to St. Mary's, Ohio, to-morrow, to attend the funeral of their late member, Sir Knight W. J. Bremington. The obsequies will be conducted under the auspices of the commandery.

Mr. George Carey, of Chicago, has been employed in the office of Coombs & Co. He, with Mr. Henry Benret, will perform part of the duties formerly attended to by Frank Welling, but Mr. J. M. Coombs will himself manage the business.

Dr. A. J. Laubach, the retiring president of the Morton club, tendered a reception to the organization last night at the parlors. Reincke's orchestra furnished music. The doctor received congratulations unanimous from the entire club for the manner in which he filled his position of honor. On Monday evening will occur the annual nomination of officers. Upon the following Monday the election will be held.

EXCITEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

At the Greatest Bankrupt Clothing Sale on Earth.

Now in full blast at 20 Calhoun street. One of the largest retail clothing houses in this country has failed, Lewis Bros. & Sons, Broadway, New York, and part of the remnant stock is right here in the store rooms at 20 Calhoun street. The stock has been appraised at over $35,000 valuation of new fall and winter clothing, consisting of suits, overcoats, ulsters and trousers for men, youths, boys and children's suits and overcoats and gents' furnishing goods. This stock is entirely complete and will be sold at 33 per cent. on the dollar.

Reduction on Butter and Eggs.

Butter Down 2c—Eggs Down 1c.

Best Roll Butter, 18c lb.
Good Jar Butter, 10c lb.
Fresh Eggs, 18c doz.
Choice Breakfast Bacon, 8c lb.
Best Sugar Cured Hams, 10c lb.
Best Picnic Hams, 6c lb.

FRUIT HOUSE.

McDermut & Whitcleather's business college reopens Monday, Jan. 6. The proprietors have taken advantage of the vacation and have made a number of improvements. First class advantages for the study of shorthand, bookkeeping, type writing, arithmetic, penmanship, spelling, &c. Day and evening sessions. Students admitted at any time.

Miss Emmins, special teacher in public schools, will return from Boston, January 6, and will re-open her studio in the Pixley-Long block, Saturday, Jan. 11. Pupils received in drawing and painting. jan2 4

The cheapest and best place for fancy work and stamping is at Miss Carroll's, 222 Calhoun. Give her a call. 30-tf

McDermut & Whitcleather's business college affords thorough instruction in bookkeeping, shorthand, type writing, arithmetic, penmanship, spelling &c. College reopens Monday, Jan. 6. Day and evening sessions. Students may enter at any time.

The officers of Loyal lodge 182, K. of P. were installed in their respective offices last evening, by Deputy Grand Chancellor John H. Adams. After the installation the lodge in a body, adjourned to a restaurant for a supper, at the expense of C. D. Tillo and M. L. Jones.

Laxador cures Liver Complaint, Bilious Affections and Costiveness. At druggists. Price 25 cts.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25 CTS.

SALVATION OIL

(Price only 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.)

Relieves quickly Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Sores, Backache, &c.

CHEW LANGE'S FLUDS, The Great Tobacco Antidote—Price 75 Cts. At all druggists.

WANTED—Three or four unfurnished rooms for a family of two, not more than seven squares from M. E. college. Address, at once, W., M. E. college, city. 3-3t

The firm of Hayden & Douglass has been dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Hayden will remain where he is and Mr. Douglass will open an office in the Schmitz block, continuing in the same business.

TERRIBLE STATISTICS.

What the New York Board of Health Reports as the Figures for the past Five Years.

The average number of deaths in New York city for the past five years, has been 60 each week. Of this number 25, or nearly one-half, have been from pneumonia, consumption or some organ more or less involved. This is one of the most startling figures made by the board of health. Nearly eighty thousand people in five years in New York city alone have died from throat and lung troubles! What is to be done? Of the thousands who had their last hope in this world, and who have recovered, how few have an array of facts over this per cent.

Doctors have said in the past that most of these troubles were incurable; they are now finding out it is not the case. The best physicians declare that consumption even in an advanced stage of consumption, can live for years and even to old age by a constant and regular use of pure whiskey. But it should be remembered that the word pure is always used by physicians. There is but one absolutely pure whiskey free from fusel oil now in the market, and that is Duffy's Malt. In its purity resides its great power, although it has other qualities possessed by no other whiskey. A child can take it without any evil effects, and for feeble or partially convalescent beings, building waste tissue and giving health and strength in the place of disease and weakness. It should be taken solely without a rival. Care should be taken to secure only the genuine, as its popularity has brought unworthy imitators into the market. Do not trust any dealer who tries to substitute something in the place of Duffy's, but insist on having what you call for.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8th.

THE EMINENT ARTISTS,

MILTON AND DOLLIE

The Flash came from the Post Office Window.

NOBLE'S

In Milton Noble's Last and Greatest Play, Called.

FROM SIRE TO SON!

Pronounced by able critics the best Modern Play yet written, by an American.

Pictures, no Scenic Effects! Startling Dramatic Climaxes! Wholesome Comedy! Exquisite Musical Tuneless Toilets.

A POWERFUL DRAMA! SUPERBLY ACTED!

Prices as usual. Seats on sale at box office Monday.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6th, 1889.

Only One Performance in Fort Wayne!

Special Engagement of the Famous

KNIGHT OWLS

Burlesque and Specialty Co.,

Presenting the Novel Vanette, Entitled

L·O·R·D
FAUNTLEROY'S
RECEPTION!

Introducing Refined Specialties and

Grand Operatic March,

THE OLD VOLUNTEERS

20 PRETTY GIRLS 20

Select Olio, interpreted by Sisters LaPorte, Natta, Topack and Steele, and Anna Wilmuth, Sam Bernard, Frank O'Brien and Lillie May Hall.

The New Modern Burlesque, The

SCULPTOR'S ♦ DREAM

Introducing Shapely Queens of Burlesque!
New and Catchy Music from the Latest Popular Operas!
Elaborate Wardrobes and Effects!

The Sculptor's Studio of Living Statuary!

Prices as Usual. Seats now on Sale.

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

—IS THE—

Popular Place
TO BUY
DRY GOODS
Fancy Goods,
NOTIONS,
Ladies, Misses
—AND—
Children's
CLOAKS!

Always the Lowest Possible Prices.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

INSPECTION AND COMPARISON OF PRICES RESPECTFULLY INVITED.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Pixley & Long Block
Berry street.

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

CHOP FEED

And All Kinds of Feed Very Cheap

— AT THE —

Mayflower Mills,

20 W. COLUMBIA ST.

TELEPHONE NO. 63

IMPORTANT!

Just Received

A Large Stock of

Extra Fine Roses

Come and see them before ordering elsewhere.

T. E. COVINGTON,

Green House corner Washington and Harrison sts.

MRS. SMITH'S
HAIR BAZAAR.

Hair Dressing and Bang Curling.

80 CALHOUN-UP STAIRS

XCEEDINGLY CEESNABLE.

Ladies' Rubbers, - - .25
Men's Rubbers, - - .40
Men's Rubber Boots, - $2.00

NEW - YORK - SHOE - STORE,

36 Calhoun Street, Scheifer & Davenport's Old Stand.